THE SATIRES OF *HORACE.*

In LATIN and ENGLISH.

WITH

Critical NOTES collected from the beſt Latin and French COMMENTATORS.

Primùm ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe poetis,
Excerpam numero; neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis — SAT. 4. L. 1.

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Q. *Horatii Flacci*

SATIRÆ.

THE

SATIRES

OF

HORACE.

VOL. III.

Q. HORATII FLACCI
SATIRARUM
LIBER PRIMUS.

SAT. I. *Ad* MÆCENATEM.

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, ſeu Fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat; laudet diverſa ſequentes?

O

Horace addreſſes this firſt Satire to Mæcenas, as he hath inſcribed to him the firſt of his Odes, Epodes and Epiſtles: at leaſt they have been handed down to us in this Form, and may be conſidered as Dedications of the different Parts of our Poet's Works. Inconſtancy and Avarice are here treated of with ſo much Art and Addreſs (as indeed are all the Subjects of his Satires) that if his Odes have given our Author the Character of the firſt and greateſt Lyric Poet, we may be bold to ſay, that his Epiſtles and Satires ſhall make him ever eſteemed as a Philoſopher inferior only to Socrates. It has been long acknowledged, that Philoſophy is the Daughter of Poetry; but ſhe was carried off, when very young, and concealed under various Diſguiſes. At laſt ſhe hath found her real Parents, the Poets, and Horace hath been the firſt to raiſe her from Obſcurity. DACIER.

Verſ. 1. *Qui fit*] The Conduct of Mankind is a perfect Riddle. Always diſcontented with their preſent Situation, and fond of changing it for any other; yet put it into their Power to change, and they certainly refuſe, what they ſo ardently deſired. What Words can define an Animal of this Character! SANADON.

2. *Seu*

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE SATIRES of *HORACE.*

SAT. I. *To* MÆCENAS.

WHENCE is it, Sir, that none contented lives
With the fair Lot, which prudent Reaſon gives,
Or Chance preſents, yet all with Envy view
The Schemes, that others variouſly purſue?

Broken

2. *Seu ratio dederit.*] The Choice of Words in this Expreſſion is worth obſerving. The Gifts of Reaſon are always valuable, becauſe they are beſtowed with Judgment and Diſcernment. *Ratio dat.* But Fortune, incapable of diſtinguiſhing, blindly throws her Favours round her. *Fors objicit.*

Perhaps the Poet intended to balance between the Principles of the Stoics, who believed, that all Events of Life were directed by the Reaſon and Order of Providence; and the Opinion of the Epicureans, who imagined that the World was wholly governed by Fortune. VETUS INTERPRES.

3. *Laudet diverſa ſequentes.*] Horace hath been reproached for contradicting, in this Satire, what he ſaid in the firſt Ode. But he there ſpeaks of the Paſſions, which direct Mankind in their Purſuits of Happineſs; here he treats of the different Profeſſions in which they are engaged. DAC.

O fortunati mercatores! gravis armis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus Auſtris,
Militia eſt potior. Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.
Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem eſt,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeò ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quò rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego, dicat.
Jam faciam quod vultis; eris tu, qui modò miles,
Mercator: tu conſultus modò, ruſticus: hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis diſcedite partibus; Eia,
Quid! ſtatis? Nolint. Atqui licet eſſe beatis.
Quid cauſæ eſt, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?

Præ-

4. *Gravis armis.*] We ſhall acknowledge the Neceſſity of this Correction (propoſed by a Perſon, who has concealed his Name) if we conſider, that Soldiers, beyond ſix or ſeven and forty Years of Age, were diſcharged from the Service in the Time of Auguſtus. Indeed it would be difficult to find an older Man, capable of carrying that almoſt incredible Weight of Arms and Baggage, which a Roman Soldier was obliged to bear. Beſides, if theſe Complaints were cauſed by the Soldier's Age, they muſt probably continue for his Life; but in the other Examples, cited by the Poet, they ariſe only from ſome light occaſional Diſguſt. The Merchant envies the Soldier, only while the Tempeſt continues; as the Lawyer, when his Clients diſturb his Reſt, would exchange his Condition for that of the Ruſtic, who envies not the Citizen, but when he is ſummoned to Town. What, beyond all Doubt, confirms the Neceſſity of this Correction, is, that when the Poet aſks, why they do not accept this Offer of Jupiter, they anſwer, they were determined to bear the Dangers and Fatigues of their Profeſſions, that they might gain an eaſy Competence for their old Age. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.*

7. *Horæ*

Broken with Toils, with ponderous Arms oppreſt,
The Soldier thinks the Merchant ſolely bleſt.
In oppoſite Extreme; when Tempeſts riſe,
War is a better Choice, the Merchant cries;
The Battle joins, and in a Moment's Flight,
Death, or a joyful Conqueſt, ends the Fight.
When early Clients thunder at his Gate,
The Barriſter applauds the Ruſtic's Fate.
While, by Subpœnas drag'd from home, the Clown
Thinks the ſupremely happy dwell in Town.
But every various Inſtance to repeat
Would tire even Fabius, of inceſſant Prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the moral Aim
Of theſe Examples — Should ſome God proclaim,
" Your Prayers are heard; You, Soldier, to your Seas;
" You, Lawyer, take that envied Ruſtic's Eaſe:
" Each to his ſeveral Part — What! Ha! not move
" Even to the Bliſs you wiſh'd!" And ſhall not Jove,
With Cheeks enflam'd, and angry Brow, forſwear
His weak Indulgence to their future Prayer?

But

7. *Horæ momento, &c.*] This Merchant, according to the uſual Manner of thoſe who envy another's Profeſſion, looks only on the favourable Side. A Battle ſeems to have no other Conſequences attending it, but immediate Death, or glorious Victory. Indeed War has a thouſand Accidents far worſe than Death. DAC.

14. *Delaſſare Fabium.*] The ancient Commentator informs us, that Fabius had followed the Party of Pompey, and had written ſeveral Books in Defence of the Stoic Philoſophy, with which he had probably full often teized our Epicurean Poet.

19. *Licet eſſe beatis.*] The direct and regular Conſtruction requires *beatos*. Yet this Manner of Expreſſion has a beautiful Effect in Poetry, and is frequently uſed by our Author.

——— *dederim quibus eſſe poetis.*
——— *Mediocribus eſſe poetis,*
Non homines, non Dî, non conceſſere columnæ.

21. *Iratus buccas inflet.*] Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, imagines, our Poet had ſome ridiculous Statue of Jupiter in his View, from which he draws this whimſical Figure. But perhaps he laughs at

Prætereo; ne ſic, ut qui jocularia, ridens
Percurram: quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Ut pueris olim dant cruſtula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut diſcere prima.
Sed tamen amoto quæramus ſeria ludo.
Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque per omne
Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, quum ſibi ſint congeſta cibaria:

Avar.

ſome poetical Deſcription of the God drawn by his Cotemporaries, ſuch as when *canâ nive conſpuit Alpes.*

23. *Prætereo.*] Mr. Sanadon has here taken a Correction from the Perſon, who propoſed that of the fourth Line, which hath ſomewhat too curious not to deſerve being mentioned. He reads *prætereo*, and explains the whole Paſſage thus.

The Poet warmly aſks, why Jupiter does not determine never to be ſo indulgent to their Prayers again? It were natural to expect, either that Horace ſhould make Jupiter anſwer, or ſhould himſelf anſwer for him to this Interrogation. But he ſtops ſhort, *prætereo, ne ſic, ut qui jocularia, ridens percurram. I paſs over the Reaſon in Silence, for the Subject is too ſerious for jeſting.* Thus he inſinuates, that the Gods are ſo intereſted, that the ſmalleſt Preſents (ſuch as Maſters give to their Scholars) can diſarm their Anger. He does not indeed ſpeak in plain Terms, but leads his Readers to make the Compariſon themſelves.

There is really ſome Difficulty in the common Reading. It is hard to ſay, to what *prætereo* refers, or how to make it agree with *ſed tamen* in the twenty-ſeventh Verſe. However, we may receive the Correction of the Text, yet not be obliged to alter the uſual Manner of underſtanding the Remainder of the Sentence.

26. *Elementa prima.*] *Letters of the Alphabet.* Quintilian recommends to us the Example of Philip, who would not ſuffer any other than Ariſtotle to teach Alexander to read. Of ſo much Conſequence to their future Education is the firſt opening and forming the Mouths of Children. *Os puerorum inſtituere.* Ariſtotle was probably of this Opinion, when he accepted ſuch an Employment.

28. *Ille gravem, &c.*] This Line is of a Stile more elevated than the reſt; and Horace gives us, from Time to Time, theſe Heroic Verſes, to enliven his Subject, and awake his Reader's Attention.

Dac.

29.

But not to treat my Subject as in jeſt,
(Yet may not Truth in laughing Guiſe be dreſt?
As Maſters fondly ſooth their Boys to read
With Cakes and Sweetmeats) let us now proceed:
With graver Air our ſerious Theme purſue,
And yet preſerve our Moral full in view.
Who turns the Soil, and o'er the Plowſhare bends;
He who adulterates the Laws and vends;
The Soldier, and th' Adventurers of the Main,
Profeſs their various Labours they ſuſtain,
A decent Competence for Age to raiſe,
And then retire to Indolence and Eaſe.

MISER.

29. *Perfidus hic caupo.*] It is a little extraordinary, that none of the Commentators have taken notice of the new Character introduced here inſtead of the Lawyer, who is mentioned twice before, and who ſhould have been regularly remembered with the other Actors in this Scene. The Pronoun *hic* ſeems to point at a Perſon, whom the Poet already had in his View, in oppoſition to *ille*. Horace often mentions the Law, and its Profeſſors, with Epithets of Perfidy and Cunning. Perhaps the *Perfidus caupo* was intended to deſcribe a Lawyer, who ſells by Retail, and adulterates the Law, to his Clients, as Vintners daſh their Wines. Ennius ſays of Military Vintners, *cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes*, an Expreſſion taken from the Greek, καπηλεύειν μάχην. καπηλεύειν εἰρήνην. καπηλεύειν τας δίκας. Την σοφίαν καπηλεύειν. St. Paul to the Corinthians, καπηλεύοντες τὸν λόγον τῦ Θεῦ. *Adulterating the Word of God.* The Author of Hudibras of an Attorney,

Hight Whackum, bred to daſh and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholeſome Law.

A Critical Letter to Dr. Hare, which the Tranſlator never ſaw until theſe Notes were written, very juſtly takes notice of the new Character in the Perſon of this Vintner, but relieves the Difficulty by a pleaſant Manner of altering the Text. The Letters *fidus hic cau*, ſays our ingenious Critic, being tranſpoſed, give us the Word *cauſidicus*; for *ſ* and *f* are frequently miſtaken in the Manuſcripts for each other, and the Letter *h* is often thrown into the Middle of a Word by the blundering of Copyiſts. A Manner of

Avar.

Sicut
Parvula (nam exemplo eſt) magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo
Quem ſtruit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri;

Horat.

Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, & illis utitur ante
Quæſitis ſapiens; quum te neque fervidus æſtus
Demoveat lucro, neque hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum.
Nil obſtet tibi, dum ne ſit te ditior alter.
Quid juvat immenſum te argenti pondus & auri
Furtim defoſsâ timidum deponere terrâ?

Avar.

Quod, ſi comminuas, vilem redigatur ad aſſem.

Horat.

At nî id fit, quid habet pulchri conſtructus acervus?
Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum;
Non tuus hoc capiat venter plus ac meus: ut ſi
Reticulum panis venales inter onuſto
Fortè vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quàm

Qui

Criticiſm not unlike that of Lord Peter, who not being able to find the Word *Sboulder-knot* in the Will *totidem ſyllabis*, was determin'd to find it *totidem literis*. But Mr. Markland, by this fortuitous Concourſe of Letters, ſeems only to have intended a Sacrifice to the God of Laughter, *Deo Riſui ſacra facere*, according to his own Expreſſion.

35. *Haud ignara, &c.*] Virgil calls an Ant, *hyemis memorem*. It is not only ſenſible of the Change of the Seaſons, and Approach of Winter, but of the Wane of the Moon, and therefore works all Night when the Moon is at full.

Horace here anſwers the Merchant, who ſays, he imitates the Wiſdom of the Ant. The Poet allows the Example to be good, but by no means an Object of the Merchant's Imitation, ſince it wiſely enjoys in Winter the Stores which it had laboured to raiſe in Summer. Dac.

43. *Quod ſi comminuas.*] The Change of the Speakers gives to the Miſer his proper Language, and preſſes him with this Dilemma;

If

MISER.

For thus the little Ant (to human Lore
No mean Example) forms her frugal Store,
Gather'd, with mighty Toils, on every ſide,
Nor ignorant, nor careleſs to provide
For future Want ———.

HORACE.

——— Yet when the Stars appear,
That darkly ſadden the declining Year,
No more ſhe comes abroad, but wiſely lives
On the fair Store, induſtrious Summer gives.
For thee, nor Summer's Heat, nor Winter's Cold,
Fire, Sea, nor Sword, ſtop thy Purſuit of Gold;
Nothing can break th' adventurous, bold Deſign,
So none poſſeſs a larger Sum than thine.
But, prithee, whence the Pleaſure, thus by ſtealth
Deep in the Earth to hide thy Weight of Wealth?

MISER.

One Farthing leſſen'd, you the Maſs reduce.

HORACE.

And if not leſſen'd, whence can riſe its Uſe?
What though a thouſand Acres yield thee Grain?
No more than mine thy Stomach can contain.
The Slave, who bears the Load of Bread, ſhall eat
No more than he, who never felt the Weight.

Or

If you touch your Treaſure, you reduce it to Nothing; and if you do not, is is perfectly uſeleſs. But he hath more Pain in being obliged to ſpend a little of his Wealth, than he hath Pleaſure in the Remainder.

45. *Millia frumenti.*] *Centum millia modiorum*; or *millia*, like other Nouns of Number, may be an Adjective, and, to form the Grammatical Conſtruction, we may read *centum millia negotia modiorum.* DAC. SAN.

46. *Hoc capiat plus ac meus.*] *Ex hoc frumento.* The Alterations

Qui nîl portarit. Vel dic, quid referat, intra
Naturæ fines viventis, jugera centum, an
Mille aret?——

Avar.

—— At ſuave eſt de magno tollere acervo.

Horat.

Dum ex parvo nobis tantumdem haurire relinquas,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria noſtris?
Ut, tibi ſi ſit opus liquidi non ampliùs urnâ,
Vel cyatho, ac dicas: magno de flumine malim
Quàm ex hoc fonticulo tantumdem ſumere. Eo fit,
Plenior ut ſi quos delectet copia juſto,
Cum ripâ ſimul avulſos ferat Auſidus acer.
At qui tantuli eget, quantum eſt opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in undis.
At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falſo,
Nîl ſatis eſt, inquit; quia tanti, quantum habeas, ſis.

Quid

tions in this Line from the common Reading, *capiet plus quam meus*, are of Manuſcript Authority.

49 *Quàm qui nîl portarit.*] The ancient Romans, in Imitation of the Wiſdom and Modeſty of the Greeks, had uſually one Slave to carry their Luggage, when they went into the Country. Eſchines reproached Demoſthenes for having two Slaves to attend him in an Embaſſay, as if it were luxurious and effeminate.

50. *Viventis.*] *Living within the Bounds which Nature has marked for her Creature Man.* This Correction, inſtead of *vivenți*, was propoſed by Mr. Cuningham, and has been received by Mr Sanadon. The Latin Syntax will not bear any other Manner of ſpeaking.

54. *Ut tibi ſi ſit opus liquidi.*] This Compariſon riſes from the Verb *haurire*. Nothing, ſays Mr Dacier, can more open our Underſtanding, or better direct us in forming a Judgment of the Antients, than obſerving what gives Riſe to their Thoughts and Expreſſions.

61. *Decepta cupidine falſo.*] After Horace hath proved, by unanſwerable Arguments, that Riches, except we uſe them, have nothing

Or ſay, what Difference, if we live confin'd
Within the Bounds, by Nature's Laws aſſign'd,
Whether a thouſand Acres of Demaine,
Or one poor hundred, yield ſufficient Grain?

MISER.

Oh! but 'tis ſweet to take from larger Hoards.

HORACE.

Yet, if my little Heap as much affords,
Why ſhall your Granaries be valued more
Than my ſmall Hampiers with their frugal Store?
You want a Caſk of Water, or would fill
An ample Goblet; whence the froward Will
To chuſe a mighty River's rapid Courſe,
Before this little Fountain's lenient Source?
But mark his Fate, inſatiate who deſires
Deeper to drink, than Nature's Thirſt requires;
With its torn Banks the Torrent bears away
Th' intemperate Wretch; while he, who would allay
With healthy Draughts his Thirſt, ſhall drink ſecure,
Fearleſs of Death, and quaff his Water pure.
Some, ſelf-deceiv'd, who think their Luſt of Gold
Is but a Love of Fame, this Maxim hold,
No Fortune's large enough, ſince others rate
Our Worth proportion'd to a large Eſtate.

Say,

thing valuable, beautiful, or agreeable; he now prevents an Objection, which a Miſer might poſſibly make, that this Love of Money is only a Deſire of Reputation, ſince we are always valued in proportion to our Wealth. This Objection might have ſome Weight, for a Love of public Eſteem has Virtue in it. But the Miſer falſely diſguiſes his Avarice under the Name of a more innocent Paſſion, and wilfully miſtakes. *Decepta cupidine falſo.* DAC.

62. *Quia tanti, quantum habeas, ſis.*] This Judgment, as abſurd as it is univerſal, was unhappily authorized by the Laws of Rome, to which Pliny aſcribes the firſt Weakneſs of her State.

Quid facias illi? Jubeas miſeram eſſe, libenter
Quatenus id facit: ut quidam memoratur Athenis
Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
Sic ſolitus: Populus me ſibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipſe domi, ſimul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.
Tantalus à labris ſitiens fugientia captat
Flumina —— Quid! rides? Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. Congeſtis undique ſaccis
Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere ſacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.
Neſcis quo valeat nummus? quem præbeat uſum?
Panis ematur, olus, vini ſextarius; adde
Queis humana ſibi doleat natura negatis.
An vigilare metu exanimem, noctеſque dieſque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, ſervos,
Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat? Horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus eſſe bonorum.

Avar.

At ſi condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,
Aut alius lecto caſus te adfixit; habes qui
Adſideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suſcitet, ac natis reddat cariſque propinquis.

Horat.

Indeed, what Juſtice could be expected from Perſons choſen to determine the Lives and Properties of their Fellow-Citizens, not for their Underſtanding or Integrity, but becauſe they were poſſeſſed of ſuch a certain Sum of Money?

69. *Quid! rides.*] The Miſer laughs, imagining that Horace had no more Arguments to ſupport his Cauſe, ſince he throws himſelf into a Tale-telling Strain. But he is ſoon convinced of his Miſtake. Dac.

Say, for their Cure what Arts would you employ?
Let them be wretched, and their Choice enjoy.
At Athens liv'd a Wight, in Days of Yore,
Though miſerably rich, yet fond of more,
But of intrepid Spirit to deſpiſe
Th' abuſive Croud. Let them hiſs on, he cries,
While, in my own Opinion fully bleſt,
I count my Money, and enjoy my Cheſt.
Burning with Thirſt, when Tantalus would quaff
The flying Waters —— Wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the Name, of thee the Tale is told,
With open Mouth when dozing o'er your Gold;
On every Side the numerous Bags are pil'd,
Whoſe hallow'd Stores muſt never be defil'd
To human Uſe; while you tranſported gaze,
As if, like Pictures, they were form'd to pleaſe.
Would you the real Uſe of Riches know?
Bread, Herbs and Wine are all they can beſtow.
Or add, what Nature's deepeſt Wants ſupplies;
Theſe, and no more thy Maſs of Money buys.
But, with continual Watching almoſt dead,
Houſe-breaking Thieves, and midnight Fires to dread,
Or the ſuſpected Slave's untimely Flight
With the dear Pelf; if this be thy Delight,
Be it my Fate, ſo Heaven in Bounty pleaſe,
Still to be poor of Bleſſings ſuch as theſe.

MISER.

If, by a Cold ſome painful Illneſs bred,
Or other Chance confine you to your Bed,
Your Wealth ſhall purchaſe ſome good-natur'd Friend
Your Cordials to prepare, your Couch attend,
And urge the Doctor to preſerve your Life,
And give you to your Children and your Wife.

Horat.

Non uxor ſalvum te vult, non filius; omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri, atque puellæ.
Miraris, quum tu argento poſt omnia ponas,
Si nemo præſtet quem non merearis amorem?
At, ſi cognatos, nullo, Natura, labore,
Quos tibi dat, retinere velis ſervareque amicos,
Infelix operam perdas; ut ſi quis aſellum
In campo doceat parentem currere frænis.
Denique ſit finis quærendi: quùmque habeas plus,
Pauperiem metuas minùs; & finire laborem
Incipias, parto quod avebas: ne facias quod
Ummidius qui tam (non longa eſt fabula) dives
Ut metiretur nummos, ita ſordidus ut ſe
Non unquam ſervo meliùs veſtiret, ad uſque
Supremum tempus, ne ſe penuria victûs
Opprimeret, metuebat: at hunc liberta ſecuri
Diviſit medium, fortiſſima Tyndariarum.

Avar.

Quid mî igitur ſuades? ut vivam Mænius? ac ſic,
Ut Nomentanus? ——

Horat.

88. *At ſi cognatos.*] This Paſſage, ſays Mr. Dacier, hath more Difficulty than appears at firſt Sight If we underſtand it, that Nature gives us Relations without Trouble, the Senſe is flat, and unworthy of our Author. If we conſtrue it, with the ancient Commentator, *nullo tuo labore*, it hath hardly any Meaning, and is not even Latin The Punctuation will aſſiſt us to clear the real Perplexity and Confuſion in the Words. They may be then eaſily ranged, *At ſi cognatos, quos Natura tibi dat, retinere velis nullo labore.*

100. *Fortiſſima Tyndariarum.*] The Daughters of Tyndarus, Helen and Clytemneſtra, who killed their Huſbands, Deiphobus and Agamemnon. The Copyiſts being uſed to the Word *Tyndaridæ*, a Name by which Caſtor and Pollux are frequently called, have here miſtaken the Maſculine for the Feminine Gender, writing the Word *Tyndaridarum.* Cuningham. San.

HORACE.

Thy Wife and Children with Impatience wait
Thy dying Breath. With univerſal Hate
Thy Neighbours, Friends, Acquaintance, all purſue thee,
And untaught Infants even with Horrour view thee.
What wonder, that they juſtly prove unkind,
When all thy Paſſions are to Gold confin'd?
Nature, 'tis true, in each Relation gave
A Friend ſincere; yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine, with an alien Heart,
And careleſs Manners to preſerve, your Art
As well may teach an Aſs to ſcour the Plain,
And bend obedient to the forming Rein.
Yet ſomewhere ſhould your Views of Lucre ceaſe,
Nor ſhould your Fears of Poverty increaſe,
As does your Wealth; for ſince you now poſſeſs
Your utmoſt Wiſh, your Labour ſhould be leſs.
Ummidius once (the Tale is quickly told)
So wond'rous rich he meaſured out his Gold,
Yet never dreſt him better than a Slave,
Afraid of ſtarving ere he reach'd his Grave:
But a bold Wench, of right Virago Strain,
Cleft with an Axe the wretched Wight in twain.

MISER.

By your Advice what Party ſhall I take?
Like Mænius live a Prodigal, and Rake
Like Nomentanus? —

HORACE.

101. *Ut vivam Mænius, ac ſic, ut Nomentanus.*] We have the Hiſtory of Mænius at length in the fifteenth Epiſtle of the firſt Book. Lucilius informs us, that he ſold his Houſe in the Forum, reſerving only a Balcony to ſee the public Games *Mænius columnam cum exciperet.* The Name of this Nomentanian (ſo called from Nomentum, the Town where he was born) was Lucius Caſſius.

Pergis

Horat.

——— Pergis pugnantia ſecum
Frontibus adverſis componere. Non ego, avarum
Quum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
Eſt inter Tanaïn quiddam ſocerumque Viſellî.
Eſt modus in rebus; ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra, citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum.
Illuc, unde abii, redeo. Nemon' ut avarus
Se probet, ac potiùs laudet diverſa ſequentes?
Quódque aliena capella gerat diſtentius uber,
Tabeſcat? neque ſe meliori pauperiorum
Turbæ comparet? hunc atque hunc ſuperare laboret?
Sic feſtinanti ſemper locupletior obſtat:
Ut quùm carceribus miſſos rapit ungula currus;
Inſtat equis auriga ſuos vincentibus, illum
Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.

Inde

Pergis pugnantia ſecum.] The Miſer hitherto juſtifies his Avarice in the beſt Manner he can, but it does not appear, that he hath yet paſt in Practice from one Exceſs to the other. How then can Horace reproach him with ſuch a Contradiction in his Character? Certainly the Poet does not mean it. *Pergis pugnantia ſecum frontibus adverſis componere*, muſt be underſtood, *pergis te defendere componendo pugnantia frontibus adverſis.* The Miſer, by continuing to defend himſelf, runs into an Extreme directly oppoſite to that, which he is adviſed to leave. SAN.

105. *Tanaïn, ſocerumque Viſellî.*] Theſe Perſons are wholly unknown to us, nor does it appear, whether the Poet ſets them in oppoſition for their moral Vices, or their perſonal Deformities. The ancient Commentator indeed informs us, that Tanais was a Freedman of Mæcenas, and that the Father-in-law of Viſellius had a Rupture. But we know not whence he got their Hiſtory, and therefore cannot depend on it.

108. *Illuc, unde abii, redeo.*] Mr. Sanadon, not unjuſtly, blames our Poet for this Digreſſion from his Subject; for indeed, ſuch Wanderings are more allowable in Lyric Poetry, than in Poems of ſerious and moral kind.

Nemon' ut avarus ſe probet.] Horace now returns to his Subject, which he left in the twenty-third Line. The Miſer thinks himſelf the moſt miſerable of Mankind, yet there is equal Wretchedneſs

HORACE.

—— Why will you pretend,
With ſuch Extremes, your Vices to defend?
The ſordid Miſer when I juſtly blame,
I would not have you prodigal of Fame,
Scoundrel or Rake; for ſure ſome Difference lies
Between the very Fool, and very Wiſe;
Some certain Mean in all Things may be found,
To mark our Virtues, and our Vices bound.
But to return from whence we have digreſt.
And is the Miſer, then, alone unbleſt?
Does he alone applaud his Neighbour's Fate,
Or pine with Envy of his happier State?
To Crouds beneath him never turn his Eye,
Where in Diſtreſs the Sons of Virtue lie,
But, to outſpeed the Wealthy, bend his Force,
As if they ſtop'd his own impetuous Courſe?
Thus, from the Goal when ſwift the Chariot flies,
The Charioteer the bending Laſh applies,
To overtake the foremoſt on the Plain,
But looks on all behind him with Diſdain.

From

neſs in all Profeſſions, and Conditions of Life. Thus the Poet would convince us, that Mankind are generally as unhappy by their Inconſtancy, as their Avarice, which is the very Point he was obliged to prove. We may remark, with how much Art he returns from his Digreſſion. *Probare ſe*, and *laudare ſe*, are ſynonimous Words to expreſs, *He thinks himſelf happy.*

111. *Meliori turbæ*.] This Reading was recovered from an ancient Manuſcript by Mr. Cuningham, and is received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon. It adds a new Thought to the Sentence, and the uſual Epithet, *majori*, is expreſt in the Word *turbæ*. To look down to Crouds of valuable People in Diſtreſs, would be a wiſe Method of making us enjoy our own Conditions of Life with Satisfaction. Yet Mankind, who were born to be happy, too frequently view their preſent Circumſtances in that Point of Light alone, which renders them moſt diſagreeable.

114. *Ut quùm carceribus.*] This Compariſon equally ſhews the Folly

Inde fit, ut rarò, qui ſe vixiſſe beatum
Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore, vitâ
Cedat uti conviva ſatur, reperire queamus.
Jam ſatis eſt: ne me Criſpini ſcrinia lippi
Compilaſſe putes, verbum non ampliùs addam.

Folly and Ambition of Mankind. In the Chariot-race the Prize was given only to the foremoſt; but Happineſs is not given to the firſt in our Purſuit of Riches. The Poet, apprehenſive that ſo long a Diſpute might grow tedious to his Readers, ends it with this beautiful Compariſon, which he hath enlivened by the Language of the Sublime. Would to Heaven, ſays Mr. Dacier, that Writers of our Times could imitate this Addreſs.

118. *Vitâ cedat, uti conviva ſatur.*] There are few People, ſays Epicurus, who do not go out of Life, as if they were juſt come into it; from whence their Lives, as Lucretius expreſſes it, are always

Sat. II. *Ad* Mæcenatem.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ; balatrones hoc genus omne
Mœſtum

Our Poet looked upon Adultery with ſo much Horror, that in the Odes he calls it the Source from whence all the Misfortunes, which afflicted Italy, aroſe. The ſecond Exceſs, which Horace blames in this Satire, is the Vice of frequenting public Stews, and the Folly of being ruined by converſing with common Women. Thus far he may deſerve our Praiſe, and the Satire may be not unuſeful to the preſent Age. But while he would direct us in a virtuous Medium between theſe two Extremes, he unhappily falls into Crimes, which we ought to be aſhamed to name. He juſtly becomes an Object of his own Satire, and a Proof, that Fools (they who ſuffer themſelves to be governed by irregular Paſſions) while they avoid one Exceſs, conſtantly run into another. Such ever has been human Nature, ſince it loſt its original Purity, when left to the Guidance of Natural Religion. For whatever our preſent Race of young Philoſophers may think; however perfect Natural Religion may appear in Theory, it never has been able, in Practice, to preſerve its wiſeſt Votaries from Vices moſt abominable, and a Manner of Reaſoning moſt infamous.

With

From hence, how few, like ſated Gueſts, depart
From Life's full Banquet with a chearful Heart?
But let me ſtop, leſt you ſuſpect I ſtole,
From blind Criſpinus, this eternal Scrowl.

imperfect. Perhaps our Poet had in View an Expreſſion of Ariſtole, *We ſhould go out of Life, as we ought to riſe from a Banquet, neither thirſty nor full of Wine.*

120. *Criſpini lippi.*] Criſpinus was a blear-eyed, impertinent Scribler *non oculorum ratione, ſed mentis*, ſays the Scholiaſt, which Lord Rocheſter ſeems to have tranſlated, *Who ſquints more in his Judgment than his Sight*; although Mr. Dacier thinks it unworthy of Horace. However, it is not unpleaſant, to find our Poet apprehenſive of being ſuſpected of pillaging poor Criſpinus, eſpecially after the laſt beautiful Compariſon.

SAT. II. *To* MÆCENAS.

THE Tribes of Minſtrels, ſtroling Prieſts and Players, Perfumers, and Buffoons, are all in Tears,

For

With Preſervatives of this Kind againſt the Poiſon of the preſent Satire it may be tranſlated, and not without Advantage to the preſent Age. Perhaps, as Mr. Dacier obſerves, we imprudently endeavour to conceal theſe dangerous Paſſages of ancient Authors from the Eyes of Youth, who might better be permitted to ſee them, under the Direction and Temper of their Teachers. Is it not waiting until the Storm of the Paſſions is raiſed, which drives them upon unknown Rocks, ſo fatal to their Virtue; that might have been prudently pointed out to them in the calmer Hours of Life?

Verſ. 1. *Ambubaiarum.*] *Women who played on the Flute.* It is derived from a Syrian Word, for the People of that Country uſually excelled on this Inſtrument. *Pharmacopolæ* is a general Name for all who deal in Spices, Eſſences, and Perfumes. TOR.

2. *Mendici, mimæ, balatrones.*] The Prieſts of Iſis and Cybele were Beggars by Profeſſion, and under the Veil of Religion were often guilty of the moſt criminal Exceſſes. *Mimæ* were Players of the moſt debauched and diſſolute Kind; and *balatrones* in general ſignifies all Scoundrels, Buffoons and Paraſites, who had their Name, accord-

Mœſtum ac ſolicitum eſt cantoris morte Tigellî;
Quippe benignus erat. Contrà hic, ne prodigus eſſe
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere poſſit.
Hunc ſi perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingratâ ſtringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obſonia nummis:
Sordidus, atque animi quòd parvi nolit haberi,
Reſpondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis:
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quantò perditior quiſque eſt, tantò acriùs urget:
Nomina ſectatur, modò ſumptâ veſte virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Jupiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? At in ſe
Pro quæſtu ſumptum facit hic. Vix credere poſſis
Quàm

according to the old Commentator, from Servilius Balatro. *Balatrones hoc genus omne*, for *omne hoc balatronum genus*, is a remarkable Sort of Conſtruction. Tor. San.

3. *Tigellî.*] Tigellius was merely formed for Diverſion: a Kind of Creature always acceptable to the Great. Of elegant Taſte in Muſic; a lively Buffoon; a dexterous Flatterer, who had ſucceſſively been a Favourite to Julius Cæſar, Cleopatra, and Auguſtus. Horace hath in three Lines made his Funeral Oration; by telling us he had ruined his Fortune among Scoundrels of this Kind, by whom alone he was lamented, when he died. Comment. San.

13. *Dives agris.*] Mr Sanadon juſtly ſuſpects this Line, which more properly belongs to the Art of Poetry, and is here uſed without any Neceſſity: Nor is it the Cuſtom of Horace to copy himſelf, without changing his Expreſſion. However, we have one Inſtance in his Odes——*Mater ſæva Cupidinum.*

14. *Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat.*] *Caput* is the Principal; *merces* the Intereſt, and *exſecare* is to deduct the Intereſt before the Money

For ah! Tigellius, ſweeteſt Songſter's dead,
And ſure the Soul of Bounty with him fled.
Behold a Wretch, in oppoſite Extreme,
So fearful of a Spendthrift's odious Name,
He dare not even a ſordid Pittance give
To raiſe a worthy Friend, and bid him live.
Or aſk another, why, in thankleſs Feaſts
The Wealth of all his frugal Sires he waſtes;
Then the luxurious Treat profuſe ſupplies
With borrow'd Sums; becauſe I ſcorn, he cries,
To be a Wretch of narrow Spirit deem'd ——
By ſome condemn'd, by others he's eſteem'd.
Fufidius, rich in Lands, and large Increaſe
Of growing Uſury, dreads the foul Diſgrace
To be call'd Rake; and, ere the Money's lent,
He prudently deducts his Cent per Cent.
Then, as he finds the Borrower diſtreſt,
Cruel demands a higher Intereſt,
But lends profuſely to the laviſh Heir,
Whoſe Guardians prove too frugally ſevere.
All-powerful Jove, th' indignant Reader cries,
" But his Expences, with his Income, riſe."

No —

Money is lent. For Inſtance, Fufidius lent an hundred Pounds, and at the End of the Month the Borrower was to pay him an hundred and five, Principal and Intereſt. But he gives only ninety-five Pounds, deducting his Intereſt when he lends the Money, which thus increaſes in twenty Months equal to his Principal. The Laws allowed an Uſury called *Uſuria centeſima*, which doubled the capital Sum in an hundred Months, or eight Years and four Months. TOR.

16. *Nomina ſectatur.*] *Nomen* ſignifies a Debt, becauſe the Borrower gave the Lender a Note of Acknowledgment for the Money, ſigned with his Name. The Laws forbad lending Money to Minors, or Perſons under the Age of five and twenty Years. CRUQ.

20. *Pater*

Quàm ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terentî
Fabula quem miſerum nato vixiſſe fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejùs cruciaverit atque hic.
Si quis nunc quærat, quò res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malthinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen ad obſcœnum ſubductis uſque facetus.
Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum:
Nil medium eſt. Sunt qui nolint tetigiſſe, niſi illas,
Quarum ſubſutâ talos tegat inſtita veſte:
Contra alius nullam, niſi olenti in fornice ſtantem.
Quidam notus homo quum exiret fornice: Macte
Virtute eſto, inquit ſententia dia Catonis.
Nam ſimul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
Huc juvenes æquum eſt deſcendere, non alienas
Permolere uxores. Nolim laudarier, inquit,
Sic me, mirator cunni Cupiennius albi.
Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchos non vultis, ut omni parte laborent;
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter ſæpe pericla.

Hic

20. *Pater ille Terentî.*] Menedemus, and his Son Clinias, in the Self-Tormentor of Terence.

25. *Malchinus.*] A Word derived from μαλθακὸς, *effeminate.* The old Commentator informs us, that ſome People imagined, Horace means his Patron Mæcenas, whom Velleius deſcribes *Flowing in Idleneſs and Luxury beyond even a Woman's Effeminacy.* But it is hardly poſſible, that he ſhould thus ungratefully outrage a Man, from whom he had received the laſt Obligations, and for whom he profeſſes the tendereſt Affection.

27. *Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.*] We know not who theſe Perſons were; but, whether becauſe they were People of Diſtinction, or ſupported by Men in Power, we find, this Line was publickly reſented.

31. *Macte virtute eſto.*] We may here add what Cato ſaid to this

No —— 'tis amazing, that this Man of Self
Hath yet ſo little Friendſhip for himſelf,
That even the Self-Tormentor in the Play,
Cruel who drove his much-lov'd Son away,
Amidſt the willing Tortures of Deſpair
Could not with Wretchedneſs like his compare.
But ſay, at what this tedious Preface aims ——
THAT Fools are ever vicious in Extremes.
The ſoft Malthinus trails a Length of Train:
See that ſhort Robe, how filthily obſcene!
Rufillus with Perfumes diſtracts your Head;
With his own Scents Gargonius ſtrikes you dead.
That Youth, when wanton Wiſhes fire his Veins,
All but a flowing-ermin'd Dame diſdains;
Others their ſafer, cheaper Pleaſures chuſe,
And take a willing Miſtreſs from the Stews.
When awful Cato ſaw a noted Spark
From a Night-Cellar ſtealing in the dark,
"Well done, my Friend, if Love thy Breaſt enflame,
"Indulge it here, and ſpare the married Dame."
Be mine the ſilken Veil, Cupiennius cries,
Such vulgar Praiſe and Pleaſure I deſpiſe.
All ye, who wiſh ſome dire Miſhap may wait
This horning Tribe, attend while I relate
What Dangers and Diſaſters they ſuſtain,
How few their Pleaſures, and how mix'd with Pain.

A

this *notus homo*, this Perſon of Diſtinction, whom he found frequently in the Stews. *Young Man, I commended you for coming hither ſometimes; not for lodging here.*

37. *Audire eſt operæ pretium*] Is a pleaſant Parody of a ſolemn Paſſage in Ennius,

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui rem Romanam, Latiumque augeſcere vultis.

All

Hic ſe præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæſus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc perminxerunt calones: quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam teſtes caudamque ſalacem
Demeteret ferrum. Jure omnes: Galba negabat.
Tutior at quantò merx eſt in claſſe ſecundâ!
Libertinarum dico; Salluſtius in quâ
Non minùs inſanit; quàm qui mœchatur. At hic ſi,
Quâ res, quâ ratio ſuaderet, quâque modeſtè
Munifico eſſe licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Eſſe, daret quantum ſatis eſſet; nec ſibi damno
Dedecorique foret. Verùm hoc ſe amplectitur uno,
Hoc amat, hoc laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango:
Ut quondam Marſæus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque:
Nîl fuerit mî, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
Verùm eſt cum mimis, eſt cum meretricibus; unde
Fama malum gravius, quàm res, trahit. An tibi abundè
Perſonam ſatis eſt, non illud, quidquid ubique
Officit, evitare? Bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum eſt ubicunque. Quid intereſt in matronâ, ancillâ, peccesne togatâ?
Villius in Fauſtâ Sullæ gener, hoc miſer uno
Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit uſque, ſuperque
Quàm

All ye, who wiſh to ſee the Roman Name
And Latium flouriſh with Increaſe of Fame,
May with Advantage hear———

63. *Togata.*] *A Proſtitute.* Women of this Kind were obliged, when they went abroad, to wear a Robe, called *Toga*. The Reſemblance of it to the Robe, worn by Men, made it a Mark of Infamy.

67. *Quum*

A deſperate Leap one luckleſs Caitiff tries;
Torn by the flagrant Laſh another dies;
Some are by Robbers plunder'd as they fly;
Others with Gold a wretched Safety buy.
Nor ſeldom do they feel, with keener Smart,
Their Cuckold's Vengeance on th' offending Part.
Such various Woes purſue theſe Sons of Luſt,
And all, but Galba, own the Sentence juſt.
Far ſafer they, who venture their Eſtate,
And trade with Females of the ſecond Rate.
"Yet Salluſt rages here with wild Deſires,
"As mad as thoſe, which lawleſs Love inſpires."
But had he been with leſs profuſion kind,
Had common Senſe his laviſh Hand confin'd,
He had not now been wholly loſt to Shame,
In Fortune ruin'd, as undone in Fame.
But here's the Joy and Comfort of his Life,
To ſwear, he never touch'd his Neighbour's Wife.
Thus, to an Actreſs when with laviſh Hand
Marſæus gave his Manſion-Houſe and Land,
My Soul, thank Heaven, he cries, from Guilt is free;
The wedded Dames are veſtal Maids for me.
Actreſs or not, the Crime is ſtill the ſame,
Equal the Ruin of Eſtate and Fame;
Equal the Folly, whether in Purſuit
Of Wife, or Slave, or looſe-rob'd Proſtitute;
Unleſs you mean, content to be undone,
To hate the Perſon, not the Vice to ſhun.
Of Sylla's wanton Daughter when poſſeſt,
Villius believ'd himſelf ſupremely bleſt:
To a Dictator thus to be ally'd,
Dazled his Senſes, and indulg'd his Pride;

Quàm ſatis eſt, pugnis cæſus, ferroque petitus,
Excluſus fore, quum Longarenus foret intus.
Huic ſi, mutonis verbis mala tanta videntis,
Diceret hæc animus? Quid vis tibi? numquid ego à te
Magno prognatum depoſco conſule cunnum
Velatumque ſtolâ, mea quum conferbuit ira?
Quid reſponderet? Magno patre nata puella eſt.
At quantò meliora monet, pugnantiaque iſtis
Dives opis Natura ſuæ! Tu ſi modò rectè
Diſpenſare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Immiſcere; tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? Quare, ne pœniteat te,
Deſine matronas ſectarier; unde laboris
Plus haurire mali eſt, quàm ex re decerpere fructus.
Nec magis huic niveos inter virideſque lapillos
(Sit licet hoc, Cerinthe, tuum) tenerum eſt femur, aut crus
Rectius; atque etiam melius preſæpe togatæ eſt.
Adde huc, quòd mercem ſine fucis geſtat, apertè
Quod venale habet oſtendit; nec, ſi quid honeſti eſt,
Jactat habetque palam; quærit quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos eſt; ubi equos mercantur, apertos
Inſpiciunt, ne, ſi facies (ut ſæpe) decora

Molli

67. *Quum Longarenus foret intus.*] The Commentator tells us, that Longarenus was Fauſta's Huſband, but he is probably miſtaken. He was rather ſome wretched Scoundrel Gallant, and it ſets the Folly of Villius in a ſtronger Ridicule, who, for mere Vanity loved a Woman, that could be prodigal of her Favours to ſuch a worthleſs Rival.

74. *Dives opis Naturæ ſuæ.*] Nature is ſufficiently rich in her own proper Funds, without any foreign Wealth. The Riches of Nature are Health, Beauty, Good-humour, and theſe are all ſhe aſks. On the contrary, Names of Diſtinction; Honours, Quality, are the Riches of Fortune, which Nature never deſires. Dac.

But ſure, if Vanity were fairly rated,
Methinks, poor Villius was full hardly treated,
When buffeted and ſtab'd the Coxcomb dies,
While in the Wanton's Arms a Scoundrel lies.
Suppoſe, his ſecret Something had addreſt
The luckleſs Youth with all theſe Woes oppreſt;
"Did I, when burning with my wildeſt Fire,"
"Did I a Maid of Quality require?"
What could he anſwer to the poor Forlorn?
"The jilting Quean, forſooth, was nobly born."
But Nature, rich in her own proper Wealth,
In Youth and Beauty, Chearfulneſs and Health,
In her Purſuit of Happineſs diſclaims
The Pride of Titles and the Pomp of Names.
Be thine, her wiſe Oeconomy to learn,
And real, from affected Bliſs, diſcern.
Then, leſt Repentance puniſh ſuch a Life,
Never, ah! never kiſs your Neighbour's Wife.
For ſee, what thouſand Miſchiefs round you riſe,
And, few the Pleaſures, though you gain the Prize.
What though Cerinthus doats upon the Girl,
Who flames with Emerald green, or ſnowy Pearl,
Is ſhe beyond a common Miſtreſs bleſt
With Leg more taper, or a ſofter Breaſt?
Beſides, the public Nymph no Varniſh knows,
But all her venal Beauties frankly ſhows,
Nor boaſts ſome happier Charm with conſcious Pride,
Nor ſtrives a vile Deformity to hide.
When ſkilful Jockeys would a Courſer buy,
They ſtrip him naked to the curious Eye;
For oft an eager Chapman is betray'd
To buy a founder'd or a ſpavin'd Jade,

Molli fulta pede eſt, emtorem inducat hiantem,
Quòd pulchræ clunes, breve quòd caput, ardua cervix.
Hoc illi rectè. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
Contemplare oculis: Hypſæâ cæcior, illa
Quæ mala ſunt, ſpectas. O crus! ô brachia! Verùm
Depygis, naſuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo eſt.
Matronæ præter faciem nîl cernere poſſis,
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſsâ veſte tegentis.
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata (nam te
Hoc facit inſanum) multæ tibi tum officient res:
Cuſtodes, lectica, ciniſlones, paraſitæ,
Ad talos ſtola demiſſa, & circumdata pallâ:
Plurima, quæ invideant purè adparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obſtat: Cois tibi penè videre eſt
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne ſit pede turpi,
Metiri poſſis oculo latus. An tibi mavis
Inſidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
Quàm mercem oſtendi? LEPOREM venator, ut altâ
In nive ſectetur, poſitum ſic tangere nolit:
Cantat & apponit: MEUS eſt amor huic ſimilis; nam
Tranſvolat in medio poſita, & fugientia captat.
Hiſcine verſiculis ſperas tibi poſſe dolores,
Atque æſtus, curaſque graves è pectore tolli?
Nonne

101. *Cois tibi penè videre eſt.*] Theſe glaſſy Robes *vitreas togas* as Varro calls them, were invented by a Coan Woman, whoſe Name was Pamphila; for, as Pliny obſerves, we ſhould not defraud her of the Glory of finding this marvellous Secret of ſhewing Women naked in their Clothes. They cannot ſwear, ſays Seneca, that they are not naked, when they are dreſt in this Manner. Publius Syrus, with greater Boldneſs of Expreſſion, ſays,

Equum eſt induere nuptam ventum textilem?
Palam proſtare nudam in nebula linea?

A woven Wind ſhall wedded Matrons wear,
And naked in a Linnen Cloud appear?

106. *Cantat*

While he admires a thin, light-ſhoulder'd Cheſt,
A little Head, broad Back, and riſing Creſt.
Th' Example's good; then keep it in thy Mind,
Nor to the Fair-one's Faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze with idle Rapture on her Charms,
"Oh! what a taper Leg! what ſnowy Arms!"
For ſhe may hide, whate'er ſhe vainly ſhows,
Low Hips, ſhort Waiſt, ſplay Feet, and hideous Noſe.
All but her Face the Matron's Robe conceals,
Catia alone th' Et cætera reveals.
But if you ſtill purſue this dangerous Game
(Perhaps the Dangers your Deſires inflame)
What military Works around her riſe!
Maids, Chairmen, Footmen, Flatterers, guard the Prize.
The flowing Robe and cloſely muffled Veil
With envious Folds the precious Thing conceal;
But what from Nature's Commoners you buy,
Through the thin Robe ſtands naked to your Eye:
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the Fair,
With fooliſh Fondneſs, ere ſhe ſhews her Ware.
As when a Sportſman through the ſnowy Waſte
Purſues a Hare, which he diſdains to taſte,
So (ſings the Rake) my Paſſion can deſpiſe
An eaſy Prey, but follows when it flies.
Yet can a Song or Simile remove
The Griefs and Tortures of unlawful Love?

107. *Cantat & apponit.*] We are obliged to the Learning of Heinſius for an Explanation of this Paſſage, which hath ſufficiently perplexed the Commentators. He hath happily found in Callimachus the Song, to which the Poet alludes, and Part of which he hath here tranſlated.

Nonne cupidinibus ſtatuat Natura modum quem,
Quid latura, ſibi quid ſit dolitura negatum,
Quærere plus prodeſt, & inane abſcindere ſoldo?
Num, tibi quum fauces urit ſitis, aurea quæris
Pocula? Num eſuriens faſtidis omnia præter
Pavonem rhombumque? Tument tibi quum inguina, num ſi
Ancilla, aut verna eſt præſto puer, impetus in quem
Continuò fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?
Non ego; namque parabilem amo Venerem facilemque·
Illam: Poſt paulo, ſed pluris, ſi exierit vir,
Gallis: hanc Philodemus ait ſibi, quæ neque magno
Stet pretio, neque cunctetur, quum eſt juſſa venire.
Candida rectaque ſit munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quàm det Natura, videri.
Hæc, ubi ſuppoſuit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
Ilia & Egeria eſt: do nomen quodlibet illi.
Nec vereor ne dum futuo vir rure recurrat;
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
Pulſa domus ſtrepitu reſonet; ne pallida lecto
Deſiliat mulier; miſeram ſe conſcia clamet;
Cruribus hæc metuat, doti deprenſa, egomet mî.
Diſcinctâ tunica fugiendum eſt, ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miſerum eſt: Fabio vel judice vincam.

Were it not better Wiſdom to inquire
How Nature bounds each impotent Deſire;
What ſhe with Eaſe reſigns, or wants with Pain,
And thus divide the Solid from the Vain?
Say, ſhould your Jaws with Thirſt ſeverely burn,
Would you a cleanly, earthen Pitcher ſpurn?
Should Hunger on your gnawing Entrails ſeize,
Will Turbot only, or a Peacock pleaſe?
And will you, when a willing Girl's at hand,
With ſwelling Veins deliberating ſtand?
No —— be the yielding, ready Venus mine;
To cooler Lovers I the Dame reſign,
Who plays the Coy-one, with a cold "Anon,"
"A Guinea more;" or "when my Huſband's gone."
Give me the Nymph, who flies into my Arms,
And ſets at eaſy Rate her willing Charms;
Let her be ſtreight and fair; nor wiſh to have,
Or Height or Colour, Nature never gave:
Then, while with Joy I claſp the pleaſing Fair,
What mortal Goddeſs can with mine compare?
No Terrours riſe to interrupt my Joys,
No jealous Huſband, nor the fearful Noiſe
Of burſting Doors, nor the loud, hideous Yelling
Of barking Dogs, that ſhakes the Matron's Dwelling,
When the pale Wanton leaps from off her Bed,
The conſcious Chamber-maid ſcreams out her Dread
Of horrid Tortures; loudly cries the Wife,
"My Jointure's loſt,"——I tremble for my Life:
Unbutton'd, without Shoes, I ſpeed away,
Leſt I in Fame, or Purſe, or Perſon pay.
To be ſurpris'd is, ſure, a wretched Tale,
And for the Truth to Fabius I appeal.

Sat. III.

Omnibus hoc vitium eſt cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
Injuſſi nunquam deſiſtant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret. Si collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala iteraret: Iö Bacche; modò ſummâ
Voce, modò hac, reſonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nîl

The Morality of Zeno, among a Number of excellent Precepts, had ſome which really diſhonoured Virtue, by rendering it impracticable and ridiculous. One of their Dogmas aſſerted an Equality of Vices, and as it would not acknowledge any Faults of leſs Malignity, ſo it would never pardon any, but puniſh all with equal Severity. Horace, in oppoſing this Principle, ſhews, that there are Faults, which we ought to pardon; and that, even among thoſe which we cannot forgive, there are ſome which we ought to puniſh with leſs Severity than others. San.

Verſ. 1 *Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus*] The Character here given to Muſicians, may be as well applied to Painters and Poets, for a Reaſon common to them all, and which may be well excuſed. Imagination is equally Miſtreſs of theſe three Arts, and nothing is more difficult, than to regulate or reſtrain her Power. Hence all the whimſical Extravagances of thoſe, who profeſs themſelves her Votaries. San.

7. *Iteraret, Io Bacche.*] We are indebted for this conjectural Emendation to Dr. Bentley. The drinking Catch, which Tigellius inceſſantly repeats, probably began with the Words, *Io Bacche. Citaret* is a Law-Term; and although we ſhould allow, that it is here uſed for *recitaret*, yet where ſhall we find *recitare cantilenam*, ſignifying, to ſing a Song? Dr. Bentley tells us, that one of his ancient Manuſcripts had, very probably, the preſent Reading, the Beginning of which, *iter*, was eraſed, and *cit* written by another Hand in its Place.

Modo

SAT. III.

THIS Vice all Songſters have; they ne'er can bring,
When they are aſk'd, their froward Souls to ſing;
Yet chaunt it forth, unaſk'd, from Morn to Night;
Such was Tigellius, moſt inconſtant Wight!
Even Cæſar, who might well his Power have ſhewn,
If by his Father's Friendſhip and his own
He beg'd a Song, was ſure to beg in vain,
Yet, when the Whim prevail'd, in endleſs Strain
Through the whole Feaſt the jovial Catch he plies,
From Baſe to Treble o'er the Gamut flies.

Nothing

Modo ſumma voce, &c.] *In a Tone which anſwers to the loweſt Baſe-ſtring of the Tetrachord.* The four Strings of this Inſtrument were called by the *Greeks*; by the *Latins*,

Ὑπάτη. ——— Summa.
Παρυπάτη. ——— Subſumma.
Παρανήτη. ——— Pene ima.
Νήτη. ——— Ima.

Thus the *ſumma vox*, which anſwers to the higheſt String, *ſumma chorda*, muſt ſignify the Baſe; and *ima vox*, that ſtrikes the ſame Tone with *ima chorda*, muſt ſignify the Treble. This Paſſage hath been ſhamefully miſunderſtood by the Commentators, who tell us, that *ima* ſignifies, in general, the Baſe, and *ſumma* the Treble; not conſidering, that Horace, if regularly conſtrued, mentions the Strings of the Tetrachord by their Names; while they underſtand him as only ſpeaking of the Voice. The whole Paſſage may be thus explained; *Modâ ſummâ voce, id eſt, voce illâ, quæ ita reſonat in Tetrachordo, ut ſi ex quatuor chordis Tetrachordi ſumma, ratione loci, eademque graviſſima ratione ſoni: modâ hac voce, quæ ita reſonat in eodem Tetrachordo, ut ſit ex quatuor chordis Tetrachordi, ima, ratione loci, eademque acutiſſima ratione ſoni.* Whoever would be better inſtructed in this Subject, may read a curious Diſſertation upon it, addreſſed to Mr. Sanadon.

Nil æquale homini fuit illi: ſæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem; perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret: habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens; modò: Sit mihi menſa tripes &
Concha ſalis puri, & toga quæ defendere frigus
Quamvis craſſa queat. Decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco, paucis contento; quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Manè; diem totum ſtertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi; Quid tu?
Nullane habes vitia? Imò alia, & fortaſſe minora.
Mænius abſentem Novium quum carperet: Heus tu,
Quidam ait, ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? Egomet mî ignoſco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus & improbus hic amor eſt, dignuſque notari.
Quum tua prætereas oculis malè lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,

Quàm

11. *Junonis ſacra ferret.*] This grave and ſolemn March, although a religious Ceremony in its Place, yet, when improperly uſed, is Affectation and Impertinence. The Solemnity of this Proceſſion became a Proverb, Ἡραῖον βαδίζειν, *to walk like Juno.*

Tor.

15. *Decies centena.*] *Decies centena millia.* A Million of Seſterces amounted to ſeven thouſand eight hundred and twelve Pound ten Shillings of our Money, computing the leſſer Seſterce at one Penny, Half-penny Farthing, Half-farthing. The Romans uſed to ſay, *decies millia* and *decies* alone, and *decies ſeſtertium.*

20. *Imò alia, & fortaſſe minora.*] Nothing can be more ſtrongly authoriſed than this Reading, which is of all the Manuſcripts and ancient Editions. In the next Satire the Poet declares that his Faults are of a pardonable Kind; and indeed he muſt have reproached Tigellius, with a very bad Grace, for Crimes, of which he himſelf was equally guilty. *Haud fortaſſe minora.* Such a Poet could with very little Modeſty pretend to write a Satire on the Vices of Mankind.

25. *Quum*

Nothing was of a Piece in the whole Man;
Sometimes he like a frighted Coward ran,
Whoſe Foes are at his Heels; now ſoft and ſlow
He mov'd, like Folks, who in Proceſſion go.
Now with two hundred Slaves he crouds his Train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty Strain
At Morn, of Kings and Governors he prates;
At Night—"A frugal Table, O ye Fates,
"A little Shell the ſacred Salt to hold,
"And Clothes, though coarſe, to keep from me the
"Cold."
Yet give this Wight, thus frugally content,
A thouſand Pound, 'tis every Penny ſpent
Within the Week: He drank the Night away
Till riſing Dawn, then ſnor'd out all the Day.
Sure ſuch a various Creature ne'er was known.
"But have you, Friend, no Vices of your own?"
That I have Vices, frankly I confeſs,
But of a different kind, and ſomewhat leſs.
Mænius on abſent Novius vents his Spleen;
And do you think your Follies are unſeen?
Another anſwers——No. I well perceive,
Quoth Mænius, but a kind Indulgence give
To my own Faults. This is a fooliſh Love,
And vicious, which our Cenſure ſhould reprove:
For wherefore, while you careleſsly paſs by
Your own worſt Vices with unheeding Eye,
Why ſo ſharp-ſighted in another's Fame,
Strong as an Eagle's Ken, or Dragon's Beam?

But

25. *Quùm tua prætereas.*] The Neceſſity of this Correction, which is taken from Mr. Sanadon, appears not only from the Senſe of the Poet, but the different Readings of Manuſcripts, and

Quàm aut aquila, aut ſerpens Epidaurius? At tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rurſus & illi.
Iracundior eſt paulò; minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum: rideri poſſit, eo quòd
Ruſticiùs tonſo toga defluit, & malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam; at tibi amicus; at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore. Denique teipſum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim
Natura, aut etiam conſuetudo mala: namque
Neglectis urenda filix innaſcitur agris.
Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quòd amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.

Vellem

Diſputes of Editors, whom it is impoſſible to reconcile, while each of them proves the other in the wrong. Some underſtand *pervidere*, like the Greek παραβλέπειν, *To view careleſsly*, as if *per* were a diminutive, as in *perfidus*, *perjurus*. Others read *prævideas* for *prætervideas*; an Expreſſion unknown to the Latin Tongue. The other Alteration in this Line *malè* for *mala* is of Manuſcript-Authority. Our Author frequently uſes *malè* for *valde*, *malè lippus*, *malè parvus*, *malè laxus*. *Tua* refers to *vitia*, which appears in the Ablative Caſe in the following Verſe.

29. *Iracundior eſt paulo.*] M^r. Dacier, ſupported by the old Commentator and Cruquius, acknowledges in this Paſſage the Character of Virgil; while Dr. Bentley, with his natural Contempt of other Interpreters, finds in it the Picture of Horace himſelf. However, the Poet ſeems only to have drawn an imaginary Character, or perhaps might have thrown in ſome Strokes, which make it reſemble Virgil and Himſelf. The Commentator's Tradition does Honour to our Author, in ſhewing his Friendſhip for Virgil; and it were to be wiſhed, for Virgil's Reputation, that he had in any one Place acknowledged that Friendſhip.

But know, that he with equal Spleen ſhall view,
With equal Rigour ſhall thy Faults purſue.
Your Friend is paſſionate; perhaps unfit
For the briſk Petulance of modern Wit;
His Hair ill-cut, his Robe, that aukward flows,
Or his large Shoes to Raillery expoſe
The Man you love; yet is he not poſſeſt
Of Virtues, with which very few are bleſt?
And underneath this rough, uncouth Diſguiſe
A Genius of extenſive Knowledge lies.
Search your own Breaſt, and mark with honeſt Care
What Seeds of Folly Nature planted there,
Or Cuſtom rais'd; for a neglected Field
Shall for the Fire its Thorns and Thiſtles yield.
And yet a ſhorter Method we may find,
As Lovers, to their Fair-one fondly blind,
Even on her Uglineſs with Tranſport gaze;
For Hagne's Wen can good Balbinus pleaſe.

Oh!

Acutis naribus] Is the direct Oppoſition to *naribus obeſis*, which the Latins uſed to ſignify a Stupid, who wants the natural Quickneſs and Sharpneſs of the Senſes. SAN.

38. *Illuc prævertamur.*] The Tranſition is ſhort, and conſequently not extremely clear. *Prævertere* ſignifies to get before another by taking a ſhorter Path. To deſire Mankind to examine their own Hearts, and enquire whether their Vices proceed from Nature or Cuſtom; Conſtitution or Education; is to engage them in a long and thorny Road. It is an eaſier, ſhorter Way to mark the Conduct of others; to turn their Miſtakes to our own Advantage, and endeavour to do by Virtue, what they do by a vicious Exceſs. SAN.

40. *Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.*] This Stroke is of a delicate, cruel Satire, in quoting the Folly of this poor Balbinus, as an Inſtance of the Virtue he would recommend. Cicero ſays of Alcæus, *nævus in articulo puellæ delectat Alcæum, at eſt corporis macula nævus, illi tamen lumen videbatur.* NAT. DEO.

Hagnæ, inſtead of *Agnæ*, is of ſufficient Manuſcript-Authority, and hath been received by all our later Editors.

42. *Nomen*

Vellem in amicitâ ſic erraremus, & iſti
Errori nomen Virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
At, pater ut nati, ſic nos debemus amici,
Si quod ſit vitium, non faſtidire. Strabonem
Appellat Pætum pater; & Pullum, malè parvus
Si cui filius eſt, ut abortivus fuit olim
Siſyphus; hunc Varum, diſtortis cruribus: illum
Balbutit Scaurum, talis fultum malè pravis.
Parciùs hic vivit; frugi dicatur. Ineptus
Et jactantior hic paulò eſt; concinnus amicis
Poſtulat ut videatur. At eſt truculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber; ſimplex fortiſque habeatur.
Caldior eſt; acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
Hæc res & jungit, junctos & ſervat amicos.
At nos virtutes ipſas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incruſtare. Probus quis
Nobiſcum vivit, multùm demiſſus homo: illi
Tardo ac cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
Inſi-

42. *Nomen Virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.*] One happy Conſequence would attend this Method of giving honourable Names to the Vices of Mankind, that many People, who practiſe Virtue only through Oſtentation, would be ſincere in their Actions, if it had a Name, which flattered their Vanity. Dac.

48. *Balbutit Scaurum.*] We are obliged to Rutgerſius for informing us, that all theſe Names *Strabo*, *Pætus*, *Pullus*, *Varus*, and *Scaurus*, are Surnames of illuſtrious Roman Families, from whence Fathers gave them to their Children, covering their Deformities with Names of Dignity. This is one of many Beauties in the Original, which it is impoſſible to preſerve in a Tranſlation. Mr. Dacier, to raiſe the Beauty of this Paſſage, would have us read *Scaulum*, as if the Father liſpingly ſoftened the Word *Scaurum*. But, as Dr. Bentley well obſerves, the Word *balbutit* equally refers to *Varus*, as to *Scaurus*, and conſequently the ſame Reaſon will oblige us to read *Valus*. Let us add, with Mr. Sanadon, that to pronounce L for R is not the Fault of thoſe who liſp, but of thoſe who ſpeak thick. Theſe Fathers made uſe of a childiſh Pronunciation,

Oh! were our Weakneſs to our Friends the ſame,
And ſtamp'd by Virtue with ſome honeſt Name.
Nor ſhould we to their Faults be more ſevere,
Than an indulgent Father to his Heir;
If with diſtorted Eyes the Urchin glares,
"Oh! the dear Boy, how prettily he ſtares!"
Is he of dwarfiſh and and abortive Size?
"Sweet little Moppet," the fond Father cries:
Or is th' unſhapen Cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly liſps him o'er ſome tender Name.
Thus, if your Friend's too frugally ſevere,
Let him a wiſe Oeconomiſt appear.
Is he, perhaps, impertinent and vain?
"The pleaſant Creature means to entertain."
Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude?
"'Tis manly Plainneſs all, and Fortitude."
Is he too warm? No. Spirited and bold.
Thus ſhall we gain new Friends, and keep the old.
But we diſtort their Virtue to a Crime,
And joy th' untainted Veſſel to begrime.
Have we a modeſt Friend, and void of Art?
"He's a fat-headed Wretch, and cold of Heart."

While

tion, like that of Mothers and Nurſes careſſing their Children, which is what Horace calls *balbutire*.

55. *Virtutes ipſas invertimus.*] The Poet hath choſen, for an Example of this Truth, three Virtues, Probity, Prudence, and Simplicity. By the laſt he underſtands a Frankneſs in our Actions, which frequently paſſes over the Decencies of Life, rather through Inattention, than Unpoliteneſs. SAN.

57. *Multùm demiſſus homo.*] This is not a Vice, but a Virtue, generally attending a real Probity. *Ea omnia quæ*, proborum, demiſſorum *ſunt*, *valde benevolentiam conciliant*. Cic. 2. Lib. de Oratore. And in another Place, *Sit apud vos modeſtiæ locus*; *ſit* demiſſis *hominibus perfugium*. Pro Muræna. BENT.

58. *Illi tardo ac cognomen pingui damus.*] The Commentators would,

Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
(Quum genus hoc inter vitæ versemur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina,) pro bene sano
Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
Simplicior quis & est (qualem me sæpe libenter
Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas,) ut fortè legentem,
Aut tacitum appellet quovis sermone molestus;
Communi sensu planè caret, inquimus. Eheu,
Quàm temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!
Nan vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce
(Si modò plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet, amari
Si volet: hac lege in trutinâ ponetur eâdem.
Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,
Postulat; ignoscet verrucis illius. Æquum est
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

Deni-

would, in vain, discover an Oppofition between theſe two Words *tardus* and *pinguis*, and being under a Neceſſity of making one of them a Virtue, they have divided, and by dividing them have multiplied the Difficulty. Where can they find, that the Latins ever made either *pinguitudo* or *tarditas* a Virtue? Horace oppoſes *tardus* and *pinguis* to *prcbus* and *modeſtus*. A Man of Probity and Modeſty is often called dull, and ſtupid. The Honour, whatever it be, of this Explanation, is due to Dr. Bentley.

59. *Latus obdit.*] The Conſtruction is *obdit latus, nulli malo apertum.* Mr. Dacier, by ſome ſtrange Miſtake, in which he is followed by the Delphin-noted, and Bond's Variorum Edition, makes *obdere* ſignify, *to ſhew, to lay open*, or *diſcover*; whereas, it ſignifies, *to conceal, to cover.*

66. *Communi ſenſu planè caret.*] He wants an Underſtanding, that diſtinguiſhes the common Decencies obſerved in addreſſing the Great. Such was the *Communis ſenſus* among the Romans, for which we have no Expreſſion in Engliſh. *Sit in beneficio* ſenſus communis: *tempus, locum, perſonas obſervat.* Seneca. *Quæ verſantur in conſuetudine reipublicæ*; in ſenſu hominum communi, *in*

While we converſe with an ill-natur'd Age,
Where Calumny and Envy lawleſs rage,
Is there a Man by long Experience wiſe,
Still on his Guard, nor open to Surprize?
His cautious Wiſdom and prudential Fear
Shall Artifice and falſe Diſguiſe appear.
If any one of ſimple, thoughtleſs Kind
(Such as you oft your careleſs Poet find)
Who Life's politer Manners never knew,
If, while we read, or ſome fond Scheme purſue,
He teize us with his meer Impertinence,
We cry, the Creature wants even common Senſe.
Alas! what Laws, of how ſevere a Strain,
Againſt ourſelves we thoughtleſsly ordain?
For we have all our Vices, and the beſt
Is he, who with the feweſt is oppreſt.
A kinder Friend, who balances my good
And bad together, as in Truth he ſhould,
If haply my good Qualities prevail,
Inclines indulgent to the ſinking Scale.
For like Indulgence let his Friendſhip plead,
His Merits be with equal Meaſure weigh'd;
For he, who hopes his Bile ſhall not offend,
Should over-look the Pimples of his Friend,
And even in Juſtice to his own Defects,
At leaſt ſhould grant the Pardon he expects.

But,

in natura, in moribus, comprehendenda eſſe oratori puto. CICERO de Oratore. BENT.

Lord Shafteſbury explains the *Senſus communis in* Juvenal, *That Senſe, which regards the common Good; the public Welfare.* A Senſe, according to that ingenious Author, ſeldom found among the Great.

Rarus enim ferme ſenſus communis in illa
Fortuna ——

70. *Cum mea compenſet vitiis bona.*] Mr. Sanadon takes notice of

Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt ſtultis hærentia; cur non
Ponderibus moduliſque ſuis ratio utitur? ac, res
Ut quæque eſt, ita ſuppliciis delicta coërcet?
Si quis eum ſervum, patinam qui tollere juſſus
Semeſos piſces tepidumque ligurierit jus,
In cruce ſufligat; Labeone inſanior inter
Sanos, dicatur. Quantò hoc furioſius, atque
Majus peccatum eſt? paulùm deliquit amicus;
(Quod niſi concedas, habeare inſuavis, acerbus)
Odiſti & fugis, ut Ruſonem debitor æris;
Qui niſi, quùm triſtes miſero venere Calendæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo, hiſtorias, captivus ut, audit.
Comminxit lectum potus; mensâve catillum
Evandri manibus tritum dejecit; ob hanc rem,

Aut

of a faulty Tranſpoſition here, and in the tenth Line, *Sæpe velut qui currebat fugiens hoſtem.* The grammatical Order is, *Sæpe currebat velut qui hoſtem fugiens currit,* and *compenſet mea bona cum vitiis.*

76. *Denique quatenus.*] The ſecond Part of the Satire begins here. The Stoics called all vicious People *Fools, ſtultos. Quatenus* is frequently uſed by our Poet for *quoniam, ſince that.*

81. *Tepidumque ligurierit jus.*] Horace, to excuſe the Slave, ſays, that the Sauce was yet warm, *tepidum,* and therefore more tempting. For the ſame Reaſon he ſays, the Fiſh was half eaten, and he had therefore a Kind of Right to them, as Fragments.

Cruq.

82. *Labeone inſanior.*] The Scholiaſts, Commentators, and Interpreters tell us, that Horace means Marcus Antiſtius Labeo, who, in the Spirit of Liberty, frequently oppoſed Auguſtus in the Senate, when he attempted any Alterations in the State. *Agitabat eum libertas nimia & vecors,* ſays Seneca, which might juſtly render him odious to Auguſtus. But whatever Reſpect our Poet had for his Emperor, we never find that he treats the Patrons of Liberty with Outrage. Nor can we well imagine, that he dare thus cruelly brand a Man of Labeo's Abilities, Riches, Power and Employments in the State; to whom Auguſtus himſelf offered the Conſulſhip. Probably the Perſon here intended, was publickly known

But, ſince we never from the Breaſt of Fools
Can root their Paſſions, yet while Reaſon rules,
Let her hold forth her Scales with equal Hand,
Juſtly to puniſh, as the Crimes demand.
If a poor Slave, who takes away your Plate,
Lick the rich Sauce, the half-cold Fragments eat,
Yet ſhould you crucify the Wretch, we ſwear
Not Labeo's Madneſs can with thine compare.
But is this Madneſs leſs than yours? A Friend
With ſome ſlight Folly may perhaps offend:
Forgive him, or with Juſtice you appear
Of harden'd Kind, inhumanly ſevere:
Yet you avoid him, and with Horrour ſhun,
As Debtors from the ruthleſs Ruſo run,
Who damns the Wretches on th' appointed Day
His Intereſt or Principal to pay,
Or, like a Captive, ſtretch the liſtning Ear
His tedious Tales of Hiſtory to hear.
A Friend has foul'd my Couch; ah! deep Diſgrace!
Or off the Table thrown ſome high-wrought Vaſe,
Or,

known to have been guilty of ſome Folly not unlike what our Poet mentions. Dr. Bently hath found a Labienus in the Time of Auguſtus, whoſe Character fits this Paſſage extremely well; and whom he therefore recommends to a Place in the Text.

86. *Ruſonem.*] This Ruſo was a double Torment to the poor People, who borrowed Money of him. He ruined them by Extortion, and read them to Death with his Works. The greateſt Number, and the beſt Manuſcripts read *Ruſo*; nor was *Druſo* received into any Edition before that of Aldus.

89. *Porrecto jugulo, captivus ut.*] The forced Attention of this miſerable Creditor is compared, as Mr. Sanadon underſtands it, to the Poſture of a Captive, who ſtretches out his Neck to the Chain. We find the Slaves in ancient Comedy ſtood in this Attitude *obſtito capite*, as a Mark of Reſpect to their Maſters, and Obſervance of their Orders, from whence Mr. Dacier thinks our Poet hath taken his Image.

91. *Evandri manibus tritum.*] *Tornatum, cœlatum, fabricatum.*

Hinc

Aut positum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini
Sustulit esuriens, minùs hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? Quid faciam, furtum si fecerit, aut si
Prodiderit commissa fide, sponsumve negarit?
Queis paria esse ferè placuit peccata, laborant,
Quum ventum ad verum est: sensus moresque repugnant,
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater & æqui.
Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus & pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus:
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenere: dehinc absistere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges,
Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.

Nam

Hinc radios trivere rotis. Virgil. *Vitrum aliud flatu figuratur, aliud torno teritur.* Plin. But as the Latins used the Word *torcumata* to signify any Works, either *turned* or *wrought by the Chizzel*, because they were made by the same Workmen, Mr. Sanadon thinks the Poet probably means, that this Plate was engraved with an Instrument. The Scholiasts tell us, that this Evander was carried from Athens to Rome by Mark Antony, and that he excelled in Sculpture and Engraving. They, who believe that Horace means King Evander, would not only persuade us, that this Plate must have been preserved so many Ages by some uncommon good Fortune, but have unluckily placed a Vessel so valuable on a Monarch's Table, whose Palace was a Cottage; his Throne a Chair of ordinary Wood; his Beds made of Leaves or Rushes, and his Tapestry, the Skins of Beasts. *Res inopes Evandrus habebat.* Dr. Bentley denies, that the Latins ever used *tritum* to signify *cælatum, perfectum*, and he therefore recommends *tortum* to us, on Authority of an ancient Manuscript. The Beginning of this Note will shew, that this great Critic was not infallible.

95. *Commissa fide.*] Our Poet frequently uses *fide* for *fidei*, as Virgil says *die* for *diei*. *Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas*; and Sallust, *vix decima parte die. In casu dandi, qui purissime locuti sunt, non* facici, *uti nunc dicimus, sed* facie *dixerunt.* Aul. Gell.

96. *Ferè*

Or, hungry, ſnatch'd a Chicken off my Plate,
Shall I for this a good Companion hate?
What if he robb'd me, or his Truſt betray'd,
Or broke the ſacred Promiſe he had made?
Who hold all Crimes alike are deep diſtreſt,
When we appeal to Truth's impartial Teſt.
Senſe, Cuſtom, ſocial Good, from whence ariſe
All Forms of Right and Wrong, the Fact denies.
When the firſt Mortals crawling roſe to Birth,
Speechleſs and wretched, from their Mother-Earth,
For Caves and Acorns, then the Food of Life,
With Nails and Fiſts they held a bloodleſs Strife,
But ſoon improv'd, with Clubs they bolder fought,
And various Arms, which ſad Experience wrought,
'Till Words, to fix the wandering Voice, were found,
And Names impreſs'd a Meaning upon Sound:
And now they ceaſe from War; their Towns incloſe
With formidable Walls, and Laws compoſe
To ſtrike the Thief, and Highwayman with Dread,
And vindicate the ſacred Marriage-Bed.

For

96. *Fere.*] The Latins uſed the Words *fere* and *prope* for *ſemper*. It is a modeſt Manner of Expreſſion, by which the Affirmation loſes nothing of its intended Strength. CRUQ.

98. *Atque ipſa utilitas.*] Horace endeavours to prove, according to the Doctrine of Epicurus, that Juſtice and Injuſtice ariſe only from Laws; and that Laws have no other Foundation than public Utility, by which he means the Happineſs of civil Society. On the contrary the Stoics aſſerted, that Juſtice and Injuſtice have their firſt Principles in Nature itſelf, and the firſt Appearance of Reaſon in the Mind of Man. SAN.

99. *Quum prorepſerunt.*] This Expreſſion is extremely proper for the Syſtem of Epicurus, who believed, that the firſt Race of Men roſe out of the Earth, in which they were formed by a Mixture of Heat and Moiſture. TORR.

117. *Et*

Aut poſitum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini
Suſtulit eſuriens, minùs hoc jucundus amicus
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Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier teterrima belli
Cauſa: ſed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
Jura inventa metu injuſti fateare neceſſe eſt,
Tempora ſi faſtoſque velis evolvere mundi.
Nec Natura poteſt juſto ſecernere iniquum,
Dividit ut bona diverſis, fugienda petendis:
Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantumdem ut peccet idemque,
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
Et qui nocturnus ſacra Divûm legerit. Adſit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne ſcuticâ dignum horribili ſectere flagello.
Nam, ut ferulâ cædas meritum majora ſubire
Verbera, non vereor; quum dicas eſſe pares res
Furta latrociniis; & magnis parva mineris
Falce reciſurum ſimili te, ſi tibi regnum
Permittant homines. Si dives, qui ſapiens eſt,

Et

117. *Et qui nocturnus.*] For *nocturno tempore.* It may alſo ſignify a Thief; for the Latins called Thieves *nocturnos*, Sons of Midnight, as the Greeks called them ἡμερόκοιτας, Day-Sleepers.

120. *Nam ut ferulâ cedas.*] Our Interpreters, in general, believe, that *ut* after the Verbs *timeo, vereor*, is always negative, and then Horace is made to ſpeak in direct Contradiction to what he means. But we may find in the Latin Authors, that *ut* always enters into the Conſtruction of the Verbs *timeo, vereor*, and Cuſtom eſtabliſhed, that it ſhould be generally underſtood, when *ne* was uſed, but always expreſſed when there was no Point of Negation. This is ſo true, that the Verb following could not be put into the Subjunctive Mood, but by Virtue of *ut* either expreſſed or underſtood; for *ne*, whatever Grammarians aſſert, hath no ſuch Power. San.

122. *Magnis parva mineris*, &c.] The Conſtruction of this Sentence is a little perplexed. It is generally called a Greciſm, but even the Greek Phraſes, which are brought to explain it, may be conſtrued more naturally than they are by our Interpreters. As to the

For Woman, long ere Helen's fatal Charms,
Deſtructive Woman! ſet the World in Arms:
But the firſt Heroes died unknown to Fame,
Like Beaſts who raviſh'd the uncertain Dame;
When, as the ſtouteſt Bull commands the reſt,
The weaker by the ſtronger was oppreſt.
Turn o'er the World's great Annals, and you find,
That Laws were firſt invented by Mankind
To ſtop Oppreſſion's Rage; for though we learn,
By Nature, Good from Evil to diſcern:
What we ſhould wiſe purſue, or cautious fly:
Yet can ſhe never, with a conſtant Eye,
Of legal Juſtice mark each nice Extreme;
Nor can right Reaſon prove the Crime the ſame,
To rob a Garden, or, by Fear unaw'd,
To ſteal, by Night, the ſacred Things of God.
Then let the Puniſhment be fairly weigh'd
Againſt the Crime; nor let the Wretch be flay'd,
Who ſcarce deſerv'd the Laſh.—I cannot fear,
That you ſhall prove too tenderly ſevere,
While you aſſert all Vices are the ſame;
And threaten, that were yours the Power ſupreme,
Robbers and Thieves your equal Rage ſhould feel,
Uprooted by the ſame avenging Steel.

Is

the preſent Paſſage, it may be thus ranged: *Quum mineris te parva, peccata cum magnis reciſurum ſimili falce.*

123. *Si tibi regnum permittant homines.*] Theſe Words give Riſe to the following Pleaſantry, which agreeably ends the Satire. Horace takes Occaſion to rally the Stoics for the pretended Royalty which they gave to their Philoſopher.

Et ſutor bonus, & ſolus formoſus, & eſt rex;
Cur optas quod habes? Non noſti quid pater, inquit,
Chryſippus dicat: Sapiens crepidas ſibi nunquam
Nec ſoleas fecit: ſutor tamen eſt ſapiens.

Horat.

Quî?

Stoic.

Ut, quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen, atque
Optimus eſt modulator; ut Alfenus vafer, omni
Abjecto inſtrumento artis, clausâque tabernâ,
Tonſor erat: ſapiens operis ſic optimus omnis
Eſt opifex ſolus, ſic rex.

Horat.

Vellunt tibi barbam
Laſcivi pueri, quos tu niſi fuſte coërces,
Urgeris turbâ circùm te ſtante, miſerque
Rumperis & latras, magnorum maxime regum.
Ne longum faciam; dum tu quadrante lavatum
Rex ibis, neque te quiſquam ſtipator, ineptum
Præter Criſpinum, ſectabitur; & mihi dulces
Ignoſcent, ſi quid peccavero ſtultus, amici;

Inque

127. *Sapiens crepidas ſibi nunquam*, &c.] Chryſippus is here pleaſantly called Father, becauſe he was the firſt, who explained in this abſurd Manner thoſe excellent Precepts of Zeno, which teach us, that Wiſdom ſets us above Kings; and that the Throne ſhe offers to us is preferable to that of the greateſt Monarchs. Torr.

128. *Sutor tamen eſt ſapiens. Quî.*] Such is the Reading of two excellent Manuſcripts, which hath been received by our later Editors. *Quo*, that prevails in the common Editions, can never ſignify *quomodo* or *quo pacto*, which *quî* frequently does.

132. *Tonſor erat.*] This Reading is authoriſed by two ancient Manuſcripts; by a Manuſcript-Copy of Acron, the Scholiaſt; by an Author of near two hundred Years old, who tells us, Alfenus was a Barber; and by the Reaſoning of the Poet himſelf. By the common

Is not the Wife a Shoemaker profeſt,
Handſome and rich; of Monarchy poſſeſt,
Why wiſh for what you have?

STOIC.

Yet hold, my Friend,
And better to the Stoic's Senſe attend.
For though the Wife nor Shoes, nor Slippers made,
Yet is the wiſe a Shoemaker by Trade;
As, though Hermogenes may ſing no more,
He knows the whole Extent of Muſic's Power;
Alfenus, turn'd a Lawyer in his Pride,
His Shop ſhut up, his Razors thrown aſide,
Was ſtill a Barber: So the Wiſe alone
Is of all Trades, though exerciſing none,
And reigns a Monarch, though without a Throne.

HORACE.

Great King of Kings, unleſs you drive away
This preſſing Croud, the Boys in wanton Play
Will pluck you by the Beard, while you ſhall growl,
Wretch as thou art, and burſt in Spleen of Soul:
In ſhort, while in a Farthing-Bath you reign,
With only one poor Life-guard in your Train:
While the few Friends, with whom I joy to live,
Fool as I am, my Follies can forgive,

And

common Reading, *ſutor*, Horace reaſons thus: Although the Sage does not make Shoes, yet he is a *Shoemaker*; as Hermogenes, even when he does not ſing, is a *Songſter*; and as Alfenus, after he had ſhut up his Shop, was a *Shoemaker*. He ought not ſurely to have taken his ſecond Example from the ſame Trade; at leaſt, if it does not injure his Reaſoning, it has leſs poetical Variety. Mr Cuningham and Mr. Sanadon, upon Authority of one ancient Manuſcript, read, *operis ſic* protinus *omnis*.

133. *Vellunt tibi barbam.*] To pluck a Man by the Beard, was ſuch an Indignity, that it gave riſe to a Proverb among the Greeks

Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatuſque magis vivam te rege beatus.

and Romans. The Stoic Philoſophers were uſually treated with this kind of Contempt, to inſult their pretended Wiſdom, and to put them to the Proof of their boaſted Patience.

139. *Et mihi dulces*, &c.] We ought, ſays Epictetus, to extenuate an Injury committed againſt us, that we may forgive it more eaſily; and to enlarge our own Miſtakes, that we may correct them, and repent of them.

SAT. IV.

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus, Ariſtophaneſque poetæ,
Atque alii, quorum comœdia priſca virorum eſt,
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quòd malus ac fur,
Quòd mœchus foret, aut ſicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus, multâ cum libertate notabant. 5

Hinc

It appears by the hundred and thirty-firſt Line, that our Poet was young when he wrote this Satire. A Circumſtance, which does him much Honour. Obliged to juſtify himſelf againſt an Accuſation of too much ſatirical Severity, he ſhews, that he hath been more reſerved than the Poets of former Times; that he had no Deſign of aiming at the Character of a great Poet; that he did not engage in this Kind of Writing from a natural Diſpoſition to expoſe the Follies of others, and that there is not any of that malignant Spirit in his Poetry, which is indulged and encouraged in private Converſation. A little Kind of Epiſode, in which he deſcribes the Manner of his being educated by his Father, ends the Poem. But what greatly raiſes the Spirit of it is, that while he ſeems to excuſe the Liberty of his Satires, he is more ſatirical than ever. SAN.

Verſ. 1. *Eupolis atque Cratinus Ariſtophaneſque.*] Theſe three Poets were Contemporaries. Eupolis diſtinguiſhed himſelf among the Writers of ancient Comedy. His Poetry did not want its Beauties, but he was too ſevere in reproving the Vices and Follies of Mankind. He was drowned in the Helleſpont, in the War againſt the Lacedemonians, upon which Occaſion the Athenians made a Decree, that no Poet ſhould ever bear Arms. Cratinus had Strength and Boldneſs; he was particularly formidable to the Great, whom he expoſed upon the Stage, without regard to their Rank. Ariſtophanes

And I to them the ſame Indulgence ſhew,
No Bliſs like mine thy Kingſhip can beſtow.

Peccaro in this Line is of ſufficient Authority. We do not find that the beſt Latin Poets frequently ſhorten the O at the End of their Verbs, and even leſs frequently, when the following Word begins with two Conſonants. The common Reading is *peccavero*.
SAN.

SAT. IV.

THE comic Poets, in its earlieſt Age
Who form'd the Manners of the Grecian Stage,
Was there a Villain, who might juſtly claim
A better Right of being damn'd to Fame,
Rake, Cut-throat, Thief, whatever was his Crime,
They boldly ſtigmatiz'd the Wretch in Rhime.
From

phanes was of a vehement Spirit; a Genius turned to Raillery; Wit free and elevated, and Courage, not to fear the Perſon, when Vice was to be reproved. But theſe Reformers of Mankind ill agreed among themſelves, and each of them, in his Rivalſhip for Fame, hath left us no very amiable Picture of his Brother-Bards.

2. *Comœdia priſca.*] Comedy was divided into Ancient, and Modern. In the firſt, the Subject and the Names of the Actors were real. In the ſecond the Drama was formed on Hiſtory, but the Names of the Actors were invented. In the third, both the Story and Actors were formed by the Poet.

5. *Multa cum libertate.*] This Liberty was much abuſed. The Poets, not contented with expoſing the Names and Characters of the Perſons, whom they repreſented upon the Stage, made them almoſt appear themſelves by Maſks, drawn with the utmoſt Reſemblance. Indeed we are to expect but little Impartiality from Satiriſts of any Age: The Virtue of Pericles could not defend him from the Virulence of Cratinus; nor the Wiſdom of Socrates from the Petulance of Ariſtophanes.

Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hoſce ſequutus,
Mutatis tantum pedibus numeriſque, facetus,
Emunctæ naris; durus componere verſus;
Nam fuit hoc vitioſus; in horâ ſæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, verſus dictabat ſtans pede in uno:
Quùm flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles:
Garrulus, atque piger ſcribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi rectè; nam ut multum, nîl moror. Ecce
Criſpinus minimo me provocat:

CRISP.

Accipe, ſi vis,
Accipe jam tabulas: detur nobis locus, hora,
Cuſtodes: videamus uter plus ſcribere poſſit.

HORAT.

7. *Mutatis pedibus.*] Ennius and Pecuvius had written Satires before Lucilius. He was rather the Reſtorer, than Inventor of this kind of Poetry. He formed himſelf upon the Grecian Comedy, and only changed the Meaſures of his Verſe, Hexameters for Iambics.

8. *Emunctæ naris.*] Of a ſagacious, penetrating Genius to diſcover the Follies of Mankind, and of an agreeable, ſpirited Raillery to turn them into Ridicule, *facetus*. Such is the Character of Lucilius by Cicero and Quintilian, *perturbanum* and *abunde ſalis*.

Durus componere verſus.] Ought to be joined with *nam fuit hoc vitioſus*, ſince we now enter into the Faults of Lucilius his Character. SAN.

10. *Ut magnum.*] Poets have ſometimes their happy Sallies, and they ſhould follow their Muſe, while ſhe is in good Humour. They can afterwards in Coolneſs of Judgment correct the Negligences, which they did not perceive in the Rapidity of Writing. But theſe poetical Fits are not extremely frequent, and in general the Poet, who too much reſigns himſelf to this Eaſineſs of Writing, will never be better than a moderate Poet. SAN.

11. *Erat quod tollere velles.*] *Propterea quòd fluebat lutulentus, erat quod velles tollere.* Mr. Dacier would perſuade us, that *tollere* ſignifies *to chuſe*; *to preſerve*; from a Cuſtom of a Father's taking up his Child when he deſigned to educate him. This ſeems an Explanation of more Learning, than Taſte. Our Author was not of ſuch

From their Example whole Lucilius roſe,
Though different Meaſures, different Verſe he choſe.
He railled with a gay and eaſy Air,
But rude his Numbers, and his Style ſevere.
He weakly fancied it a glorious Feat
His hundred Lines extempore to repeat,
And as his Verſes like a Torrent roll,
The Stream is muddy, and his Waters foul.
He prattled Rhimes; but lazy and unfit
For writing well; for much, I own, he writ.
Criſpinus thus my Littleneſs defies;
Here make the ſmalleſt Bett, the Boaſter cries.

CRISPINUS.

" Pen, Ink, and Paper—name your Place and Time:
" Then try, Friend Flaccus, who can faſteſt rhime."

HORACE.

ſuch critical Severity, as to abuſe a Writer, whoſe Beauties, even in the Rapidity of Compoſition, *Quum flueret lutulentus*, exceeded his Faults An Acknowledgement of this Kind would have preſerved our Poet from the Reſentment of the Admirers of Lucilius. Beſides, after the Words *emunctæ naris* Horace mentions only the Faults of Lucilius. He wrote, ſays our Author, with ſo much Rapidity, that we ſhould not wonder a great many Things eſcaped him, which were better taken out of his Works. The ſame Expreſſion returns in exactly the ſame Senſe in the tenth Satire. Quintilian underſtood the Paſſage in this Manner, although he thought the Word *lutulentus* a little too ſtrong. SAN.

12. *Garrulus.*] This kind of pratling in a Writer is a looſe, diffuſive Style, that ſays very little in a great many Words. It means here a Fault of Compoſition, not of Converſation. SAN.

14. *Minimo me provocat.*] We ſhould underſtand *pignore* or *pretio*; nor is there any Inſtance in the Latin Tongue of *provocare minimo digito*, as the Commentators explain it. A Man, when aſſured of the Truth of what he aſſerts, is willing to bett a large Wager againſt a ſmall one, which Horace means by *minimo provocare*. SAN.

Horat.

Dî bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque puſilli
Finxerunt animi, rarò & perpauca loquentis.
At tu concluſas hircinis follibus auras
Uſque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis,
Ut mavis, imitare. Beatus Fannius, ultro
Delatis capſis & imagine: quum mea nemo
Scripta legat, vulgò recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
Quòd ſunt quos genus hoc minimè juvat; utpote plures
Culpari dignos. Quemvis mediâ arripe turbâ;
Aut ab avaritiâ, aut miſer ambitione laborat.
Hic nuptarum inſanit amoribus, hic puerorum:
Hunc capit argenti ſplendor: ſtupet Albius ære:
Hic mutat merces ſurgente à ſole, ad eum quo
Veſpertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps
Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine; ne quid
Summâ deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.
Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetam.
Fœnum habet in cornu; longè fuge: dummodo riſum
Excu-

18. *Loquentis.*] Lambinus, who cannot bear *animi loquentis*, would have us read *loquentem*. But in Truth it is the Mind, eſpecially in Writing, that ſpeaks, and the Pen is only a kind of Interpreter. It is an Expreſſion like that in the twelfth Line, *garrulus*.

22. *Ultro delatis capſis.*] When a Poet was generally eſteemed, his Works and his Statue were placed in the public Libraries. But Horace congratulates Fannius upon the Happineſs of finding a Method of immortalizing his Name, without being obliged to paſs through the uſual Forms. He thought he had a Right to take an Honour, which he was conſcious he deſerved, and perhaps imagined it a proper Manner of reſenting the public Inſenſibility of his Merit.
Dac. San.

26. *Miſer ambitione laborat.*] This Reading, as well as *ab avaritiâ*, is of ſeveral Manuſcripts. *Miſer* agrees both with the avaritious and ambitious.
Tor. Bent.

29. *Mutat*

HORACE.

Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humbler Kind;
No Wit, nor yet to pratling much inclin'd:
While thou ſhalt imitate the Winds, that blow
From Lungs of Leather, 'till the Metal flow.
Thrice happy Fannius, of his own free Grace,
Who in Apollo's Temple hangs his Face,
And gilds his Works to view; while I with Fear
Repeat my Verſes to the public Ear;
Becauſe by few ſuch Works as mine are read,
Conſcious of meriting the Laſh they dread.
Take me a Man, at venture, from the Croud,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.
One burns to Madneſs for the wedded Dame;
Unnatural Luſts another's Breaſt inflame.
O'er Gold's fair Luſtre, one with Rapture ſighs;
For bronze Antiques the ſtupid Albius dies.
The venturous Merchant, from the riſing Day
To Regions warm'd beneath the ſetting Ray,
Like Duſt, collected by a Whirlwind, flies
To ſave his Pelf, or bid the Maſs ariſe.
All theſe dread Poets, and their Rhimes deteſt—
" Yonder he drives—avoid that furious Beaſt;

" If

29. *Mutat merces.*] The firſt Merchants traded in an Exchange of Merchandiſe. When they afterwards uſed Money, they retained the Terms eſtabliſhed.

29. *Surgente à ſole.*] The Navigation of the Romans was uſually confined to the Mediterranean, which runs Eaſt and Weſt.

33. *Poetam.*] We owe this Correction to Dr. Bentley, and the next Line ſhews the Neceſſity of it.

34. *Fœnum habet in cornu.*] A metaphorical Expreſſion, taken from a Cuſtom of tying Hay on the Horns of a miſchievous Bull. The Laws of the twelve Tables ordered, that the Owner of the Beaſt ſhould pay for what Damages it committed, or deliver it to

Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico:
Et quodcunque ſemel chartis illeverit, omnes
Geſtiet à furno redeuntes ſcire lacuque,
Et pueros & anus. Agedum, pauca accipe contra.
Primùm ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe poetis,
Excerpam numero: neque enim concludere verſum,
Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque, ſi quis ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe poetam.
Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
Idcirco quidam comœdia necne poema
Eſſet, quæſivere: quòd acer ſpiritus, ac vis,
Nec verbis nec rebus ineſt; niſi quòd pede certo
Differt ſermoni, ſermo merus. At pater ardens
Sævit, quòd meretrice nepos inſanus amicâ
Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recuſat;
Ebrius & (magnum quod dedecus) ambulat ante
Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius iſtis
Audiret leviora, pater ſi viveret? Ergo

Non

the Perſon injured. *Si quadrupes pauperiem faxit, dominus ſarcito, noxæve dedito.*

39. *Primùm ego me illorum.*] This is the firſt Proof of our Poet's own Opinion of the poetical Style and Language of his Satires; and it ought to be a Direction to his Tranſlators, if they would preſerve his Manner of Writing. Or if they think it an Expreſſion of our Author's Modeſty, it would not injure their Reputation to imitate him.

43. *Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens.*] The firſt of theſe Words means that Invention; the ſecond, that Enthuſiaſm, which form an Epic, Tragic, or Lyric Poet. Invention is indeed the Character of Poetry, in general; but Sublimity of Sentiments and Language is only of ſome particular Kinds.

Os magna ſonaturum.] This Expreſſion regards the Language alone, which is proper for the greater Poetry. Nobleneſs of Style is ſo eſſential a Part of Epic Poetry, that a Poem, which had both Invention, and Enthuſiaſm in the higheſt Degree, would be ridiculous, if the Language were cold and feeble. SAN.

" If he may have his Jeſt, he never cares
" At whoſe Expence; nor Friend, nor Patron ſpares;
" And if he once th' ill-natur'd Paper ſtain,
" He joys to hear the Croud repeat the Strain."
Now hear this ſhort Defence. For my own Part,
I claim no Portion of the Poet's Art.
'Tis not enough to cloſe the flowing Line,
And in ten Syllables your Senſe confine,
Or write in meer proſaic Rhimes like me,
That can deſerve the Name of Poetry.
Is there a Man, whom real Genius fires,
Whom the diviner Soul of Verſe inſpires;
Who talks true Greatneſs; let him boldly claim
The ſacred Honours of a Poet's Name.
Some doubt, if Comedy be juſtly thought
A real Poem, ſince it may be wrought
In Style and Subject without Fire or Force,
And, bate the Numbers, is but meer Diſcourſe.
For though we ſee the Father high enrag'd,
By a kept Miſtreſs when his Son's engag'd,
Nor takes the portion'd Maid, but deep in Drink
Reels in fair Day-light (ſhameful) with his Link;
Yet could Pomponius from his Father hear,
Were he alive, a Lecture leſs ſevere?

'Tis

45. *Comœdia necne poema eſſet*] Three Things are neceſſary to form a great Poet. Riches of Invention; Fire of Imagination, and Nobleneſs of Style. But ſince Comedy hath none of theſe, it is doubted whether it be a real Poem. This Reaſoning, when confined to the greater Poetry, ſuch as the Tragic or Epic, is perfectly juſt; for although Comedy, Satire, Fables, and Odes, are Species of Poetry, yet Horace means the nobler Kinds, which he calls *juſta poemata*. SAN.

52. *Numquid Pomponius iſtis.*] Our Poet aſſerts, that Comedy has neither Spirit nor Force; and that with whatever Vehemence

Non ſatis eſt puris verſum perſcribere verbis;
Quem ſi diſſolvas, quivis ſtomachetur eodem
Quo perſonatus pacto pater. His, ego quæ nunc,
Olim quæ ſcripſit Lucilius, eripias ſi
Tempora certa modoſque, & quod prius ordine verbum eſt
Poſterius facias, præponens ultima primis;
Non (ut ſi ſolvas: POSTQUAM Diſcordia tetra
Belli ferratos poſtes portaſque refregit)
Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.
Hactenus hæc: aliàs juſtum ſit necne poema,
Nunc illud tantùm quæram; meritone tibi ſit
Suſpectum genus hoc ſcribendi. Sulcius acer
Ambulat & Caprius, rauci malè, cumque libellis;
Magnus uterque timor latronibus: at bene ſi quis
Et puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.
Ut ſi tu ſimilis Cælî, Byrrîque latronum,
Non ego ſim Caprii, neque Sulcî; cur metuas me?
Nulla

of Language Demea rates his Son for his Extravagance, it is very little different from that, which Pomponius might expect from his Father, if he were alive. It is the natural Language of the Paſſions expreſſed in Meaſures.

54. *Ergo non ſatis eſt puris.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace would not have been ſo modeſt with regard to his Satires, and ſo fearful of proſtituting the Name of Poet, if he had not ſecured his own Right to it by his Odes. This Remark is not in the uſual Style of Commentators, who give their favourite Author all the good Qualities they can. But although Poets, in general, are ſufficiently jealous of their Titles, yet there ſeems to be ſo much Sincerity in our Author's Manner of talking of himſelf, that the Criticiſm is as unjuſt, as it is unkind.

60. *Non, ut ſi ſolvas.*] It may not be unuſeful to form the Conſtruction, *Non invenias disjecti poetæ membra, ut ſi ſolvas.* Theſe Verſes are taken out of an Epic Poem of Ennius, and are imitated by Virgil, which gives us another Proof of their Excellence.

Impulit ipſa manu portas, & cardine verſo
Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia poſtes.

Tear

'Tis not enough your Language to refine,
When, if you break the Meaſures of the Line,
In common Life an angry Father's Rage
Is but the ſame as Demea's on the Stage.
Take from Lucilius' Writings, or from mine,
The Cadences, and Meaſures of the Line,
Then change their Order, and the Words tranſpoſe,
No more the ſcatter'd Poet's Limbs it ſhows;
Not ſo—WHEN hideous Diſcord burſts the Bars,
AND Iron Gates, to pour forth all her Wars.
Of this enough; hereafter we ſhall ſhow,
Whether 'tis real Poetry, or no.
Let me now aſk, if Satire ſhould appear,
With Reaſon, ſuch an Object of your Fear.
Sulcius, and Caprius, fierceſt of their Trade,
Hoarſe with the Virulence, with which they plead,
When through the Secrets they ſtalk with Libels arm'd:
Mark! how the Thieves, and Robbers are alarm'd;
But yet the Man of honeſt Hands and pure
May ſcorn them both, in Innocence ſecure:
Or though like Cælius you a Villain be,
I'm no Informer. Whence your Fears of me?

With

Tear ſuch a Poet in pieces, and every ſcattered Limb is animated with the Spirit of Poetry. The Head of Orpheus, when floating on the Water, uttered Sounds of Muſic and Harmony.

63. *Aliàs juſtum ſit.*] If our Poet ever executed this Deſign, it has not been preſerved to us.

66. *Rauci malè, cumque libellis.*] *Malè*, extremely. Informers preſented to the Judge their Informations ſigned with their Names, which are here called *libelli*. When Caligula was killed, two Papers were found in his Cabinet, filled with the Names of thoſe whom he had reſolved to put to Death. They were Informations of Protogenes, which the Tyrant called his Sword and Dagger.

70. *Non ego ſim.*] For *ſum*. In the Lines following we have *habeat, recitem, videar*, ſome of which the Copyiſts have altered,

Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
Queis manus insudet vulgi Hermogenisque Tigelli:
Neu recitem quidquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus:
Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui
Scripta foro recitent, sunt multi; quique lavantes.
Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. Inanes
Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes, num sine sensu,
Tempore num faciant alieno. Lædere gaudes,
Inquit, & hoc studio pravus facis. Unde petitum
Hoc in me jacis? est auctor quis denique eorum
Vixi cum quibus? Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit: hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos;
E quibus unus amet quavis aspergere cunctos,

Præter

for want of observing, that subjunctive Moods are used with much Elegance in Poetry for indicative, and that it is an usual Manner of writing in Horace. San.

71. *Nulla taberna meos habeat.*] Bookfellers placed their Books for Sale in Shelves round the Pillars of public Buildings. Hermogenes was probably one of the small People of Literature, who have a kind of Pride in reading a Book the Moment it is published, and are perfectly transported with the Sight of a Manuscript.

76. *Suave locus voci resonat.*] Seneca speaking of the public Baths, *adjice illum, cui vox sua in balneo placet.* Among other Inconveniencies of the Bath, let us add the Folks, who are charmed with the Music of their own Voices.

79. *Inquit.*] Three ancient Manuscripts have this Reading. It was a customary Manner of Expression among the Latins, to mark in the third Person a real or supposed Objection, made by one or more Persons, whether present or absent. *Inquis* of the common Editions breaks the Measure of the Verse, as the last Syllable of it is long. Bent. Cun. San.

86. *Sæpe*

With Shops, and Stationers I never deal;
No rubric Pillar ſets my Works to ſale,
O'er which the Hands of vulgar Readers ſweat,
Or whoſe ſoft Strains Tigellius can repeat.
Even by my Friends compel'd I read my Lays,
Nor every Place, nor every Audience pleaſe.
Full many Bards the public Forum chuſe
Where to recite the Labours of their Muſe;
Or vaulted Baths, that beſt preſerve the Sound,
While ſweetly floats the Voice in Echoes round.
The Coxcombs never think at whoſe Expence
They thus indulge the dear Impertinence.
"But you in Libels, miſchievous, delight,
"And never, but in Spleen of Genius, write."
Is there, with whom I live, who know my Heart,
Who taught you how to aim this venom'd Dart?
He, who malignant tears an abſent Friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend;
Who trivial Burſts of Laughter ſtrives to raiſe,
And courts of prating Petulance the Praiſe;
Of Things he never ſaw who tells his Tale,
And Friendſhip's Secrets knows not to conceal,
This Man is vile; here, Roman, fix your Mark;
His Soul is black, as his Complexion's dark.
We often ſee, among a Croud of Gueſts,
Who ſcatters round his cold, inſipid Jeſts,

And

86. *Sæpe tribus lectis.*] There were uſually three Beds round a Table, and three Gueſts, but ſometimes four or five on each Bed. Cicero reproaches Piſo, that he lay alone while there were five Greeks on each of the other Beds.

87. *Unus amet*] An ancient Manuſcript hath preſerved this Reading. *Avet* only means an Inclination; *amet* ſpeaks a Frequency

Præter eum qui præbet aquam; poſt, hunc quoque potus,
Condita quum verax aperit præcordia Liber.
Hic tibi comis & urbanus liberque videtur,
Infeſto nigris: ego, ſi riſi, quòd ineptus
Paſtillos Ruſillus olet, Gargonius hircum,
Lividus ac mordax videar tibi? Mentio ſi qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petillî
Te coram fuerit; defendas, ut tuus eſt mos:
Me Capitolinus victore uſus amico-
que à puero eſt, cauſâque meâ permulta rogatus
Fecit, & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe:
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud
Fugerit. Hic nigræ ſuccus loliginis; hæc eſt
Ærugo mera; quod vitium procul afore chartis,
Atque animo priùs, ut ſi quid promittere de me
Poſſum aliud, verè promitto. Liberius ſi
Dixero quid, ſi fortè jocoſius; hoc mihi juris

Cum

quency of Acting; or if *avet* filled the Senſe, yet it breaks the Conſtruction, which would require *aveat* after *videas*.

Bent. San.

88. *Præter eum, qui præbet aquam.*] Their Hoſt, who provided Water for the Bath; a Part of their Entertainment to expreſs the whole. It was a proverbial Manner of Expreſſion, *frigidam alicui ſuffundere*. To railly. The Conſtruction may be thus formed, *amet quavis frigida cunctos aſpergere, præter eum qui præbet aquam tepidam*. A Playfulneſs of Words not unfrequent in our Author. San.

89. *Condita quum verax.*] Mr. Senadon reads *Bacchus* inſtead of *Liber* in this Line, becauſe it is repeated in the next. Yet it ſeems to have been the peculiar Name for the God, who preſides over the ſocial Freedom and Liberty of Converſation.

92. *Paſtillos Ruſillus olet.*] The Satire of this Line was much reſented, and perhaps the Stoics in general, who made it a Point of Morals not to be offended with the Filthineſs of Mankind, were diſobliged. I am perſuaded, ſays Mr. Dacier, if theſe Philoſophers were not very dirty Creatures, they would not have taken ſo much Pains to render us indifferent to Naſtineſs.

94. *De*

And only ſpares his Hoſt, until the Bowl
With honeſt Freedom opes his inmoſt Soul;
Yet, though a cruel Joker you deteſt,
He ſeems a courteous, well-bred, eaſy Gueſt.
But if in idle Raillery I ſaid,
Ruſillus with Perfumes diſtracts my Head,
While foul Gargonius breathes a ranker Air,
You think me moſt envenom'd and ſevere.
If we, by Chance, that Thief Petillius name,
You, as your Cuſtom is, defend his Fame.
" Petillius is my Friend; from early Youth
" Chearful we liv'd together, and in truth
" I have been much indebted to his Power,
" And I rejoice to find his Danger o'er.
" But, in the Name of Wonder be it ſaid,
" At that ſame Trial how he ſav'd his Head."—
Such Rancour this, of ſuch a poiſonous Vein,
As never, never, ſhall my Paper ſtain:
Much leſs infect my Heart, if I may dare
For my own Heart, in any thing, to ſwear.
Yet ſome Indulgence I may juſtly claim,
If too familiar with another's Fame.

This

94. *De Capitolini furtis.*] The ancient Commentator tells us, that Petilius was Governor of the Capitol, from whence he was called Capitolinus; that he was accuſed of ſtealing a golden Crown of Jupiter, and acquitted by the Favour of Auguſtus. If there be any Truth in this Story, for we know not where the Commentator found it, he was more probably ſurnamed for his Theft, not for his Government of the Capitol.

99. *Sed tamen admiror.*] This *But* ſpoils all, and this artful, ſecret Calumny hath ſomething more criminal, than the careleſs, open Freedom of Horace. This *But*, as Mr. Dacier obſerves, is of great Uſage in modern Converſation.

101. *Afore.*] The Latins never uſed *ab* before *f*, but our Edi-

Cum veniâ dabis. Inſuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Quum me hortaretur, parcè, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mî ipſe paraſſet:
Nonne vides, Albî ut malè vivat filius, ut qui
Farris inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterreret: Scetanî diſſimilis ſis.
Ne ſequerer mœchas, conſceſsâ quum Venere uti
Poſſem: Deprenſi non bella eſt fama Trebonî,
Aiebat: ſapiens, vitatu quodque petitu
Sit melius, cauſas reddat tibi: mî ſatis eſt, ſi
Traditum ab antiquis morem ſervare, tuamque,
Dum cuſtodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem poſſum. Simul ac duraverit ætas
Membra animumque tuum, nabis ſine cortice. Sic me
Forma-

tors ſeem ignorant of this little, grammatical Erudition, or rather neglect it. The preſent Word is in three Manuſcripts. SAN.

109. *Albî ut malè vivat filius.*] *Malè vivere* and *inopem eſſe* have the ſame Meaning. *Si genus eſt mortis malè vivere*, Ovid. *If it be a kind of Death, to be poor.* On the contrary, *bene vivere*, ſignifies to live luxuriouſly. Thus, to be a good Man, and to die well, is our modern, mercantile Phraſe, for a rich Man, and for dying in good Circumſtances. The Commentators imagine this Son of Albius was the Poet Tibullus, but as our Author was only a Year or two elder, certainly Tibullus could not have been an Example of Debauchery, when Horace received theſe Inſtructions from his Father. The Reader may ſee the Character of Tibullus in the Notes on the fourth Epiſtle, firſt Book.

110. *Ut qui farris inops.*] We have here a bold Alteration propoſed by Dr. Bentley, and received by Mr. Sanadon and Mervillius. The common Reading is, *utque Barus inops*. But Horace names only a ſingle Example of each Vice. Scetanius is ruined by common Women, and Trebonius by Adultery, therefore it is not natural, that he ſhould give us two Examples of Prodigality, and the *magnum documentum* can properly mean only one Perſon. The Variation among the Manuſcripts makes a Correction more pardonable. The greateſt Numbers read *Baius*; others *Rarus*, *Varus*, *Barus*, *Barrus*, and

This from a Father's fond Indulgence flows,
Who mark'd the Folly, as to Life it roſe
In ſtrong Examples. If he bad me live
Content with what his Induſtry could give,
Or leave me at his Death: "Behold, my Son,
"Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone!
"Yet no mean Leſſon is the Spendthrift's Fate
"To caution Youth from ſquandering their Eſtate."
To fright me from the Harlot's vagrant Bed,
"Behold Scetanius, and his Ruin dread;"
That I might ne'er purſue the wedded Dame,
"An honeſt Venus will indulge your Flame.
"My Son, by poor Trebonius be adviſ'd;
"Sure 'tis no pleaſant Tale to be ſurpris'd."
"'Twixt right and wrong the Learned may decide,
"With wiſe Diſtinctions may your Conduct guide;
"Be mine the common Wiſdom, that inſpires
"The frugal Manners of our ancient Sires,
"And, while your Youth may yet a Tutor claim,
"To guard your Virtue, and preſerve your Fame.
"But ſoon as Time confirms, with ſtronger Tone,
"Your Strength and Mind, your Conduct be your own."

Thus

and *Bartus*. *Ut qui*, which is of great Conſequence to the preſent Reading, appears plainly in one of them. The Tranſlator hath never ventured a ſingle Alteration of the Text upon his own Conjectures, but would here willingly read *æris inops*. It is at leaſt of claſſical Authority, *Mœſta paupertas, atque* æris inops. Juvenal.

113. *Conceſſâ quum Venere uti.*] Our Commentators underſtand theſe Words as an Indulgence to converſing with common Women. But this was not the Morality of this good Father, who cautions his Son againſt a vicious Commerce with Proſtitutes by the Example of Scetanius. The Venus here is the Venus of Matrimony, whom Plutarch places next to Mercury among the Gods and Goddeſſes, who preſided over Marriage.

123. *Unum*

Cum veniâ dabis. Inſuevit pater optimus hoc me,
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123. *Unum*

Formabat puerum dictis; & ſive jubebat
Ut facerem quid: Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc;
Unum ex judicibus ſelectis objiciebat:
Sive vetabat: An hoc inhoneſtum & inutile factu
Necne ſit, addubites, flagret rumore malo quum
Hic atque ille? Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
Exanimat, mortiſque metu ſibi parcere cogit;
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria ſæpe
Abſterrent vitiis. Ex hoc ego ſanus ab illis,
Perniciem quæcunque ferunt: mediocribus, & queis
Ignoſcas, vitiis teneor. Fortaſſis & iſtinc
Largiter abſtulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
Conſilium proprium. Neque enim, quum lectulus aut me
Porticus excepit, deſum mihi: Rectius hoc eſt;
Hoc faciens vivam meliùs: ſic dulcis amicis
Occurram: hoc quidam non bellè: numquid ego illi
Imprudens olim faciam ſimile? Hæc ego mecum
Compreſſis agito labris. Ubi quid datur otî
Illudo chartis. Hoc eſt mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum: cui ſi concedere nolis,

Multa

123. *Unum ex judicibus ſelectis.*] The moſt eminent, and of greateſt Authority among the Senatorial Order; an Order called *Sanctiſſimus*. Torrentius thinks the Poet means the Judges, whom the Prætor choſe out of all Degrees of the Magiſtracy to relieve and aſſiſt him in his Office. But this good Father would probably have taken his Examples out of a more numerous, yet not leſs venerable, Order. Dac.

131. *Fortaſſis & iſtinc.*] Horace propoſes to correct his paſt Life by the Aſſiſtance of Time, Advice of Friends, and his own Reflection. The two laſt are moſt valuable; for Age, it muſt be confeſſed, rather changes our Follies, than perfectly ſubdues them. It takes away ſome, but gives us others in their Place; nor is it eaſy to decide which kind is more ſupportable. San.

132. *Liber amicus.*] A ſincere Friend is indeed an invaluable Treaſure, but how few deſerve it? Sincerity can never enter into thoſe Engagements, which are founded upon Intereſt or Vice. But while

Thus did he form my Youth with lenient Hand;
When he for Virtue urg'd the ſoft Command,
Pointing ſome awful Senator to view,
" His grave Example conſtantly purſue."
Would he diſſuade me? " Can you doubt, he cries,
" That equal Ruin and diſhonour riſe
" From ſuch an Action, when that Scoundrel's Name
" Is branded with the flagrant Marks of Shame?"
For, as when neighbouring Funerals affright
The Patient, who indulg'd his Appetite
And bid him ſpare himſelf, we often find,
Another's Shame alarms a tender Mind.
Thus, pure from more pernicious Crimes I live:
Some venial Frailties you may well forgive,
For ſuch I own I have; and yet even theſe,
A Length of Time, although by ſlow Degrees,
A Friend ſincere, who can with Candour love,
Or my own Reaſon, ſhall perhaps remove;
For in my Bed, or in the Collonade
Sauntering, I call Reflexion to my Aid.
" This was well done. Here Happineſs attends.
" This Conduct makes me pleaſing to my Friends.
" Were that Man's Actions of a beauteous Kind?
" Oh! may I never be to ſuch inclin'd."
Thus, ſilently I talk my Conduct o'er,
Or trifle with the Muſe an idle Hour;
For which, among my Frailties, I demand
Forgiveneſs, and ſhall call a powerful Band,

If

while we aſk the Advice of our Friends, we ſhould not abandon or neglect ourſelves. Our own Reaſon ſhould be called to our Aſſiſtance. SAN. DAC.

140. *Cui ſi concedere nolis.*] Our Poet pleaſantly reckons his Rhiming among his Faults, but while he hopes to correct his other Follies,

Multa poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi (nam multò plures ſumus) ac veluti te
Judæi, cogamus in hanc concedere turbam.

Follies, he reſerves this for a peculiar Indulgence, and expects that his Friends ſhall uſe it with Tenderneſs and Complaiſance. San.

142. *Ac veluti te Judæi.*] Horace knows not any better Revenge againſt the Enemies of Poetry, than to force them to become Poets themſelves. This Pleaſantry ariſes from the proſelyting Spirit of

Sat. V.

Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ
Hoſpitio modico: rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Græcorum longè doctiſſimus: inde Forum Appî
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi diviſimus, altiùs ac nos
Præcinctis, unum: minùs eſt gravis Appia tardis.
Hìc ego, propter aquam, quòd erat teterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cœnantes haud animo æquo
Expectans comites. Jam Nox inducere terris
Umbras, & cœlo diffundere ſigna parabat:
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere: Huc appelle: trecentos inſeris: ohe!

Jam

Octavius and Antony, both aſpiring to the ſovereign Power, muſt neceſſarily have had frequent Quarrels and Diſſentions. Their Reconciliations were of ſhort Continuance, becauſe they were inſincere. Among many Negotiations, undertaken by their common Friends, to reconcile them, Hiſtory mentions two more particularly. The firſt in the Year 714; the other in 717, which was concluded by the Mediation of Octavia, and to which our Poet was carried by Mæcenas. His Journey is deſcribed in this Satire, which is a finiſhed Model of the Narrative, and has been often imitated by our travelling Bards. San.

Verſ.

If you refuſe, of Poets to my Aid
(Well fraught with Numbers is the rhiming Trade)
To force you, like the proſelyting Jews,
To be, like us, a Brother of the Muſe.

the Jews, who inſinuated themſelves into Families; entered into the Courts of Juſtice; diſturbed the Judges, and were always more ſucceſsful in proportion as they were more impudent. Such is the Character given them by St. Ambroſe.

SAT. V.

WITH Heliodorus, who by far poſſeſt
More Learning, than the Tribe of Greeks profeſt,
Leaving Imperial Rome I took my Way
To poor Aricia, where that Night I lay.
To Forum-Appii thence we ſteer, a Place
Stuff'd with rank Boatmen, and with Vintners baſe,
And laggard into two Days Journey broke
What were but one to leſs incumber'd Folk;
The Appian Road, however, yields moſt Pleaſure
To thoſe, who chuſe to travel at their Leiſure.
The Water here was of ſo foul a Stream
Againſt my Stomach I a War proclaim,
And wait, though not with much good-humour wait,
While with keen Appetites my Comerades eat.
The Night o'er Earth now ſpread her duſky Shade,
And through the Heavens her ſtarry Train diſplay'd;
What Time, between the Slaves and Boatmen riſe
Quarrels of clamorous Rout. The Boatman cries,

Step

Verſ. 2. *Hoſpitio modico.*] In Oppoſition to *magna Roma*, for otherwiſe Aricia was no contemptible Village.

15 *Abſen-*

Jam ſatis eſt. Dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora. Mali culices, ranæque paluſtres
Avertunt ſomnos. Abſentem ut cantat amicam
Multâ prolutus vappâ nauta, atque viator
Certatim; tandem feſſus dormire viator
Incipit; ac miſſæ paſtum retinacula mulæ
Nauta piger ſaxo religat, ſtertitque ſupinus.
Jamque dies aderat, nîl quum procedere lintrem
Sentimus; donec cerebroſus profilit unus,
Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumboſque ſaligno
Fuſte dolat. Quartâ vix demum exponimur horâ.
Ora manuſque tuâ lavimus, Feronia, lymphâ.
Millia tum pranſi tria repimus, atque ſubimus
Impoſitum ſaxis latè candentibus Anxur.
Huc venturus erat Mæcenas, optimus atque
Cocceius, miſſi magnis de rebus uterque
Legati, averſos ſoliti componere amicos.
Hìc oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
Illinere. Interea Mæcenas advenit, atque
Cocceius,

15. *Abſentem ut cantat amicam.*] *Ut*, ſive *dum*, *cantat nauta & viator amicas*; *tandem ſomno viator opprimitur.*

Nam ut *numerabatur forte argentum, intervenit homo de improviſo*, Terent. Bent. San.

22. *Saligno fuſte dolat.*] The Wood, of which this Cudgel was made, is not idly mentioned, for the Tree grew on the Water-ſide.

23. *Quartâ horâ.*] The Romans during more than four hundred and fifty Years never had Names for the Hours of the Day. The twelve Tables divided it into three Parts; the riſing Sun, the ſetting Sun, and Mid-day. The Hours of Night and Day were equal in Number through the Year, but from Spring to Autumn, thoſe of the Day were longer than thoſe of the Night, and from September to March the Hours of Night were longer.

29. *Aver-*

Step in my Maſters; when with open Throat,
"Enough, you Scoundrel; will you ſink the Boat?"
Thus, while the Mule is harneſs'd, and we pay
Our Freights, an Hour in wrangling ſlips away.
The fenny Frogs with Croakings hoarſe and deep,
And Gnats loud-buzzing, drive away our Sleep.
Drench'd in the Lees of Wine the wat'ry Swain,
And Paſſenger, in loud alternate Strain
Chaunt forth the abſent Fair, who warms his Breaſt,
'Till wearied Paſſenger retires to Reſt.
Our clumſy Bargeman ſends his Mule to graze,
And the tough Cable to a Rock belays,
Then ſnores ſupine; but when at riſing Light
Our Boat ſtood ſtill, up ſtarts a hair-brain'd Wight;
With Sallow Cudgel breaks the Bargeman's Pate,
And bangs the Mule at a well-favour'd Rate.
Thence onward labouring with a World of Pain
At ten, Feronia, we thy Fountain gain;
There land and bathe; then after Dinner creep
Three tedious Miles, and climb the rocky Steep
Whence Anxur ſhines. Mæcenas was to meet
Cocceius here, to ſettle Things of Weight:
For they had oft in Embaſſy been join'd,
And reconcil'd the Maſters of Mankind.
Here while I bath'd my Eyes with cooling Ointment
They both arriv'd according to Appointment;
Fonteius

29. *Averſos ſoliti componere amicos.*] Three Particulars demonſtrate, that this Journey was to the ſecond Conference at Brunduſium. Fonteius is here joined with Mæcenas and Cocceius, but was not engaged in the firſt. The Poet ſays, that Mæcenas and Cocceius had been before employed to reconcile Octavius and Antony, *ſoliti*, which muſt neceſſarily ſuppoſe the firſt Congreſs in 714, when Horace had not been introduced to Mæcenas. MASSON.

Cocceius, Capitoque ſimul Fonteius, ad unguem
Factus homo; Antonî, non ut magis alter, amicus.
Fundos Aufidio Luſco prætore libenter
Linquimus, inſani ridentes præmia ſcribæ,
Prætextam, & latum clavum, prunæque batillum.
In Mamurrarum laſſi deinde urbe manemus,
Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.
Poſtera lux oritur multò gratiſſima; namque
Plotius & Varius Sinueſſæ, Virgiliuſque
Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit; neque queis me ſit devinctior alter.
O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nîl ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico.
Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula tectum
Præbuit: & parochi, quæ debent, ligna ſalemque.

Hinc

32. *Ad unguem factus homo.*] This figurative Expreſſion is taken from Engravers in Wood or Marble, who uſed to paſs their Nail over the Work, to know whether it were well poliſhed. ERASMUS.

34. *Prætore.*] The Colonies and municipal Towns had the ſame Dignities and Magiſtracies as the City of Rome: Senators, Prætors, Quæſtors and Ediles. It is difficult to know whether Fundi had a Prætor choſen out of her own Citizens, or whether he was ſent from Rome. TUR.

35. *Præmia ſcribæ.*] Horace calls theſe Robes *præmia ſcribæ*, becauſe the Secretaries in Colonies and municipal Towns were frequently raiſed to the Dignity of the Prætorſhip. It is pleaſant enough to ſee this little Magiſtrate in his Inſolence of Office, ſhewing forth the Pride of his Employment. The *toga prætexta* was a Robe bordered with Purple. *Tunica clavata* was a Veſt with two Borders of Purple laid like a Lace upon the Middle or Opening of it, down to the Bottom; in ſuch a Manner, as that when the Veſt was drawn cloſe or buttoned, the two purple Borders joined and ſeemed to be but one. If theſe Borders were large, the Veſt was called *latus clavus*, or *tunica laticlavia*; if they were narrow, then it was named *anguſtus clavus*, *tunica anguſticlavia*. Theſe two ſorts of Tunics were worn to diſtinguiſh the Magiſtrates in their Employments, and were very different from thoſe worn by the

Fonteius too, a Man of Worth approv'd,
Without a Rival by Antonius lov'd.
Laughing we leave an Entertainment rare,
The paultry Pomp of Fundi's fooliſh Mayor,
The Scrivener Luſcus: now with Pride elate,
With Incenſe fum'd, and big with Robes of State.
From thence our wearied Troop at Formiæ reſts,
Murena's Lodgers, and Fonteius' Gueſts.
Next riſing Morn with double Joy we greet,
When we with Plotius, Varius, Virgil meet:
Pure Spirits theſe; the World no purer knows;
For none my Heart with ſuch Affection glows.
How oft did we embrace! Our Joys how great!
For ſure no Bleſſing in the Power of Fate
Can be compar'd, in Sanity of Mind,
To Friends of ſuch companionable Kind.
Near the Campanian Bridge that Night we lay,
Where public Officers our Charges pay.

Early

the common People *tunicato popello*, which were cloſed before, and without any purple Border. They were called *tunicæ rectæ*. SAN.

Prunæque batillum.] A Pan for Incenſe, frequently carried before the Emperors, or thoſe poſſeſſed of the ſovereign Authority.

37. *In Mamurrarum urbe.*] The Stroke of Satire here is of a delicate and almoſt imperceptible Malignity. Formiæ, the City which Horace means, belonged to the Lamian Family, whoſe Antiquity was a great Honour to it. But our Poet paraphraſes it by the Name of a Perſon, who was born there, and who had made his Country famous in a very different Manner. Mamurra was a Roman Knight, infamous for his Rapine, Luxury and Debauchery. Catullus calls him *Decoctor Formianus.* TOR.

40. *Plotius & Varius.*] Were the Perſons to whom Auguſtus intruſted the Correction of the Æneid after Virgil's Death, but with an Order not to make any Additions to it.

46. *Parocbi.*] Before the Conſulſhip of Lucius Poſthumius, the Magiſtrates of Rome travelled at the public Charge, without being burthenſome to the Provinces. Afterwards Commiſſaries were appointed in the great Roads to defray all Expences of them, who were employed in the Buſineſs of the State. They were obliged

Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.
Luſum it Mæcenas, dormitum ego Virgiliuſque:
Namque pilâ lippis inimicum & ludere crudis.
Hinc nos Cocceî recipit pleniſſima villa,
Quæ ſuper eſt Caudî cauponas. Nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti ſcurræ pugnam Meſsîque Cicirri,
Muſa, velim memores; & quo patre natus uterque
Contulerit lites. Meſsî clarum genus—Oſci:
Sarmenti domina extat. Ab his majoribus orti
Ad pugnam venere. Prior Sarmentus: Equi te
Eſſe feri ſimilem dico. Ridemus; & ipſe
Meſſius, accipio: caput & movet. O! tua cornu
Nî foret exſecto frons, inquit, quid faceres, quum
Sic mutilus miniteris? At illi fœda cicatrix
Setoſam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocatus,
Paſtorem ſaltaret uti Cyclopa, rogabat:
Nîl illi larvâ aut tragicis opus eſſe cothurnis.

Multa

by the *Lex Julia de Provinciis* to provide Lodging, Fire, Salt, Hay, Straw.

51. *Nunc mihi paucis.*] This little Scene is of much natural Pleaſantry, raiſed by a ſpirited Ridicule. The Poet invokes his Muſe with much Solemnity to deſcribe an Action of ſuch Importance, and gives us the Genealogy of his Combatants, as if they were Heroes worthy of an Epic Poem. San.

52. *Cicirri.*] This was probably a Nick-name, for *Cicirrus* in Greek ſignifies a Cock. Aldus was the firſt Editor, who read *Cicerrus*, contrary to the Manuſcripts and all former Editions. Bent. San.

54. *Oſci.*] Is a Nominative Caſe, and we muſt conſtrue it, *Oſci ſunt clarum genus Meſſii.* The Oſcians gave to Meſſius his illuſtrious Birth. The Break is of a peculiar Malignity, *clarum genus——Oſci*, for the Line begins as if Meſſius were deſcended from ſome illuſtrious Family, when the Poet inſtantly undeceives his Readers by ſaying, that his Hero was an Oſcian; a ſufficient Proof that he was an infamous Scoundrel. The People, who inhabited this Part of Campania were guilty of ſuch execrable Debaucheries, as we ought not to name. The very Idea of them is impure. San.

55. *Sarmenti*

Early next Morn to Capua we came;
Mæcenas goes to Tennis; hurtful Game
To a weak Appetite, and tender Eyes,
So down to ſleep with Virgil Horace lies.
Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
Whoſe Houſe above the Caudian Tavern's ſeated.
And now, O Muſe, in faithful Numbers tell
The memorable Squabble that befel,
When Meſſius and Sarmentus join'd in Fight,
And whence deſcended each illuſtrious Wight.
The high-born Meſſius—from vile Oſci came,
His Miſtreſs might her Slave Sarmentus claim.
From ſuch fam'd Anceſtry our Champions riſe—
Hear me, thou horſe-fac'd Rogue, Sarmentus cries;
We laugh; when Meſſius, throwing up his Head,
Accepts the Challenge. O, Sarmentus ſaid,
If you can threaten now, what would you do,
Had not the Horn been rooted out that grew
Full in thy Front. A Gaſh, of foul Diſgrace,
Had hurt the griſly Honours of his Face.
Then on his Country's infamous Diſeaſes,
And his foul Viſage, many a Joke he raiſes.
He bids him, like the one-ey'd Cyclops dance;
"He neither Maſk, nor tragic Buſkins wants."

Meſſius

55. *Sarmenti domina extat.*] Not all the Learning of the Commentators can determine who Sarmentus was. The Name is mentioned by ſeveral Authors, but the Character by no means agrees with our Hero.

58. *Accipio.*] *I accept the Challenge.* Saying this, Meſſius ſhook his Head, with a threatning Air, like an angry Bull: From whence the next Pleaſantry, *O tua cornu, you forget your Horn was cut out to prevent your being miſchievous.*

67. *Saltaret uti Cyclopa.*] The Raillery is founded on his gigantic Size, and the villainous Gaſh, that Meſſius had on his Forehead, which made him look ſo like Polyphemus, that he might dance the Part without Buſkins or a Maſk. To dance a Cyclops, a Glaucus,

Multa Cicirrus ad hæc: Donaſſet jamne catenam
Ex voto Laribus, quærebat: ſcriba quòd eſſet,
Nihilo deterius dominæ jus eſſe. Rogabat
Denique, cur unquam fugiſſet, cui ſatis una
Farris libra foret, gracili ſic, tamque puſillo.
Prorſus jucundè cœnam produximus illam.
Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi ſedulus hoſpes
Penè arſit, macros dum turdos verſat in igni:
Nam vaga per veterem dilapſo flamma culinam
Vulcano, ſummum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cœnam, ſervoſque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes reſtinguere velle videres.
Incipit ex illo montes Appulia notos
Oſtentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus; & quos
Nunquam erepſemus, niſi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepiſſet, lacrymoſo non ſine fumo;
Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.

Quatuor

a Ganymede, a Leda, was an Expreſſion for repreſenting their Story by dancing. *Velleius Paterculus* gives us a moſt extraordinary Deſcription of *Munatius Plancus* dancing a Sea-God. He was naked; his Body was painted with a Sea-green Colour; his Head was crowned with Reeds, and dragging the Tail of a Fiſh after him he danced upon his Knees.

65. *Donaſſet jamne catenam.*] Only the vileſt Slaves, or thoſe who worked in the Country, were chained. It appears by an Epigram of Martial, that when they were ſet at Liberty, they conſecrated their Chains to Saturn, becauſe Slavery was unknown under his Reign. But when Meſſius aſks Sarmentus whether he had dedicated his Chain to the *Dii Lares*, he would reproach him with being a Fugitive. Theſe Gods were invoked by Travellers, becauſe they preſided over High-ways, from whence they were called *viales*. They themſelves were always repreſented like Travellers, as if they were ready to leave the Houſe; *ſuccincti*. Or Sarmentus was a Slave ſo vile, as that he knew no other Gods, than thoſe who ſtood on the Hearth, and which it was his Employment to keep clean. Dac.

67. *Nihilo deterius.*] This Line begins with an Anapeſt, like that in the ſecond Epiſtle of the ſecond Book, *Vehemens & liquidus puroque*

Meſſius reply'd in Virulence of Strain;
" Did you to Saturn conſecrate your Chain?
" Though you were made a Scrivener ſince your Flight,
" Yet that ſhall never hurt your Lady's Right.
" But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
" Methinks, a ſingle Pound of Bread a day
" Might ſuch a ſleek thin-gutted Rogue content;"
And thus the jovial Length of Night we ſpent.
At our next Inn our Hoſt was almoſt burn'd,
While ſome lean Thruſhes at the Fire he turn'd.
Through his old Kitchen rolls the God of Fire,
And to the Roof the vagrant Flames aſpire.
But Hunger all our Terrours overcame,
We fly to ſave our Meat and quench the Flame.
Appulia now my native Mountains ſhows,
Where the North-Wind with nipping Sharpneſs blows,
Nor could we well have climb'd the ſteepy Height
Did we not at a neighbouring Village bait,
Where from green Wood the ſmothering Flames ariſe,
And with a ſmoky Sorrow fill our Eyes.

In

puroque ſimillimus amni. Our Author, as Dr. Bentley well obſerves, always uſes *nihilo* before his comparative. *Nihilo plus* accipias. *Nihilo ſapientius. Nihilo ſapientior. Nihilo plus* explicet. The beſt Manuſcripts have preſerved the preſent Reading, and it has been received by ſeven Editions.

68. *Cui ſatis una,* &c.] By the Laws of the twelve Tables, a Slave was allowed a Pound of Corn a day. *Qui eum vinctum habebit, libras farris in dies dato.* TURNEBUS.

70. *Prorſus jucundè cœnam.*] Some delicate Folks have been aſtoniſhed, how Horace and his Friends could find ſo much Pleaſure in this Adventure. But we ſhould remember, that People, fatigued with their Journey, are willing to encourage any Diverſion, that may raiſe their Spirits. Beſides, we ſhould diſtinguiſh between the ridiculous and agreeable, *ridiculum & venuſtum*; between a Therſites and a Cupid. Laughter neither can, nor ought to ariſe but from ſomewhat ridiculous. The Agreeable is always ſerious. For my own part, ſays Mr. Dacier, this little Incident extremely pleaſes me, and I ſhould ſuſpect my own Taſte, if I did not laugh,

Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,
Manſuri oppidulo, quod verſu dicere non eſt;
Signis perfacile eſt. Venit viliſſima rerum
Hìc aqua; ſed panis longè pulcherrimus, ultro
Callidus ut ſoleat humeris portare viator:
Nam Canusî lapidoſus; aquæ non ditior urna.
Flentibus hìc Varius diſcedit mœſtus amicis.
Inde Rubos feſſi pervenimus; utpote longum
Carpentes iter, & factum corruptius imbri.
Poſtera tempeſtas melior, via pejor, aduſque
Barî mœnia piſcoſi. Dein Gnatia lymphis

Iratis

where Mæcenas, Plotius, Varius, Cocceius, Virgil and Horace could find Matter of Mirth.

72. *Macros dum turdos.*] This Arrangement of the Words appears in two Manuſcripts, but has been changed by the Grammarians into *pene macros arſit*, for the ſake of a ſmoother Cadence, though it perplexes the Conſtruction. But our Poet was very little curious about the Cadence of his Verſes, eſpecially in his Satires, and his Careleſſneſs hath been eſteemed one of his Beauties.

Mr. Dacier would make uſe of theſe Thruſhes to prove, that this Journey muſt have been in the latter End of September, or Beginning of October, and conſequently cannot agree with the Negociations at Brunduſium in 717. But theſe Thruſhes, unluckily for the Critic, are ſaid to be lean, becauſe it was yet early Summer. They are fat, and in high Seaſon, in September and October by feeding on the Vintage. SAN.

83. *Oppidulo quod verſu dicere non eſt.*] We are loſt in following Horace among the Mountains of his Countrry. The Commentators tell us, this unpoetical Town was called *Equus Tuticus* or *Equotuticum*, and there was indeed a Town of that Name on the Appian Road, about twenty Miles from Beneventum. But the Poet reckons eight between Trivicum and this Town, that he does not name; to which if we add the Diſtance from Beneventum to Trivicum, we ſhall find the Journey half as long again as the Road from Beneventum to *Equus Tuticus*. One thing however we may learn from this Paſſage, that the Proſody of proper Names was not left to the Diſcretion of the Poets, when we ſee Horace omitting the Name of a Town, rather than violate the Meaſures of his Verſe. SAN.

84. *Viliſſima rerum.*] We have *dulciſſime rerum* in Horace, and *pulcherrime rerum* in Ovid. The Word *rerum* is equally uſeleſs in all theſe Expreſſions, but it was a Manner of ſpeaking received in the natural and familiar Style. The Poet does not abſolutely complain,

In Coaches thence at a large Rate we came
Eight Leagues, and baited at a Town, whoſe Name
Cannot in Verſe and Meaſures be expreſt,
But may by Marks and Tokens well be gueſt.
Its Water, Nature's cheapeſt Element,
Is bought and ſold; its Bread, moſt excellent;
Which wary Travellers provide with Care,
And on their Shoulders to Canuſium bear,
Whoſe Bread is ſandy, and its wealthieſt Stream
Poor as the Town's of unpoetic Name.
Here Varius leaves us, and with Tears he goes:
With equal Tenderneſs our Sorrow flows.
Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
The Journey long, the Road with Rain was ſpoil'd.
To Barium, fam'd for Fiſh, we reach'd next Day,
The Weather fairer, but much worſe the Way.
Then

plain, that they ſold their Water, for this was generally done when it was brought from any conſiderable Diſtance, but he complains, that their Hoſt ſold it to his Gueſts. SAN.

87. *Nam Canuſî.*] The common Editions read next to this Line, *Qui locus à forti Diomede eſt conditus olim*, which was probably inſerted by ſome Grammarian as a Proof of his Learning, and to deſcribe more particularly the Town of *Equotuticum*. But it hath been proved that this was not the Town which Horace meant. Beſides, the Conſtruction of the Verſe is vicious, and its Expreſſion faulty. *Locum condere* is a manner of ſpeaking unknown to Writers of pure Latinity, and the Scholiaſts, who would certainly have made ſome Remark on a Line of this Conſequence, have not even mentioned it in their Notes. Their Silence is a ſenſible Proof, that it was not in their Manuſcripts. For theſe Reaſons, confirmed by the Authority of Dr. Bentley, Mr. Sanadon and Marveillius, it hath been left out of the preſent Edition.

92. *Gnatia.*] Otherwiſe called *Egnatia*. There are two Meanings in the Original *Iratis lymphis extructa*, which the Tranſlation hath endeavoured to preſerve. The firſt ſays, the Town was built in deſpite of the Waters, as if they were offended at its being built: the ſecond, that its Inhabitants were Viſionaries, Lunatics, *Lympatici*, born *iratis lymphis*,

Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flammis sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit. Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego: namque Deos didici securum agere ævum;
Nec, si quid miri faciat Natura, Deos id
Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.
Brundusium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

95. *Credat Judæus Apella.*] The Jews were esteemed by the Ancients a superstitious, credulous Race of People. *Apella* was probably the Name of some remarkable Jew at Rome. *Apelles*, *Apellas*, *Apollo*, *Apello*, and *Apollos* were Contractions of Apollodorus. San.

The Word has been generally understood, *Apella*, *sine pelle*. Circumcised.

96. *Namque Deos didici.*] Such were the Gods of Epicurus; indolent, and useless to Mankind, consequently unworthy of Adoration. The Name of Nature was used to explain any miraculous, or unaccountable Act of Providence, or the Power of Fortune was

Sat. VI. *Ad* Mæcenatem.

Non, quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos,
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;
Nec quòd avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent;

Ut

A genealogical Table, true or false, of illustrious Ancestors: a large Estate: a numerous Equipage, and considerable Employments, are what we generally call noble. But Virtue judges in a very different Manner. She takes the Great from amidst the Grandeur, which surrounds him: Undresses him of the Vanity, that disguises him, and rates the Value of the Man by the Man himself. Under the fair Appearance of Nobility she frequently finds a Fool, a Villain, or a Coward; and in a plebeian Obscurity discovers a real Greatness of Sentiments and Probity of Manners. As right Reason is of all Countries, the Wise in all Ages have spoken on this Subject in one uniform, constant Manner. Such is the Language of the present Satire, which contains many valuable Remarks upon true Nobility; upon the Choice, that great Men ought to make of their

Then water-curs'd Egnatia gave us Joke,
And Laughter great, to hear the moon-ſtruck Folk
Aſſert, if Incenſe on their Altars lay,
Without the Help of Fire it melts away.
The Sons of Circumciſion may receive
The wonderous Tale, which I ſhall ne'er believe;
For I have better learn'd, in bliſsful Eaſe
That the good Gods enjoy immortal Days,
Nor anxiouſly their native Skies forſake,
When Miracles the Laws of Nature break.
From thence our Travels to Brunduſium bend,
Where our long Journey, and my Paper end.

ſubſtituted in the Place of a Deity. A Concern for Mortals was too ſerious, *triſtis*, for Gods, whoſe whole Being was Pleaſure.

99. *Brunduſium,*] Was about three hundred and ſixty Miles from Rome. They performed the Journey in fifteen Days; about four and twenty Miles a Day.

SAT. VI. *To* MÆCENAS.

THOUGH, ſince the Lydians fill'd the Tuſcan Coaſts,
No richer Blood than yours Etruria boaſts;
Though your great Anceſtors could Armies lead,
You don't, as many do, with Scorn upbraid
The

their Friends, and upon the Advantages of a good Education. SAN.

Verſ. 1. *Lydorum quidquid Etruſcos.*] Mr. Dacier, upon the ſingle Authority of Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis, aſſerts that the Tuſcans were not deſcended from the Lydians. Yet Horace had a poetical Right to the Tradition, as it was generally believed, although it might poſſibly be falſe. But it is ſupported by Herodotus, Tully, Virgil, Strabo, Servius, Pliny, Tacitus, Velleius, Seneca, Plutarch, Valerius Maximus, Silius and Statius. SAN.

Ut plerique ſolent, naſo ſuſpendis adunco
Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum:
Quum referre negas, quali ſit quiſque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus. Perſuades hoc tibi verè,
Ante poteſtatem Tullî atque ignobile regnum,
Multos ſæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos,
Et vixiſſe probos, amplis & honoribus auctos:
Contra, Lævinum, Valerî genus, unde Superbus
Tarquinius regno pulſus fugit, unius aſſis
Non unquam pretio pluris licuiſſe, notante
Judice, quo noſti, populo; qui ſtultus honores
Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ ſervit ineptus;
Qui ſtupet in titulis & imaginibus. Quid oportet
Nos facere à vulgo longè longéque remotos?
Namque eſto, populus Lævino mallet honorem
Quàm Decio mandare novo: cenſorque moveret
Appius,

6. *Libertino patre natum.*] In the firſt Ages of the Republic *libertinus* and *liberti filius* had the ſame Signification; but ſome Time before Cicero, as we are informed by Suetonius, the Manner of ſpeaking was changed, and from thence *libertus* and *libertinus* were uſed as ſynonymous Terms to ſignify a Man, who was made free. SAN.

12. *Lævinum, Valerî.*] Horace does not poſitively ſay, that Lævinus was deſcended from Valerius Poplicola, who aſſiſted Brutus in dethroning Tarquin, but only that he was of the ſame Family. The Surnames of Lævinus and Poplicola were given to two Branches of the Valerian Houſe; the firſt Plebeian, the other Patrician. He, who is mentioned here, lived in ſuch Obſcurity, that Hiſtory hath only preſerved his Name to us. But he was probably the Perſon, who brought the Family into ſuch Contempt, as provoked Meſſala to forbid that any of the Lævini ſhould be placed among the Statues of his Anceſtors. SAN.

13. *Pulſus fugit.*] This Reading is of Manuſcript-Authority. The preſent, uſed for the præterperfect Tenſe, is of true poetical Elegance, when either a Knowledge of the Fact, or ſome other Expreſſion in the Sentence determines the Senſe. BENT. CUN.

14. *Licuiſſe.*] Lævinus is here pleaſantly ſet up to Auction, for *licere* was the Term uſed to ſignify raiſing the Sale. TORR.

18. *Nos*

The Man of Birth unknown, or turn the Noſe
On me, who from a Race of Slaves aroſe:
While you regard not, from what low Degree
A Man's deſcended, if his Mind be free;
Convinc'd, that long before th' ignoble Reign
And Power of Tullius, from a ſervile Strain
Full many roſe for Virtue high renown'd,
By Worth ennobled, and with Honours crown'd:
While he, who boaſts that ancient Race his own,
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the Throne,
Is vile and worthleſs in the People's Eyes:
The People, who, you know, beſtow the Prize
To very Scoundrels, and like Slaves to Fame
With fooliſh Reverence hail a well-born Name,
And with a ſtupid Admiration gaze,
When the long Race its Images diſplays.
But how ſhall we, who differ far and wide
From the meer Vulgar, this great Point decide?
For grant, the Croud ſome high birth'd Scoundrel chuſe,
And to the low-born Man of Worth refuſe
(Becauſe

18. *Nos facere à vulgo longè longéque.*] Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon think it were immodeſt in Horace, if he remembered his Birth, to make uſe of the Word *Nos*, as if he ſet himſelf upon a Level with Mæcenas, and were equally diſtinguiſhed from the Vulgar. This is an unneceſſary and a miſtaken Refinement, for the Poet means only a Diſtance of Sentiments from the common People, to which he might with Modeſty pretend.

Longè longéque not only appears in almoſt all the Manuſcripts, but is frequently uſed by the beſt Authors. Nor does the Diſtance between two Objects ever give us an Idea of Breadth, as the common *longe lateque* deſigns. BENT. CUN.

19. *Namque eſto.*] The Poet does not ſay, that the Judgment of the People is always wrong, but that although they are not generally favourable to Merit, *ſtultus honores ſæpe dat indignis*, yet they are ſometimes juſt, as in the Inſtance of preferring Decius to Lævinus. But even when they give the Preference to ſome worthleſs Man of Family, ſuch as Lævinus, we cannot draw any Conſequence

Appius, ingenuo ſi non eſſem patre natus;
Vel meritò quoniam in propriâ non pelle quieſſem.
Sed fulgente trahit conſtrictos Gloria curru
Non minùs ignotos generoſis. Quo tibi, Tillî,
Sumere depoſitum clavum, fierique tribuno?
Invidia accrevit, privato quæ minor eſſet.
Nam ut quiſque inſanus nigris medium impediit crus
Pellibus, ac latum demiſit pectore clavum,
Audit continuò: Quis homo hic, aut quo patre natus?
Ut ſi qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
Et cupiat formoſus; eat quacunque, puellis
Injiciat curam quærendi ſingula; quali
Sit facie, ſurâ, quali pede, dente, capillo:
Sic qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum;
Quo patre ſit natus, num ignotâ matre inhoneſtus,
Omnes mortales curare & quærere cogit.

Tune

in his Favour. He does not become really more eſtimable, nor is a Decius leſs valuable by their Diſregard. *Namque eſto* is a Suppoſition; or in the Language of Diſputants, *Let us ſuppoſe*. The great Difficulty of this Paſſage, for it is allowed to be difficult, ariſes from the Poet's not having expreſſed his Thoughts in their full Extent. San.

23. *Sed fulgente trahit.*] This Verſe aſſiſts us in ſupplying what the Poet hath left imperfect. *Sed* is neceſſarily relative to *nam*, and all the Lines from the ſeventh *quum referre negas* are a Juſtification of that Regard, which Mæcenas had for Virtue, wherever he found it. San.

24. *Quo tibi, Tillî.*] It is true, that Glory makes no other Diſtinction among Men but that of Merit; yet it is equally true, that they ſhould wait, each in his proper Sphere, until it ſhall pleaſe that Glory to chain them to her Car, like Servius Tullius, and Decius, that ſhe may raiſe them to the Honours due to their Merit. Tillius had probably raiſed himſelf in the Diſorders of the State to ſome conſiderable Employment, from which he was degraded amidſt the Contempt and Indignation of the People. San.

27. *Nigris*

(Becauſe low-born) the Honours of the State,
Shall we from thence their Vice or Virtue rate?
Were I expell'd the Senate-Houſe with Scorn,
Juſtly, perhaps, becauſe thus meanly born
I fondly wander'd from my native Sphere;
Yet ſhall I with leſs real Worth appear?
Chain'd to her beamy Car Fame drags along
The Mean, the Great: an undiſtinguiſh'd Throng.
Poor Tillius, when compell'd in luckleſs Hour
To quit your purple Robe and Tribune's Power,
A larger Share of Envy was thy Fate,
Which had been leſſen'd in a private State.
For in black Sandals when a Coxcomb's dreſt,
When floats the Robe impurple'd down his Breaſt,
Inſtant, "what Man is this," he round him hears,
"And who his Father?" As when one appears
Sick of your Fever, Barrus, to deſire
That all the World his Beauty ſhould admire,
Curious the Ladies aſk, "What Mien and Air,
"What Leg and Foot he has, what Teeth and Hair!"
So he, who promiſes to guard the State,
The Gods, the Temples and imperial Seat,
Makes every Mortal aſk his Father's Name,
Or if his Mother was a ſlave-born Dame.

"And

27. *Nigris medium*, &c.] The Buſkins worn by Senators were black, and ſometimes white; thoſe of the curule Magiſtrates were red. TORR.

33. *Sit facie.*] *Facies* does not here ſignify the Face, but the whole Mien and Air; as in Terence, *O faciem pulchram!* where Donatus well remarks, *non partem corporis dicit, ſed totam ſpeciem quæ apparet & cernitur.* CRUQ.

34. *Sic qui promittit.*] This was the Form of a Senator's, and a Magiſtrate's Oath. CRUQ.

38. *Syri*,

Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysî filius, audes
Dejicere è ſaxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

TILL.

At Novius collega gradu poſt me ſedet uno;
Namque eſt ille, pater quod erat meus.

HORAT.

Hoc tibi Paulus,
Et Meſſala videris? At hic, ſi plauſtra ducenta,
Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna ſonabit
Cornua quod vincatque tubas: ſaltem tenet hoc nos.
Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum,
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum;
Nunc, quia ſum tibi, Mæcenas, convictor; at olim,
Quòd mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.
Diſſimile hoc illi eſt: quia non, ut forſit honorem
Jure mihi invideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum;
Præſertim cautum dignos adſumere, pravâ
Ambitione procul. Felicem dicere non hoc
Me poſſit, caſu quòd te ſortitus amicum: Nulla

38. *Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysî.*] Theſe three Names are the Names of Slaves. *Damas* or *Dama* is a Contraction of *Demetrius*, *Syrus* is frequently the Slave in Comedy. DAC.

40. *Sedet.*] Is a Law Word, properly applied to Senators, Prætors, and other Judges, when ſeated on the Bench, in Execution of their Office. TORR.

43. *Magna ſonabit.*] Funerals uſually paſſed through the Forum, and Novius could pronounce an Oration with a Voice of Thunder. Horace laughs at his being made a Senator for an Accompliſhment, which could only entitle him to the Office of a Crier. DAC.

44. *Cornua quod vincatque tubas.*] Trumpets were uſed at the Funerals of Men, and Flutes at thoſe of Children. The twelve Tables confined them to ten in Number. *Decem tibicines adhibeto, hoc plus ne facito.*

47. *Nunc, quia ſum tibi, Mæcenas.*] Some modern Editors, to give this Verſe a more muſical Cadence, read, *nunc, quia, Mæcenas, tibi ſum convictor. Nos vero, tam faſtidioſis auribus valere juſſis, ipſa ſimplicitate compoſitionis capimur*; well fare ſuch delicate Ears; but we are taken even by the Simplicity of Compoſition, ſays Dr. Bentley.

52. *Felicem*

" And ſhall a Syrian Slave, like you, preſume
" To hurl the free-born Citizens of Rome
" From the Tarpeïan Rock's tremendous Height,
" Or to the Hangman Cadmus give their Fate?"

TILLIUS.

My Collegue ſits below me one Degree,
For Novius, like my Father, was made free.

HORACE.

Shall you for this a true Meſſala ſeem,
And riſe a Paulus in your own Eſteem?
But when two hundred Waggons croud the Street,
And three long Funerals in Proceſſion meet,
Beyond the Fifes and Horns his Voice he raiſes,
And ſure ſuch Strength of Lungs a wonderous Praiſe is.
As for myſelf, a Free-man's Son confeſt,
A Freeman's Son, the public Scorn and Jeſt,
That now with you I joy the ſocial Hour,
That once a Roman Legion own'd my Power;
But though they envy'd my Command in War
Juſtly perhaps, yet ſure 'tis different far
To gain your Friendſhip, where no ſervile Art,
Where only Men of Merit claim a Part.
Nor yet to Chance this Happineſs I owe;
Friendſhip like your's ſhe had not to beſtow.

My

52. *Felicem dicere non hoc me poſſit.*] Our Poet, without any Imputation on his Modeſty, might well be convinced, that his perſonal Merit did not ſtand in need of the accidental Advantages of being well born. Nor does he acknowledge himſelf indebted to Fortune for the Friendſhip of Mæcenas. Thus with a ſort of neceſſary Vanity, if it muſt be called Vanity, he compliments his Patron upon his Diſcernment and Caution in the Choice of his Friends.

Mr. Cunningham hath recovered *poſſit* from one of the Manuſcripts; it agrees with *quivis*, and the Sentiment is more modeſt, and does more Honour to the Poet, when ſpoken by them who envied him, *quivis invideat*, than if it ſeemed to be his own, *Felicem dicere non hoc me* poſſum. SAN.

54. *Optimus*

Nulla etenim tibi me ſors obtulit. Optimus olim
Virgilius, poſt hunc Varius, dixere quid eſſem.
Ut veni coram, ſingultim pauca loquutus
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circùm
Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo;
Sed, quod eram, narro: reſpondes (ut tuus eſt mos)
Pauca: abeo: & revocas nono poſt menſe, jubeſque
Eſſe in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quòd placui tibi, qui turpi ſecernis honeſtum,
Non patre preclaro, ſed vitâ & pectore puro.
Atqui ſi vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis
Mendoſa eſt natura, alioqui recta (velut ſi
Egregio inſperſos reprendas corpore nævos)
Si neque avaritiam, neque ſordes, aut mala luſtra
Objiciet verè quiſquam mihi; purus & inſons
(Ut me collaudem) ſi vivo & carus amicis,
Cauſa fuit pater his: macro qui pauper agello
Noluit in Flavî ludum me mittere; magni
Quò pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,

Lævo

54 *Optimus olim.*] Both Virgil and Varius were dead when this this Satire was written. Our Poet was introduced to Mæcenas in the Year 715, and his Behaviour, ſays Mr. Dacier, is with that kind of Modeſty, which is natural to Men of real Genius.

61. *Revocas nono poſt menſe.*] Horace and Mæcenas let nine Months roll quietly away; the firſt, without paying his Court to the prime Miniſter; the other, without inviting a Man for whom he had probably conceived an Eſteem. Who would not imagine, that the Poet was forgotten, and that he deſerved it? On the contrary, this Negligence of paying his Court, which would have appeared blameable in a mere Courtier's Eyes, was regarded by the diſcerning Miniſter as a ſingular Modeſty. Theſe indeed are Models worthy of our Imitation; but if Perſons of firſt Merit had the Modeſty of Horace, where ſhall we find, ſays Mr. Sanadon, the Generoſity of Mæcenas?

68. *Aut mala luſtra.*] One Manuſcript and an ancient Edition of the Scholiaſts has preſerved this Reading, which hath been received by ſix Editions. Horace often uſes *aut* after two Negatives.

71. *Cauſa*

My beſt-lov'd Virgil firſt, then Varius told
Among my Friends what Character I hold:
When introduc'd, in few and faultring Words
(Such as an infant Modeſty affords)
I did not tell you my Deſcent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my Country Seat
On a proud Steed in richer Paſtures bred:
But what I really was, I frankly ſaid.
Short was your Anſwer, in your uſual Strain;
I take my Leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine Months paſt, engag'd and bid to hold
A Place among your nearer Friends enroll'd.
An Honour this, methinks, of nobler Kind,
That innocent of Heart and pure of Mind,
Though with no titled Birth, I gain'd his Love,
Whoſe Judgment can diſcern, whoſe Choice approve.
If ſome few, trivial Faults deform my Soul
(Like a fair Face when ſpotted with a Mole)
If none with Avarice juſtly brand my Fame,
With Sordidneſs, or Deeds too vile to name:
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
Theſe little Praiſes) to my Friends I live,
My Father was the Cauſe, who, though maintain'd
By a lean Farm but poorly, yet diſdain'd
The Country-Schoolmaſter, to whoſe low Care
The mighty Captain ſent his high-born Heir
With

71. *Cauſa fuit pater his.*] This little Epiſode, if it may be ſo called, is of great Beauty, and does much Honour both to the Father and Son. It ſhews, that Greatneſs of Sentiments and Goodneſs of Heart are not confined to People of Birth and Fortune. SAN.

72. *In flavî ludum.*] Flavius was probably a Country Schoolmaſter at Venuſium, where Horace was born, who taught Children Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. The *magni quo pueri magnis è Centurionibus orti* is in the Pomp of burleſque, and as ſuch is imitated in the Tranſlation.

75. Octa-

Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
Ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra:
Sed puerum eſt auſus Romam portare, docendum
Artes quas doceat quivis eques atque ſenator
Semet prognatos. Veſtem ſervoſque ſequentes
In magno ut populo ſi quis vidiſſet, avitâ
Ex re præberi ſumtus mihi crederet illos.
Ipſe mihi cuſtos incorruptiſſimus omnes
Circùm doctores aderat. Quid multa? pudicum
(Qui primus virtutis honos) ſervavit ab omni
Non ſolùm facto, verùm opprobrio quoque turpi:
Nec timuit, ſibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
Si præco parvas, aut (ut fuit ipſe) coactor
Mercedes ſequerer: neque ego eſſem queſtus. Ad hæc nunc
Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major.
Nîl me pœniteat ſanum patris hujus: eoque
Non, ut magna dolo factum negat eſſe ſuo pars,
Quòd non ingenuos habeat claroſque parentes,
Sic me defendam. Longè mea diſcrepat iſtis
Et vox & ratio. Nam ſi Natura juberet
A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,

Atque

75. *Octonis referentes idibus æra.*] The Romans had many ſtated Times of paying their Schoolmaſters. Some imagine it was at the Beginning, others at the End of the Year, or at the grand Feſtival of Minerva called *quinquatrus*, or *quinquatria*, which began the nineteenth of March. But the *Minerval* then given to the Maſter was not a Salary, but a volantary Preſent. Many of the Commentators explain the Paſſage *referra æra idibus*, as if it ſignified *revocare computationem ſummæ ad idus*, to compute the Intereſt, which a Sum of Money produces from the Calends to the Ides. But this is a ſtrange Language, nor can we find an Example of it in the Latin Tongue. San.

81. *Ipſe mihi cuſtos.*] This good Father would not intruſt the Education of his Son even to his Maſters, but aſſiſted at all the Leſſons they gave him. *Circum doctores aderat.* An Example, ſays Mr.

With Satchel, Copy-book, and Pelf to pay
The wretched Teacher on th' appointed Day.
To Rome by this bold Father was I brought
To learn thoſe Arts, which well-born Youth are taught,
So dreſt and ſo attended, you would ſwear
I was ſome wealthy Lord's expenſive Heir;
Himſelf my Guardian, of unblemiſh'd Truth,
Among my Tutors would attend my Youth,
And thus preſerv'd my Chaſtity of Mind
(That prime of Virtue in its higheſt Kind)
Not only pure from Guilt, but even the Shame,
That might with vile Suſpicion hurt my Fame;
Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my Fate
Should fix my Fortune in ſome meaner State,
From which ſome trivial Perquiſites ariſe,
Or make me, like himſelf, Collector of Exciſe.
For this my Heart far from complaining pays
A larger Debt of Gratitude and Praiſe;
Nor, while my Senſes hold, ſhall I repent
Of ſuch a Father, nor with Pride reſent,
As many do, th' involuntary Diſgrace,
Not to be born of an illuſtrious Race.
But not with theirs my Sentiments agree,
Or Language; for if Nature ſhould decree,
That we from any ſtated Point might live
Our former Years, and to our Choice ſhould give
The

Mr. Sanadon, of too much Heroiſm to be propoſed for our Imitation.

86. *Si præco parvas.*] *Præco* was properly an Auctioneer. *Coactor* was a common Name for many different Sorts of lower Officers, who collected the publick Taxes. When our Poet's Father carried him to Rome, he ſold his little Farm at Venuſium, and purchaſed a Collector's Employment, *exactionum coactor*. *Parvæ mercedes* were the Profits or Perquiſites of his Office.

87. *Ad hæc.*] *Propter hæc*, an Expreſſion more than once uſed by

Atque alios legere, ad faſtum quoſcunque parentes
Optaret ſibi quiſque; meis contentus, honeſtos
Faſcibus ac ſellis nollem mihi ſumere; demens
Judicio vulgi, ſanus fortaſſe tuo: quòd
Nollem onus, haud unquam ſolitus, portare moleſtum
Nam mihi continuò major quærenda foret res;
Atque ſalutandi plures; ducendus & unus
Et comes alter, uti ſolus ne ruſve peregreve
Exirem; plures calones atque caballi
Paſcendi; ducenda petorrita. Nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo, vel, ſi libet, uſque Tarentum:
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
Objiciet nemo ſordes mihi, quas tibi, Tilli,
Quum Tiburte viâ prætorem quinque ſequuntur
Te pueri, laſanum portantes, œnophorumque.
Hoc ego commodiùs, quàm tu, præclare ſenator,
Millibus atque aliis vivo. Quacunque libido eſt,
Incedo ſolus: percontor quanti olus, ac far:
Fallacem circum, veſpertinumque pererro
Sæpe forum: aſſiſto divinis: inde domum me
Ad porri & ciceris refero laganique catinum.

Cœna

by our Poet. They, who read *ob hoc*, have not a ſingle Manuſcript to ſupport them.

104. *Petorrita.*] Were a Sort of four-wheeled Chariots. The Name, as ſome imagine, is derived from πέτορες, four, but it rather ſeems purely Gauliſh. Pe'ten-ridom is at this Day the Name of theſe Kinds of Chariots. San.

106. *Mantica cui lumbos.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace deſigns to deſcribe his own aukward Horſemanſhip, which his round Figure and plump Perſon makes not unlikely. But Mr. Sanadon, jealous of our Author's Honour, aſſures us he had learned to ride when he was in the Army. Cato, the Cenſor, is deſcribed in much the ſame Equipage by Seneca; but when Horace reproaches Tillius for his parſimonius Manner of Travelling, he reproaches him as a Magiſtrate. Frugality is a Virtue in private Perſons, but public Characters ought to be ſupported with Dignity.

109. *Laſanum portantes, œnophorumque.*] Tillius was of an Avarice

The Sires, to whom we wiſh'd to be allied,
Let others chuſe to gratify their Pride:
While I, contented with my own, reſign
The titled Honours of an ancient Line.
This may be Madneſs in the People's Eyes,
But in your Judgment not, perhaps, unwiſe;
That I refuſe to bear a Pomp of State,
Unus'd and much unequal to the Weight.
Inſtant a larger Fortune muſt be made,
To purchaſe Votes my low Addreſſes paid;
Whether a Jaunt or Journey I propoſe
With me a Croud of new Companions goes,
While, anxious to compleat a Length of Train,
Domeſtics, Horſes, Coaches I maintain.
But now as Chance or Pleaſure is my Guide,
Upon my bob-tail'd Mule alone I ride.
Gall'd is his Crupper with my Wallet's Weight;
His Shoulder ſhews his Rider's aukward Seat.
Yet no penurious Vileneſs e'er ſhall ſtain
My Name, as when, great Prætor, with your Train
Of five poor Slaves, you carry where you dine
Your travelling Kitchen and your Flaſk of Wine.
Thus have I greater Bleſſings in my Power,
Than you, proud Senator, and thouſands more.
Alone I wander, as by Fancy led,
I cheapen Herbs, or aſk the Price of Bread;
I liſten, while Diviners tell their Tale,
Then homeward haſten to my frugal Meal,
Herbs,

rice ſo ſordid, as to make his Slaves carry a kind of travelling Kitchen, *laſanum*, and a Flagon of Wine, *œnophorum*, that he might not be at any Expence in the public Houſes on the Road.

113. *Circum.*] He calls the Circus *fallacem*, deceiving, becauſe Diviners, Fortune-tellers, Interpreters of Dreams, Aſtrologers, and Impoſtors of all Sorts uſually aſſembled there. TURNER.

Cœna miniſtratur pueris tribus; & lapis albus
Pocula cum cyatho duo ſuſtinet: adſtat echinus
Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana ſupellex.
Deinde eo dormitum, non ſolicitus, mihi quòd cras
Surgendum ſit manè, obeundus Marſya, qui ſe
Vultum ferre negat Noviorum poſſe minoris.
Ad quartam jaceo, poſt hanc vagor; aut ego (lecto
Aut ſcripto quod me tacitum juvet) unguor olivo;
Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
Aſt ubi me feſſum ſol acrior ire lavatum
Admonuit, fugio campum luſumque trigonem.
Pranſus,

117. *Echinus vilis.*] We cannot preciſely determine what the *guttus* and *echinus* were. Mr. Dacier thinks the firſt was a little Urn, out of which they poured Water into a Baſon, *echinus*, to waſh their Hands.

120. *Obeundus Marſya.*] A Satyr, who challenging Apollo to a Trial of Skill in Muſic was overcome and flay'd alive by the God. A Statue was erected to him in the Forum, oppoſite to the Roſtra where the Judges determined Cauſes, and the Poet pleaſantly ſays, it ſtood in ſuch an Attitude, as ſhewed its Indignation to behold a Man, who had been a Slave, now ſitting among the Magiſtrates of Rome. The Satyr, in his Reſentment of ſuch a Sight, forgets the Pain of being flayed alive, Torr.

122. *Ad quartam jaceo.*] Mr. Dacier ſays, it is the Cuſtom of Poets not to riſe early in a Morning, becauſe their poetical Studies keep them awake at Night. He names Corneille and Fontaine as Inſtances of this midnight Spirit of rhiming in Bed, to which he thinks our Author was much inclined. Yet it was cuſtomary among the Romans to read and write in a Morning before they roſe out of Bed, and we ſhall find our Poet in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond Book calling for his Pen and Paper before Day. Dr. Bentley bids us be cautious of imagining, that Horace was ſo lazy as to ſleep 'till ten in a Morning.

123. *Lecto aut ſcripto.*] Are Ablatives abſolute of the Participles *lectus* and *ſcriptus*, as in the firſt Satire, *parto quod avebas.* To ſay, that they are formed by a Contraction of *lectito* and *ſcriptito*, is to introduce two Words unknown to the Latin Tongue, and to make the Poet ſpeak a moſt barbarian Language. Torr. Bent.

125. *Aſt ubi me feſſum.*] We muſt underſtand by theſe two Lines a particular Part of the Day. Horace deſcribes the Life he uſually paſſed

Herbs, Pulſe, and Pancakes; each a ſeparate Plate:
While three Domeſtics at my Supper wait.
A Bowl on a white Marble Table ſtands,
Two Goblets, and a Ewer to waſh my Hands;
An hallow'd Cup of true Campanian Clay
My pure Libations to the Gods to pay.
I then retire to Reſt, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marſyas early to appear,
Whoſe very Statue ſwears it cannot brook
The Meanneſs of a ſlave-born Judge's Look.
I ſleep till ten; then take a Walk, or chuſe
A Book, perhaps, or trifle with the Muſe:
For chearful Exerciſe and manly Toil
Anoint my Body with the pliant Oil,
But not with ſuch as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy Limbs and robs the public Lamps.
But when the Sun pours down his fiercer Fire,
And bids me from the toilſome Sport retire,

I

paſſed in Rome, and diſtinguiſhes his different Amuſements by the different Hours of the Day. Mr. Dacier by *ſol acrior* underſtands the Canicula and makes a very ſingular Remark upon it, that Horace always bathed during the Dog-days. *Acrior ſol* is no more than *ſol gravis* in another Satire. BENT.

126. *Fugio campum luſumque trigonem.*] The Grammarians, probably finding only the Beginning of this Verſe in their Manuſcripts, did not doubt but that the *ſol acrior* of the preceding Line muſt ſignify the Dog-Star, and as Horace uſes the Expreſſion *rabiem canis* when hs ſpeaks of this Sign, they believed they might well fill up the Verſe and explain the *ſol acrior* by a Periphraſis *rabioſi tempora ſigni*. The beſt and oldeſt Manuſcript hath preſerved the preſent Reading, which has been received by four of our moſt able Critics.

This Line explains *unguor olivo* in the Verſe before; *Campus* is the *Campus Martius*, and *luſus trigon* was a Game played with a Ball, otherwiſe called *luſus trigonalis*, becauſe the Players ſtood in a Triangle. Martial ſpeaks of it in more than one Place.

128. *Hæc*

Pranſus, non avidè, quantum interpellet inani
Ventre diem durare, domeſticus otior. Hæc eſt
Vita ſolutorum miſerâ ambitione gravique.
His me conſolor, victurum ſuaviùs, ac ſi
Quæſtor avus, pater atque meus, patruuſque fuiſſet.

128. *Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum.*] We have here a very pretty Oppoſition of Characters. On one Side the tumultous, uneaſy Life of the Great, whom Ambition drags along, chained like Slaves to the Chariot of Fortune; on the other, the free, tranquil Condition of a private Perſon, who taſtes in Mediocrity of Circumſtances a Repoſe without Vexation, Pleaſure without Diſquietude,

SAT. VII.

PROSCRIPTI Regis Rupilî pus atque venenum
Ibrida quo pacto ſit Perſius ultus, opinor
Omnibus & lippis notum & tonſoribus eſſe.
Perſius hic permagna negotia dives habebat
Clazomenis, etiam lites cum Rege moleſtas;
Durus homo, atque odio poſſet qui vincere Regem,
Confi-

This Satire was probably the firſt Trial of our Author's poetical Abilities and written in the Year 712, ſome Time before the Battle of Philippi. There is much Pleaſantry, natural Eaſe and Vivacity, but nothiag extremely intereſting in it; a little too much Negligence and Careleſſneſs of Compoſition. SAN.

Verſ. 1. *Proſcripti Regis Rupilî.*] Publius Rupilius Rex a Native of Prænesſte, being proſcribed by Auguſtus during the Triumvirate, engaged in the Army of Brutus. Jealous of our Author's military Advancement, he reproached him with the Meanneſs of his Birth. Such an Outrage had Filth and Venom *pus & venenum* according to the Poet's Language; the Vengeance is more delicate and diverting, but not leſs ſenſible. SAN.

2. *Ibrida Perſius.*] Perſius was a Greek by his Father, and an Italian by his Mother. The Romans gave the Name of Ibrida to them whoſe Parents were of different Nations, or of different Conditions. TORR.

3. *Lippis*

I haſte to bathe and decently regale
My craving Stomach with a frugal Meal;
Enough to nouriſh Nature for a Day,
Then trifle my Domeſtic Hours away.
Such is the Life from bad Ambition free;
Such Comfort has the Man low-born like me;
With which I feel myſelf more truly bleſt,
Than if my Sires the Quæſtor's Power poſſeſt.

and who finds agreeable, and uſeful Amuſements, even amidſt his more ſerious Employments. SAN.

SAT. VII.

HOW mungrel Perſius in a vengeful Mood
That out-law'd Wretch Rupilius King purſu'd
With poiſonous Filth, and Venom all his own,
To Barbers and to blear-eyed Folk is known.
Perſius had Wealth by foreign Traffick gain'd,
And a vexatious Suit with King maintain'd.
Preſumptuous, vain, and obſtinate the Wight,
Conquering even King in Virulence of Spite;

In

3. *Lippis & tonſoribus.*] It is a Fact, and I have obſerved it, ſays Mr. Sanadon, an hundred times, that there are no People more curious than they, who have any Weakneſs or Infirmities in their Eyes. They would know every thing even to an Impertinence of teizing their Acquaintance, as if Nature, attentive to recover what ſhe had loſt, employ'd the Succour of the Ears to ſupply the Defect of the Eyes. Barbers have ever been of prating Kind, Lovers of News, and their Shops are the Places where they diſperſe the Anecdotes of that Part of the Town, in which they live.

Confidens, tumiduſque; adeo ſermonis amari,
Siſennas, Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.
Ad Regem redeo. Poſtquam nihil inter utrumque
Convenit (hoc etenim ſunt omnes jure moleſti,
Quo fortes, quibus adverſum bellum incidit. Inter
Hectora Priamiden, animoſum atque inter Achillen
Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors:
Non aliam ob cauſam, niſi quòd virtus in utroque
Summa fuit. Duo ſi Diſcordia verſet inertes;
Aut ſi diſparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedi
Cum Lycio Glauco, diſcedat pigrior, ultro
Muneribus miſſis) Bruto prætore tenente
Ditem Aſiam, Rupilî & Persî par pugnat, uti non
Com-

8. *Siſennas.*] Cornelius Siſenna, being reproached by the Senate with the bad Conduct of his Wife, replied, *I married her by the Advice of Augnſtus.* Inſinuating, that Auguſtus had obliged him to marry her, that he might have a more eaſy Commerce with her. Titus Veturius Barrus, having ruined himſelf by his Extravagance, was put to Death for violating a veſtal Virgin.

Equis præcurreret albis. A proverbial Expreſſion. White Horſes were eſteemed particularly for their Swiftneſs.

Nam ſi huic occaſioni ſe ſubduxerit,
Nunquam, edepol, quadrigis indipiſcet poſtea.
Plaut. Aſin.

If he loſes this Opportunity, he ſhall never overtake it, although he were in a Chariot drawn by white Horſes. Virgil deſcribes the Horſes of Turnus *whiter than Snow and ſwifter than the Wind.*

9. *Ad Regem redeo.*] So far from having already wandered from his Subject, that the Poet now begins to leave it, and carry us to the War of Troy. *Ad Regem redeo* is abſolutely out of its Place, and would be more juſtly uſed after *Bruto prætore tenente ditem Aſiam.* This is one Inſtance of Careleſſneſs in the Compoſition of this Epiſtle. SAN.

10. *Hoc etenim jure.*] As if Strength gave a kind of Right not to yield. *Hoc jure* is *eâ de causâ* The next eight Verſes contain a long Parentheſis, or rather a Confuſion of Parentheſes, which have occaſioned ſuch Variety of Punctuation, and which the Poet ought to have avoided after having ſaid *ad Regem redeo.* SAN.

In Bitterneſs of Speech outſtrip'd the Wind,
And left the ſwift-tongue'd Barrus far behind.
Now to the King returns our wandering Tale,
When all fair Means of Reconcilement fail
(For Men are obſtinate when War's proclaim'd
As they with inward Courage are enflam'd;
When Hector and Achilles fierce engag'd
Dire was the Conflict, and to Death they rag'd:
And why? becauſe the gallant Thirſt of Fame,
The Love of Glory was in Both extreme:
But if a Quarrel between Cowards riſe,
Or between Chiefs of leſs heroic Size,
Glaucus to Diomed is forc'd to yield,
The Daſtard buys his Peace and quits the Field)
What Time o'er Aſia with Prætorial Sway,
Great Brutus rul'd, began this dire Affray.

Perſius

Bellum incidit.] Five Lines after this we again ſee *bellum incidat*. The Poet had ſurely better have changed his Expreſſion. SAN.

12. *Inter Hectora.*] The Scene begins to grow pleaſantly ſerious, and the Battle is raiſed with a Pomp of Numbers in the true Spirit of Burleſque. The firſt Syllable of *Priamides* is ſhort, but is made long here, according to Mr. Sanadon, becauſe three ſhort Syllables come together. The Critic makes the Remark to ſhew we are abuſed by our modern Poets, when they tell us, that proper Names were of arbitrary Quantity among the Latins.

15. *Duo ſi Diſcordia verſet.*] The Roman Poets, in Imitation of the Greek, ſometimes uſed *ambo* and *duo* for *ambos* and *duos*. *Si duo præterea tales Idæa tuliſſet terra viros.* VIRG.

The Reading in this Line is taken from the beſt Manuſcripts of Lambinus. *Vexet* is too ſtrong a Word for a Couple of Cowards *inertes*. Horace in another Place ſays *barbatum amentia verſat.* BENT. CUN. SAN.

18. *Bruto prætore.*] Marcus Brutus and Caſſius were Prætors of Rome when Cæſar was put to Death. In 711 Brutus went to take Poſſeſſion of his Mecedonian Government, and *prætor* muſt be underſtood *proprætor*; a Manner of ſpeaking of which there are many Examples. SAN.

Compoſiti meliùs cum Bitho Bacchius. In jus
Acres procurrunt, magnum ſpectaculum uterque.
Perſius exponit cauſam: ridetur ab omni
Conventu; laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem;
Solem Aſiæ Brutum appellat, ſtellaſque ſalubres
Appellat comites, excepto Rege: Canem illum,
Inviſum agricolis ſidus, veniſſe: ruebat
Flumen ut hybernum, fertur quo rara ſecuris,
Tum Prænestinus ſalſo multoque fluenti
Expreſſa arbuſto regerit convicia; durus
Vindemiator, & invictus, cui ſæpe viator
Ceſſiſſet magnâ compellans voce cucullum.
At Græcus, poſtquam eſt Italo perfuſus aceto,
Perſius exclamat: Per magnos, Brute, Deos te
Oro,

20. *Compoſiti melius.*] This Reading is of an ancient Manuſcript. It is an Expreſſion more elegant than *compoſitus*, and the beſt Authors, eſpecially the Poets, have often uſed it. The Scholiaſt tells us, that Bithus and Bacchius were two Gladiators, who certainly put to Death whoever fought with them. They afterwards engaged together, and both expired on the Stage.

24. *Solem Aſiæ.*] Democharès firſt made Uſe of this Compariſon, when he repreſented Demetrius appearing like the Sun amongſt his Courtiers, who ſhone round him like Stars. But after the ridiculous Light in which Horace hath ſhewn ſuch affected Praiſe, it is aſtoniſhing, that our Kings are ſtill obſtinately compared to the Sun. DAC.

27. *Fertur quo rara ſecuris.*] *Whither an Ax is very ſeldom carried*, becauſe the Winter Flood tears away the Trees, which grew upon the Banks of the River. The Tranſlator hath been contented to give the Senſe of the Paſſage, for the Expreſſion could have neither Beauty, nor Meaning to an Engliſh Reader.

28. *Salſo multoque fluenti.*] *Salsè & multùm fluenti*, but the Adjective *multus* is much more elegant and poetical than the Adverb *multùm*. In Virgil we find, *collis qui plurimus urbi imminet*; *magnum fluentem Nilum*.

29. *Expreſſa arbuſto.*] Horace means a particular Kind of Vine, *arbuſtiva*, that grew round the Trees, in which the People, who gathered the Grapes, ſtood expoſed to the Raillery of Travellers.

In

Perſius and King, intrepid Pair, engage
(More equal Champions never mounted Stage)
And now they ruſh impetuous into Court,
Fine was the Sight, and delicate the Sport.
Perſius begins; loud Burſts of Laughter riſe;
He praiſes Brutus, Brutus, to the Skies.
" Brutus, like Sol, o'er Aſia pours the Day;
" His Friends are Stars and healthful is their Ray,
" Except the King; he like the Dog-ſtar reigns,
" That Dog of Heaven, deteſted by the Swains."
Thus ruſh'd he onward like a Winter-Flood,
That tears its Banks and ſweeps away the Wood.
To this impetuous Bitterneſs of Tide
The King with equal Virulence replied.
A Vine-dreſſer he was of ruſtic Tone,
Whom oft the Traveller was forc'd to own
Invincible; with clamorous Voice oppreſt,
When Cuckow, Cuckow, was the ſtanding Jeſt.
But with Italian Vinegar imbued,
The four-tongu'd Mungrel the Diſpute renew'd;
" Let

In ſuch an Attitude our *durus windemiator* had often appeared. All Sort of injurious Language was allowed during the Vintage; a Cuſtom that ſtill continues in Naples DAC.

30. *Vindemiator.*] The four firſt Syllables of this Word make three long by uniting the third and fourth. Horace hath uſed the ſame Licence in *Naſidienus*. SAN.

31. *Cucullum.*] Many wiſe Reaſons are given why the Name of this Bird ſhould be a Term of Reproach, for ſuch it is in almoſt all Languages. The beſt Account of it is, that the Cuckow ſleeps half the Year, and leaves the Care of his Family to others.

32. *Italo aceto.* *Italian Vinegar*; a Kind of Raillery allowed in Italy alone. We have in Perſius *mordaci lotus aceto*, and in Seneca *hominem acidæ linguæ*.

Oro, qui reges conſueſti tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? Operum hoc, mihi crede, tuorum eſt.

34. *Qui reges conſueſti tollere.*] It was an hereditary Glory in the Family of Brutus to aboliſh Tyranny and puniſh Tyrants. Lucius Junius Brutus expelled the laſt Monarch of Rome. Marcus and Decimus Brutus, having killed Julius Cæſar, proclaimed through the Streets, that they had deſtroyed the King of Rome, and the Tyrant of his Country.

As we cannot well imagine, that Horace would have expreſſed himſelf in this Manner after he had engaged in the Party of Octavius, we may date the Satire in the Year 712. SAN.

SAT. VIII.

OLIM truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum:
Quum faber, incertus ſcamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit eſſe Deum. Deus inde ego, furum aviumque
Maxima formido: nam fures dextra coërcet,
Obſcœnoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus.
Aſt importunas volucres in vertice arundo
Terret fixa, vetatque novis conſidere in hortis.

Huc

The Poet's principal Deſign is to laugh at the frightful Superſtition of the Romans; but he does not attack them like a rude Philoſopher with a long Train of Reaſons, but like one, who knew that a ſpirited Ridicule has more Force, than the moſt preſſing Syllogiſms. Canidia, whom he paints in all the Horrours of Witchcraft, had been caught exerciſing ſome magical Enchantments on the Eſquilian Hill behind the Gardens of Mæcenas. The God Priapus makes a ſolemn Recital of the Adventure, and our Poet laughs at them both. DAC. SAN.

Verſe 1. *Inutile lignum.*] The Wood of a Fig-tree was very little uſed, on Account of its Brittleneſs. Hence the Greek Proverb, a *Fig-tree Friend.* The Piece, that occaſioned the preſent Satire, would not even make a Bench, yet had the ſingular Merit of making, by the good Pleaſure of the Carpenter, the moſt impertinent God, that ever was expoſed to the Laughter of Mortals; a Merit, which alone preſerved it from being thrown into the Fire. To raiſe the Ridicule, Horace puts this melancholy Confeſſion into the Mouth of the poor Deity, whom he laughs at. VETUS COM. SAN.

" Let me conjure you by the Powers divine,
" Since 'tis the Glory, Brutus, of your Line
" To ſlaughter Kings, be this thy glorious Deed,
" That this ſame King beneath thy Vengeance bleed."

SAT. VIII.

IN Days of Yore our Godſhip ſtood
A very worthleſs Log of Wood.
The Joiner doubting, or to ſhape Us
Into a Stool, or a Priapus,
At length reſolv'd, for Reaſons wiſe,
Into a God to bid me riſe;
And now to Birds and Thieves I ſtand
A Terror great. With ponderous Hand,
And ſomething elſe as red as Scarlet,
I fright away each filching Varlet.
The Birds, that view with awful Dread
The Reeds, faſt ſtuck into my Head,
Far from the Garden take their Flight,
Nor on the Trees preſume to light.

In

3. *Furum aviumque maxima formido.*] A pretty Employment and Equipage for a God! He has a Reed ſtuck into his Head to frighten away Birds, and a Cudgel in his Hand to terrify Thieves. His Divinity was not ſufficient to theſe great Employments. DAC.

7. *Novis conſidere in hortis.*] Octavius, willing to correct the Infection of this Hill, which was a common Burying-Place for all the Poor of Rome, got the Conſent of the Senate and People to give Part of it to Mæcenas, who built a magnificent Houſe there, with very extenſive Gardens. Hence the Poet calls them *novos hortos.* SAN.

Huc priùs anguſtis ejecta cadavera cellis
Conſervus vili portanda locabat in arcâ.
Hoc miſeræ plebi ſtabat commune ſepulchrum
Pantolabo ſcurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agro
Hìc dabat, heredes monumentum ne ſequeretur.
Nunc licet Eſquiliis habitare ſalubribus, atque
Aggere in apprico ſpatiari, quâ modò triſtes
Albis informem ſpectabant oſſibus agrum.
Quum mihi non tantùm fureſque feræque ſuëtæ
Hunc vexare locum curæ ſunt atque labori,
Quantùm carminibus quæ verſant atque venenis
Humanos animos. Has nullo perdere poſſum
Nec prohibere modo, ſimul ac vaga Luna decorum

11. *Pantolabo ſcurræ.*] Theſe People were yet alive, but as they had ruined their Fortunes, Horace, with much ſatirical Good-nature, provides Graves for them with the vileſt Slaves.

12. *Mille pedes in fronte.*] Such was the Title of the Grave-yard, preſerved on a Pillar of Stone *cippus*, to ſhew its Extent, and to declare it was never to return to the Heirs of the Eſtate. We have numberleſs Inſcriptions of this kind, ITA NE UNQUAM DE NOMINE FAMILIÆ NOSTRÆ EXEAT HOC MONUMENTUM. HOC MONUMETUM HEREDES NON SEQUITUR. IN FRONTE LAT. PED. XX. ET DIG. II. IN AGR. LONG. PED. XX. *In fronte* ſignifies *to the Road*; *in agro, to the Fields*. *Dabat* is for *indicabat, teſtabatur.* TORR.

14. *Eſquilis habitare ſalubribus.*] The Air was afterwards ſo healthy, that Auguſtus was carried thither when he was ill; or perhaps, beſides the Goodneſs of the Air, that he might be attended in his Illneſs by the Friendſhip and Affection of Mæcenas. *Æger Auguſtus in domo Mæcenatis cubabat.* SUET. And the younger Pliny ſpeaking of Caleſtrius Tyro ſays, *Ego in villas ejus ſæpe ſeceſſi, ille in domo mea ſæpe convaluit.* I often retired to his Villa, he often recovered his Health in mine. Such was the Friendſhip of Romans.

15. *Quâ modò triſtes.*] The Copyiſts probably wrote *quo* to make it agree with *aggere*, which is not neceſſary. *Quomodo* has a vicious Ambiguity. *Agger* ſignifies a Terraſs, which Mæcenas had raiſed in the Garden. Mr. Sanadon imagines, that this Line hath ſomething extremely mournful in its Cadence, as if Horace had purpoſely loaded it with Spondees. The ancient Commentator feels the ſame Sadneſs in the twenty-third Verſe.

17. *Quum mihi non tantùm.*] *Quum* depends on *Nunc licet Eſquiliis* and marks the Connexion. It is pleaſant enough to ſee this poor

God

In Coffins vile the Herd of Slaves
Were hither brought to croud their Graves;
And once in this deteſted Ground
A common Tomb the Vulgar found;
Buffoons and Spendthrifts, vile and baſe,
Together rotted here in Peace.
A thouſand Feet the Front extends,
Three hundred deep in Rear it bends,
And yonder Column plainly ſhows
No more unto its Heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer Air
And walk the ſunny Terraſs fair,
Where once the Ground with Bones was white
With human Bones, a ghaſtly Sight!
But, oh! nor Thief, nor ſavage Beaſt,
That us'd theſe Gardens to infeſt,
E'er gave me half ſuch Care and Pains
As they, who turn poor People's Brains
With venom'd Drugs and magic Lay ——
Theſe I can never fright away;
For when the beauteous Queen of Night
Up-lifts her Head adorn'd with Light, Hither

God obliged to confeſs, that he knows not how to be revenged for the ſhameful Outrages committed againſt his Divinity by theſe infamous Witches. But Spite and Vexation at laſt furniſhed him with a whimſical Vengeance. SAN.

20. *Has nullo perdere poſſum.*] They were too frightful and ugly to tempt the God to puniſh them in a Manner proper for ſuch a God, Beſides, he might well be apprehenſive that they might fall in Love with the Puniſhment. The miſerable Deity might ſay of theſe Creatures what Catullus does of the Thieves, who plundered his Garden, rather than any other,

The Fears of Puniſhment delight you,
And even my very Threats invite you.
Nimirum apertam convolatis ad pœnam,
Et vos hoc ipſum, quod minamur, invitat.

21. *Simul ac vaga Luna.*] The Moon preſided over all Enchantments, and was believed to be moſt favourable when in the full *decorum os* becauſe ſhe then infuſed a ſtronger Spirit into the magical Herbs.

Protulit os, quin oſſa legant herbaſque nocentes.
Vidi egomet nigrâ ſuccinctam vadere pallâ
Canidiam, pedibus nudis, paſſoque capillo
Cum Saganâ majore ululantem. Pallor utraſque
Fecerat horrendas aſpectu. Scalpere terram
Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cœperunt: cruor in foſſam confuſus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas reſponſa daturas.
Lanea & effigies erat, altera cerea: major
Lanea, quæ pœnis compeſceret inferiorem.
Cerea ſuppliciter ſtabat ſervilibus, ut quæ
Jam peritura, modis. Hecaten vocat altera, ſævam
Altera Tiſiphonen. Serpentes atque videres
Infernas errare canes, Lunamque rubentem,
Ne foret his teſtis, poſt magna latere ſepulcra.
Mentior at ſi quid, merdis caput inquiner albis
Corvorum, atque in me veniat mictum atque cacatum
Julius,

22. *Quin oſſa legant.*] The new Gardens poſſeſſed only Part of the Hill; the reſt was yet covered with human Bones. DAC.

23. *Succinctam vadere pallâ.*] Ovid deſcribes Medea with her Robe flowing and looſe; but perhaps Canidia was dreſſed in this Manner, that ſhe might walk better, or ſhe might untie her Girdle when the Ceremonies began. TORR.

26. *Scalpere terram unguibus.*] There are here ſome extraordinary Particulars; that the Witches dug this magical Trench with their Nails, and that they did not cut the Throat of the Victim, but tore it into Pieces with their Teeth. There are not any Examples of theſe execrable Ceremonies among the Ancients, and certainly Horace invented them to make Canidia more odious. DAC.

28. *Ut inde Manes elicerent.*] Black Victims alone were ſacrificed to the infernal Gods, nor was any thing ſuppoſed more delicious to the Souls of the Departed than Blood. They could not foretel any future Events or anſwer any Queſtions, until they had drunk of it. Ulyſſes was obliged to draw his Sword to frighten them away from the Blood he had poured into the Trench for Tireſias. DAC.

31. *Inferiorem.*] This little Figure probably repreſented Varius, who had forſaken Canidia, as we find in the fifth Epode. SAN.

35. *Infernas*

Hither they come, pernicious Crones!
To gather poiſonous Herbs and Bones.
Canidia with diſhevel'd Hair
(Black was her Robe, her Feet were bare)
With Sagana, infernal Dame!
Her elder Siſter, hither came.
With Yellings dire they fill'd the Place,
And hideous pale was either's Face.
Soon with their Nails they ſcrap'd the Ground,
And fill'd a magic Trench profound
With a black Lamb's thick-ſtreaming Gore,
Whoſe Members with their Teeth they tore,
That they may charm the Sprights to tell
Some curious Anecdotes from Hell.
The Beldams then two Figures brought;
Of Wool and Wax the Forms were wrought;
The Woollen was erect and tall,
And ſcourg'd the waxen Image ſmall,
Which in a ſuppliant, ſervile Mood
With dying Air juſt gaſping ſtood.
On Hecate one Beldam calls;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While Serpents crawl along the Ground,
And Hell-born Bitches howl around.
The bluſhing Moon to ſhun the Sight
Behind a Tomb withdrew her Light.
Oh! if I lye, may Ravens ſhed
Their Ordure on my ſacred Head;

May

35. *Infernas errare canes.*] The Serpents were Fore-runners of Tiſiphone, and the Bitches foretold that her infernal Majeſty was coming. TORR.

Lunamque rubentem.] The Moon, although well uſed to magical Ceremonies, was filled with Horrour at the Sight of theſe, and endeavoured to hide herſelf. At other Incantations ſhe uſually grew pale;

Julius, & fragilis Pediatia, furque Voranus.
Singula quid memorem? quo pacto alterna loquentes
Umbræ cum Saganâ resonarint triste & acutum?
Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris? & imagine cereâ
Largior arserit ignis? & ut non testis inultus
Horruerim voces Furiarum ac facta duarum?
Nam, disploſa sonat quantùm vesica, pepedi
Diffissâ nate ficus: at illæ currere in urbem:
Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganæ caliendrum
Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis
Vincula, cum magno risuque jocoque videres.

SAT.

but here she turns red in perfect Shame and Indignation, not having it in her Power, poor Goddess! to punish the Wretches, who thus insulted her.

39. *Julius & fragilis Pediatia.*] We know not who Julius was, Pediatius was an infamous Roman Knight, whom Horace, for his Effeminacy, calls Pediatia. Thus Aristophanes calls Cleonymus, *Cleonyma*, Softratus, *Softrata*. *Fragilis* marks the last Excess of Dissolution. CRUQ.

It is pleasant enough to see the good Priapus taking an Oath, well worthy of him, to confirm the Truth of what he said, and consenting, if he was forsworn, to stand exposed to the most villainous Insults. SAN.

41. *Resanarint.*] Better agrees with *abdiderint*, *arserit*, and *horruerim*, than *resonarent*, which was probably a Mistake of the Copyists. BENT. CUN. SAN.

Triste & acutum.] The Translator hopes to be forgiven for dividing these Words as in a Dialogue between the Witches and Ghosts, *alterna loquentes*. The Voice of Ghosts in Homer is expressed by Τοίζοσιι, *stridentes*, *hissing*; and in Virgil, by a thin, feeble Sound, *Pars tollere vocem exiguam*, but we never find *vox tristis* applied to them.

44 *Largior arserit ignis.*] This was a magical Fire, for the Witches had no other, by which the waxen Image was consumed. DAC.

Et ut non testis inultus.] To hear Priapus talk in this Language, one would imagine he proposed to destroy these execrable Creatures

May Thieves and Proſtitutes and Rakes,
Beneath my Noſe erect a Jakes.
Not to be tedious, or repeat
How Flats and Sharps in Concert meet,
With which the Ghoſts and Hags maintain
A Dialogue of paſſing Strain;
Or how, to hide the Tooth of Snake
And Beard of Wolf, the Ground they break;
Or how the Fire of Magic ſeiz'd
The waxen Form, and how it blaz'd;
Mark! how my Vengeance I purſu'd
For all I heard, for all I view'd.
Loud as a Bladder burſts its Wind
Dreadful I thunder'd from behind.
To Town they ſcamper'd ſtruck with Fear,
This loſt her Teeth and that her Hair.
They drop'd the Bracelets from their Arms,
Their Incantations, Herbs and Charms;
Who-e'er had ſeen them in their Flight
Had burſt with laughing at the Sight. SAT.

tures in an Inſtant; but a Fig-tree God is not ſo terrible. He proved the Preſence of his Divinityſhip in a very different Manner. DAC.

46. *Pepedi.*] The Wood, of which he was made, not being perfectly dry, his Godſhip burſt; the Witches took the Crack for what the Poet ſays it was, and the God boaſts of it, as a ſignal Mark of his Vengeance. SAN.

47. *At ille currere.*] Nothing can be imagined more ridiculous. The two moſt powerful Witches in the World, who could draw down the Moon from Heaven, and raiſe Spirits from Hell; who were accuſtomed to whatever was moſt dreadful, are here frighted with a little Noiſe. TOR.

48. *Canidiæ dentes, altum, &c.*] Canidia drops her Teeth, and Sagana her Hair, from whence we may prove the Antiquity of Perriwigs and falſe Teeth; although it does them no great Honour, that Witches brought them into Faſhion.

SAT.

Sat. IX.

IBAM fortè viâ ſacrâ (ſicut meus eſt mos)
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis:
Accurit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm,
Arreptâque manu: Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?
Suaviter, ut nunc eſt, inquam: & cupio omnia quæ vis.
Quum aſſectaretur: Numquid vis? occupo. At ille:
Noris nos, inquit: docti ſumus. Hic ego, Pluris
Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Miſerè diſcedere quærens,
Ire modò ociùs, interdum conſiſtere, in aurem
Dicere neſcio quid puero. Quum ſudor ad imos
Manaret talos: O te, Bolane, cerebri
Felicem! aiebam tacitus. Quum quidlibet ille
Garriret:

Tranſlated by Dr. Dunkin.

The Character of this Impertinent is, perhaps, a little too ſtrongly marked, but Satire and the Theatre are in Poſſeſſion of drawing their Pictures larger than the Life. Theſe bold Strokes make a deeper Impreſſion, and the Generality of Mankind ought to have the Danger of a vicious Example laid before them in the moſt alarming Shape, that it may inſpire them with greater Horrour.

Verſ. 1. *Ibam fortè viâ ſacrâ.*] Mr. Dacier imagines Horace was walking to the Forum about Buſineſs; but he ſeems rather to have been ſauntering in the uſual Idleneſs of People, who were from thence called *Sacravienſes.*

6. *Numquid vis.*] Donatus tells us in a Remark upon a Paſſage in Terence, that it was a polite, cuſtomary Manner of ſpeaking amongſt the Romans, that they might not ſeem to take their Leave too abruptly, to ſay at parting *numquid vis?* as in modern Phraſe, *have you any Commands? Abituri, ne id durè facerent, numquid vis, dicebant his, quibuſcum conſtitiſſent.*

9. *Ire*

SAT. IX.

MUSING, as wont, on this and that,
Such Trifles, as I know not what,
When late the Street I ſaunter'd through,
A Wight, whoſe Name I hardly knew,
Approaching pertly makes me ſtand,
And thus accoſts me, Hand in Hand.
" How do you do, my ſweeteſt Man?"
Quoth I, as well as Mortal can,
And my beſt Wiſhes yours —— When he
Would follow —— What's your Will with me?
" That one of your profound diſcerning
" Should know me: I'm a Man of Learning." —
Why then be ſure upon that Score
You merit my Regard the more.
Impatient to diſcard the Fop,
One while I run, another ſtop,
And whiſper, as he preſſes near,
Some nothing in my Servant's Ear.
But while at every Pore I ſweated,
And thus in muttering Silence fretted —
" Bolanus, happy in a Skull
" Of Proof, impenetrably dull,

" Oh

9. *Ire modò ocyùs.*] Ariſtotle one Day fell into the Hands of an Impertinent, who telling him ſome tedious Story, aſked him whether he was not amazed at it? No, ſays the Philoſopher, but I am amazed, that any Man, who has two Legs, ſhould ſtay to hear it.

11. *O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem.*] As we know not who Bolanus was, we know not for what particular Caſt of Humour the Poet

Garriret: vicos, urbem laudaret: ut illi
Nîl reſpondebam: Miſerè cupis, inquit, abire;
Jamdudum video: ſed nîl agis; uſque tenebo.
Proſequar hinc, quò nunc iter eſt tibi. Nîl opus eſt te
Circumagi; quemdam volo viſere non tibi notum;
Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæſaris hortos.
Nil habeo quod agam, & non ſum piger; uſque ſequar te.
Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis aſellus,
Quum gravius dorſo ſubiit onus. Incipit ille:
Si bene me novi, non Viſcum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies: nam quis me ſcribere plures,
Aut citiùs poſſit verſus? quis membra movere
Molliùs? Invideat quod & Hermogenes, ego canto.
Interpellandi locus hic erat. Eſt tibi mater,

Cog-

Poet introduces him here. The Commentators think he was a Choleric, who would have made our Impertinent feel his Reſentment. But there ſeems to be a more Pleaſantry in ſuppoſing him a Phlegmatic, who could hear with Patience; or a Stupid, who could be pleaſed with ſuch a Companion.

26. *Interpellandi locus hic erat.*] When our Pratler had thus frankly declared his own good Qualities of Dancing, Rhiming, Singing, the Poet thought this a lucky Opportunity of interrupting him. He conjures him by the Love, which he has for his Mother and Relations, that he would take a tender Care of all theſe Excellencies for their Sake, and not trifle away his Time thus laviſhly.

29. *Sabella*

"O for a Portion of thy Brains"———
He on the Town and Streets and Lanes
His prating, praiſing Talent try'd,
And, when I anſwered not, he cry'd,
Ay, 'tis too plain; you can't deceive me,
You miſerably wiſh to leave me,
But I ſhall never quit you ſo:
Command me —— whither would you go?——
You do me Honour———but, in ſhort,
There's not the leaſt Occaſion for't.
I viſit one ——— to cut the Strife,
You never ſaw him in your Life;
Nor would I lead you ſuch a Round ———
He lives above a Mile of Ground
Beyond the Tyber —— "Never talk
"Of Diſtance, for I love a Walk.
"I never have the leaſt Enjoyment
"In Idleneſs: I want Employment,
"Come on; I muſt and will attend
"Your Perſon to your Journey's End."
Like vicious Aſs, that freting bears
A wicked Load, I hang my Ears;
While he, renewing his Civilities,
"If well I know my own Abilities,
"Not Viſcus, though your Friend of yore,
"Not Varius could engage you more;
"For who can write melodius Lays
"With greater Elegance or Eaſe?
"Who moves with ſmoother Grace his Limbs
"While through the mazy Dance he ſwims?
"Beſides, I ſing to that Degree
"Hermogenes might envy me."

Have

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" Hermogenes might envy me."

Have

Cognati, queis te ſalvo eſt opus? Haud mihi quiſquam:
Omnes compoſui. Felices! nunc ego reſto,
Confice: namque inſtat fatum mihi triſte, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit motâ divina anus urnâ:
Hunc neque dira venena, neque hoſticus auferet enſis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tuſſis, nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando conſumet cunque: loquaces,
Si Sapiat, vitet, ſimul atque adoleverit ætas.
Ventum erat ad Veſtæ, quartâ jam parte diei
Præteritâ; & caſu tunc reſpondere vadatus
Debebat; quòd nî feciſſet, perdere litem.
Si me amas, inquit, paulùm hìc ades. Inteream, ſi
Aut valeo ſtare, aut novi civilia jura:

Et

29. *Sabella.*] The Samnites, in whoſe Neighbourhood our Poet was born, were remarkable for their Skill in Magic.

30. *Motâ divina anus urnâ.*] The Divination was performed in this Manner. A Number of Letters and entire Words were thrown into an Urn and ſhaken together. When they were well mixed, they were poured out, and if any thing intelligible appeared in them, from thence the Witch formed her Divination and Anſwers. As an Engliſh Reader could have no Idea of theſe magical Rites by the Word *Urn*, the Gentleman, who tranſlated the Satire, hath altered it for Terms better known in the Ceremonies of modern Witchcraft; *the Sieve and She ar.*

35. *Quartâ jam parte diei præteritâ.*] The firſt Hour of the Day amongſt the Romans anſwered to our ſixth. Martial ſays, the Courts were opened at nine of the Clock *exercet raucos tertia cauſidicos*; it was therefore more than an Hour after their opening, that Horace paſſed by the Temple of Veſta.

36. *Reſpondere vadatus.*] *Citatus, vadimonio obſtrictus. Vador* is a Verb common, and here underſtood in a paſſive Signification. *Reſpondere* is taken abſolutely for *ſiſtere ſe*, as is uſual in the Language of the Laws. Bent. Cun. San.

38. *Si me amas.*] *Me* is made ſhort, becauſe the next Word begins with a Vowel. A Licence of Proſody imitated from the Greeks, as in Virgil, *Te, amice, nequivi conſpicere: an qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt.* San.

39. *Aut*

Have you no Mother, Siſter, Friends,
Whoſe Welfare on your Health depends?—
" Not one; I ſaw them all by Turns
" Securely ſettled in their Urns."
Thrice happy they, ſecure from Pain!
And I thy Victim now remain;
Diſpatch me: for my Goody-Nurſe
Early preſag'd this heavy Curſe.
She con'd it by the Sieve and Shears,
And now it falls upon my Ears —
Nor Poiſon fell, with Ruin ſtor'd,
Nor horrid Point of hoſtile Sword,
Nor Pleuriſy, nor Aſthma-Cough,
Nor Cripple-Gout ſhall cut him off:
A noiſy Tongue and babbling Breath
Shall teize and talk my Child to Death.
But if he would avert his Fate,
When he arrives at Man's Eſtate,
Let him avoid, as he would Hanging,
Your Folks long-winded in Haranging.
We came to Veſta's about Ten,
And he was bound in Perſon then
To ſtand a Suit, or by the Laws
He muſt have forfeited his Cauſe.
Sir, if you love me, ſtep aſide
A little into Court, he cry'd.
If I can ſtand it out, quoth I,
Or know the Practice, let me die:
Beſides,

39. *Aut valeo ſtare.*] Horace uſes the Law-terms, *reſpondere, adeſſe, ſtare, rem relinquere.* The firſt ſignifies to appear before a Judge upon a Summons; the ſecond was properly to attend on the Perſon who appeared, and to ſupport his Cauſe; the third marks the Poſture in which he ſtood, and *relinquere cauſam* to ſuffer himſelf to be non-ſuited for not appearing.

44. *Pau-*

Et propero, quò ſcis. Dubius ſum quid faciam, inquit; 40
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me ſodes. Non faciam, ille:
Et præcedere cœpit. Ego (ut contendere durum
Cum victore) ſequor. Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit; paucorum hominum, & mentis bene ſanæ?
Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ eſt uſus: haberes 45
Magnum adjutorem, poſſet qui ferre ſecundas;
Hunc hominem velles ſi tradere, diſpeream, nî
Summoſſes omnes. Iſto non vivitur illic,
Quo tu rere, modo. Domus hac nec purior ulla eſt,
Nec magis his aliena malis: nîl mî officit, inquam, 50
Ditior

44. *Paucorum hominum.*] *A Man of Diſcernment, who does not converſe with the Multitude*, as in Terence, *hic homo eſt perpaucorum hominum.* Scipio having engaged three or four Friends to ſup with him, and intending to make ſome others, who came to ſee him, ſtay with him, Pontius whiſpered him; *Conſider, Scipio, what you are doing, this is a delicate Fiſh*, paucorum hominum, *and does not love a great deal of Company.*

46. *Magnum adjutorem.*] *Adjutor* was a Perſon, who aſſiſted a Player either with his Voice or Action, but in what Manner is to us inconceivable, as we have nothing like it on our Stage. *Ferre ſecundas* may be ſomewhat better explained by a Paſſage in Cicero; *He will not exert his utmoſt Eloquence, but conſult your Honour and Reputation by lowering his own Abilities and raiſing yours. Thus we ſee among the Grecian Actors, that he, who plays the ſecond or third Part, conceals his own Power, that the principal Player may appear to the beſt Advantage.*

Our Impertinent therefore promiſes Horace, that far from any Deſign of ſupplanting him in the Favour of Mæcenas, he will be contented to play the ſecond Part, and uſe his utmoſt Abilities to raiſe our Poet's Character, as a principal Actor. The Reader may turn to the Note on the twelfth Line in the eighteenth Epiſtle.

47. *Hunc hominem velles ſi tradere.*] Our Prattler, perfectly ſatisfied of his own Merit, only deſires to be preſented to Mæcenas; and ſo little doubts of his Succeſs, that he already offers his Protection to the Perſon, who ſhall introduce him. SAN.

48. *Iſto non vivitur illic.*] The Praiſes of Mæcenas upon his Manner of living with his Friends are told with a very pleaſing Simplicity,

Beſides, I am oblig'd to go
Preciſely to the Place you know.——
" I am divided what to do,
" Whether to leave my Cauſe, or you."——
Sir, I beſeech you ſpare your Pains.
Your humble Servant———" By no Means."
I follow, for he leads the Way;
'Tis Death; but Captives muſt obey.
Then he renews his plaguy Strain, as
" How ſtands your Friendſhip with Mæcenas?——
" For Friendſhips, he contracts but few,
" And ſhews in that his Judgment true.——
" Commend me to you, Brother-Bard,
" No Man has play'd a ſurer Card.
" But you ſhould have a Man of Art:
" One, who might act an under-part.
" If you were pleas'd to recommend,
" The Man I mention, to your Friend,
" Sir, may I never ſee the Light
" But you ſhall rout your Rivals quite."——
We live not there, as you ſuppoſe,
On ſuch precarious Terms as thoſe:
No Family was ever purer:
From ſuch Infections none ſecurer.

It

Simplicity, and are ſo much greater, as they are almoſt peculiar to him. Different from them, who have Abilities to govern an Empire, yet know not how to regulate their own Affairs, he can attend the public Buſineſs, without neglecting the Care of his private Fortune. His Favour was the Reward of perſonal Merit, and his Friends, without endeavouring to ſupplant each other in his Eſteem, paid Homage to his Choice, and their ſole Emulation was to juſtify that Choice by their Conduct. DAC. SAN.

50. *Inquam.*] Inſtead of *unquam* is of more than twelve Manuſcripts.

55. *Eſt*

Ditior hic, aut eſt quia doctior: eſt locus uni-
cuique ſuus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet. Accendis quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus eſſe. Velis tantummodo, quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis: & eſt qui vinci poſſit; eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero;
Muneribus ſervos corrumpam; non, hodie ſi
Excluſus fuero, deſiſtam; tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis: deducam. Nil ſine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit; ecce
Fuſcus Ariſtius occurrit, mihi carus, & illum
Qui pulchrè noſſet. Conſiſtimus. Unde venis? &
Quò tendis? rogat, & reſpondet. Vellere cœpi,
Et prenſare manu lentiſſima brachia, nutans,
Diſtorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Malè ſalſus

Ridens

55. *Eſt qui vinci poſſit.*] The Poet ſays, Mæcenas was naturally eaſy to be gained, but that a Senſe of his own Weakneſs obliged him to guard himſelf againſt the firſt Addreſſes of a Stranger. *Eo*, for *ideo difficiles aditus primos habet, quia eſt qui vinci poſſit*; as in Terence, *eo tibi videtur fœdus, quia veſtem illam non habet.* BENT. SAN.

65. *Malè ſalſus.*] *Improbe, nequiter & damnoſe ſalſus.* Malignantly pleaſant. If Ariſtius had told Horace he had forgotten, he might have been excuſed, but he was determined to inſult him in his Misfortune, by remembering the Buſineſs, and reſolving to talk of it ſome other Time. SAN.

69. *Trita*

It never hurts me in the leaſt,
That one excels in Wealth, or Taſte;
Each Perſon there of courſe inherits
A Place proportion'd to his Merits——
" 'Tis wonderful, and to be brief,
" A Thing almoſt beyond Belief."——
But, whether you believe, or no,
The Matter is exactly ſo.
" This adds but Fewel to the Fire,
" The more you kindle my Deſire
" To kiſs his Hand, and pay my Court."——
Aſſail, and you ſhall take the Fort.
Such is the Vigour of your Wit,
And he is one, who can ſubmit;
The firſt Attack is therefore nice,
The Matter is to break the Ice.
" I ſhan't be wanting there, he cry'd,
" I'll bribe his Servants to my Side;
" To-Day ſhut out ſtill onward preſs,
" And watch the Seaſons of Acceſs;
" In private haunt, in public meet,
" Salute, eſcort him through the Street.
" There's nothing gotten in this Life,
" Without a World of Toil and Strife!"
While thus he racks my tortur'd Ears,
A much-lov'd Friend of mine appears,
Ariſtius Fuſcus, one who knew
My ſweet Companion through and through.
We ſtop, exchanging " So and ſo:"
" Whence come, and whither do you go?"
I then began in woful wiſe
To nod my Head, diſtort my Eyes,
And pull his Renegado Sleeve,
That he would grant me a Reprieve; But

Ridens diſſimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
Certè neſcio quid ſecretò velle loqui te
Aiebas mecum. Memini bene; ſed meliori
Tempore dicam; hodie triceſima ſabbata. Vis tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,
Religio eſt. At mî; ſum paulò infirmior, unus
Multorum; ignoſces: aliàs loquar. Hunccine ſolem
Tam nigrum ſurrexe mihi? Fugit improbus, ac me
Sub cultro linquit. Caſu venit obvius illi
Adverſarius, &: Quò tu turpiſſime? magnâ
Inclamat voce, &: Licet anteſtari? Ego verò
Oppono auriculam. Rapit in jus; clamor utrimque,
Undique concurſus. Sic me ſervavit Apollo. SAT.

69. *Triceſima ſabbata.*] The Jews began their Year the firſt of September, and celebrated their Paſchal Feſtival the fifteenth of April in the thirtieth Week, from whence Horace calls it *triceſima ſabbata*. It continued eight Days, of which the two firſt and two laſt were obſerved with ſo much Solemnity, that it was not permitted even to talk of Buſineſs. Auguſtus, in Imitation of Julius Cæſar, allowed the Jews uncommon Privileges. He not only permitted them an undiſturbed Enjoyment of their Religion, but eſtabliſhed Funds, that they might offer a Bull and two Lambs in the Temple of Jeruſalem every Day for him and his Family. DAC.

71. *Unus multorum.*] *One of the Multitude*; Although Ariſtius had probably as little Religion, in its preſent Meaning of Scruples and Superſtition, as our Epicurean Poet.

76. *Licet anteſtari.* When a Man had given Bail in a Court of Juſtice, if he neglected the Time of Appearance, he might be taken by Force before the Prætor. But the Perſon, who would arreſt him, was obliged, before he uſed him with Violence, to have a Witneſs of his Capture, *anteſtari*. This however could not be done without the Conſent of the Witneſs; who therefore willingly offered the Captor his Ear to touch, who was liable, if theſe Forms were not obſerved, to an Action *injuriarum actionem*. But Thieves, and People of infamous Characters were not treated with ſo much Formality. When a Fellow in Plautus cries out, *Will you not call a Witneſs before you ſeize me? Nonne anteſtaris?* he is anſwered, *What, ſhall I touch an honeſt Man's Ear for ſuch a Scoundrel as you are?* Pliny tells us the lower Part of the Ear is the Seat of Memory, from whence came this Form of their Laws.

77. *Oppono auriculam.*] Such was the Law-term, which our Poet very willingly pronounced, to ſignify the Conſent of the Witneſs.

78. *Sic*

But he was abſent all the while,
Malicious with a leering Smile.
Provok'd at his Diſſimulation
I burſt with Spleen and Indignation.
" I know not what you had to tell
" In private."——I remember well:
But ſhall a Day of Buſineſs chuſe,
This is the Sabbath of the Jews;
You would not thus offend the leathern-
curtail'd Aſſemblies of the Brethren.——
" I have no Scruples, by your Leave,
" On that account."——But, Sir, I have:
I am a little ſuperſtitious,
Like many of the Croud capricious:
Forgive me, if it be a Crime,
And I ſhall talk another Time.——
Oh! that ſo black a Sun ſhould riſe!
Away the cruel Creature flies,
And leaves me panting for my Life
Aghaſt beneath the Butcher's Knife.
At laſt, by ſpecial Act of Grace
The Plaintiff meets him Face to Face,
And bawls as loud as he could bellow:
" Ha! whither now, thou vileſt Fellow?
" Sir, will you witneſs for my Capture?"
I ſignified, I would with Rapture;
And then to magnify the Sport
He drags my Pratler into Court;
And thus, amidſt the Noiſe and Rabble,
Apollo ſav'd me in the Squabble.

78. *Sic me ſervavit Apollo.*] A Poet naturally attributes his Deliverance to the God of Poets, but the Favour had been more welcome, if it had been granted a little ſooner. SAN.

Sat. X.

NEMPE incompoſito dixi pede currere verſus
Lucilî. Quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur? At idem, quòd ſale multo
Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem.
Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera: nam ſic
Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.
Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum
Auditoris; & eſt quædam tamen hìc quoque virtus:
Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
Et

Lucilius had his numerous Admirers in Rome, who were greatly diſobliged by the Freedom, with which our Poet had treated him in his fourth Satire. Horace was determined to ſupport his own Judgment, and inſtead of making an Apology, confirms what he had ſaid with his utmoſt Force and Addreſs. If Criticiſm, as a great Rhetorician aſſerts, be the laſt Effort of Reflexion and Judgment, we ſhall equally admire the Critic as the Poet, in the following Satire.

We may fix the Date of it, with Mr. Sanadon, in 727, or 728; becauſe the Temple of Apollo Palatinus, mentioned in the thirty-eighth Line, was not dedicated before the Year 726.

Verſe 1. *Nempe incompoſito.*] Horace blames Lucilius for having abandoned himſelf to the Rapidity of his Genius, *currere verſus*, and being too negligent of his Verſification, *incompoſito pede*. One follows the other; for it is a general Rule in all poetical Compoſitions, that they become valuable in proportion to the Trouble they coſt. A Poet, who pretends to gain Honour by profeſſing with how much Eaſe he writes, only raiſes a Prejudice againſt him, for he is either very little ſincere, or he is a very bad Poet. The greateſt Favour he can expect is, that we hope his Works may give him the Lie.

San.

2. *Quis*

SAT. X.

YES, I did ſay, that his rough Verſes roll'd
In ruder Style precipitately bold;
Who reads Lucilius with ſo fond an Eye,
Fooliſhly fond, who can this Charge deny?
But, that with Wit he laſh'd a vicious Age,
He's frankly prais'd in the ſame equal Page.
Should I grant more, I may as well admit
Laberius' Farces elegantly writ.
'Tis not enough a burſting Laugh to raiſe,
And yet even this may well deſerve its Praiſe;
Cloſe be your Language; let your Senſe be clear,
Nor with a Weight of Words fatigue the Ear.

From

2. *Quis tam Lucilî.*] We may ſay of Lucilius, that he has has the good Fortune of ſome Women, who with very little Beauty have raiſed very violent Paſſions in their Lovers. He had a powerful and numerous Party of Critics in his Favour, who carried Cudgels under their Robes to beat all them, who dared to find fault with his Verſes: and even Quintilian is numbered amongſt thoſe Admirers, whom Horace calls ridiculous, *inepte*. DAC.

5. *Nec tamen hoc tribuens.*] Our Poet does not deny Lucilius his juſt Praiſe of Wit and Humour, but ſays it cannot be concluded that his Poetry was perfect, meerly becauſe it made us laugh. One Excellence does not neceſſarily ſuppoſe all the reſt. The Perfection of a Poem conſiſts in joining together the beautiful and the pleaſing. DAC. SAN.

6. *Laberî mimos.*] *Mimi* were Farces written purely for Diverſion and Laughing. Decimus Laberius was made a Roman Knight by Julius Cæſar. He had long maintained the firſt Character in this Kind of Writing, but Publius Syrus at laſt became his Rival, and carried off all the Applauſe of the Theatre.

Et ſermone opus eſt modò triſti, ſæpe jocoſo:
Defendente vicem modò rhetoris, atque poetæ:
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs ac meliùs magnas plerumque ſecat res.
Illi, ſcripta quibus comœdia priſca viris eſt,
Hoc ſtabant, hoc ſunt imitandi; quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, nec ſimius iſte,
Nil præter Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.
At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
Miſcuit. O ſeri ſtudiorum! quine putetis
Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit. At ſermo linguâ concinnus utrâque
Suavior (ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt)

Quum

12. *Defendente vicem modò rhetoris*] Sometimes aſſuming the Character of a Rhetorician; ſometimes of a Poet; ſometimes of a Rallier, and *parcentis viribus* muſt be referred in common to them all. Horace does not ſay, that the Style of Satire ſhould be eloquent; but that it ſhould have Strength to convince, Addreſs to perſuade, and Art to elude an Objection; that it ſhould be animated with the Spirit of Poetry, and enlivened by a chearful, delicate Raillery. Such is the Deſcription of an Orator by Cicero. *He muſt have a certain Elegance, and Pleaſantry, and Erudition fit for a Gentleman, with Vivacity and Strength to attack and confute; with Politeneſs and Addreſs to inſinuate and perſuade.* The Word Rhetorician, being little known except in the Schools, has been changed in the Tranſlation for that of Critic, which is Part of our Poet's Character in the preſent Satire.

14. *Ridiculum acri.*] It is a Fact of all Ages, that a lively Jeſt is capable of diſconcerting the graveſt Reaſons and Reaſoners. *Riſus rerum ſæpe maximarum momenta vertit*, ſays Quintilian. Theſe happy Sallies do not depend on Art or Deſign; they riſe to Life at once, and are always beſt, when neither premeditated, nor expected. SAN.

17. *Quos neque pulcher.*] Hermogenes was a Muſician, and probably remarkable for an effeminately handſome Face, and he is here ſet in oppoſition to ſome Perſon, equally diſtinguiſhed for the Countenance of an Ape. We do not not know his Name, but the Picture is too ſtrongly drawn to doubt that the Original muſt have been eaſily known.

19. *Nil*

From grave to jovial you muſt change with Art,
Now play the Critic's, now the Poet's Part;
In Raillery aſſume a gayer Air,
Diſcreetly hide your Strength, your Vigour ſpare,
For Ridicule ſhall frequently prevail,
And cut the Knot, when graver Reaſons fail.
The ancient Writers of the comic Stage
Our Imitation here may well engage,
Though read not by Tigellius, ſmooth of Face,
Or yonder Ape, of horrible Grimace.
Calvus, Catullus better ſuit their Vein,
Whoſe wanton Songs they chaunt in tuneful Strain.
But yet a mighty Feat it muſt be thought——
"His motley Page with Greek and Latin's wrought!"
Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
So oft perform'd by yonder Rhodian Bard.
"But Languages each other may refine
"(As Chian ſoftens the Falernian Wine)

"At

19. *Nil præter Calvum.*] Certainly Calvus and Catullus were excellent Poets. Aulus Gellius ſays, they had a moſt delicate and natural Poetry, *fluentes carminum delicias.* Horace therefore cannot be underſtood to blame Hermogenes for reading them, but for reading no other Author, or preferring them to all others.

Mr. Sanadon thinks Hermogenes and the Perſon Horace hath coupled with him were a Couple of wretched Verſifiers; that even the Poems they publiſhed were ſtolen from Calvus and Catullus, and that our Author ſays, *Calvum & Catullum cantare*, as he before ſaid, *Cyclopa ſaltare.*

21. *O ſeri Studiorum!*] *Qui lentos in ſtudiis progreſſus feciſtis.* They, who are a little advanced in the Sciences, often admire in a Work the moſt eaſy and leaſt valuable Parts of it. TORR.

22. *Pitholeonti.*] Dr. Bentley imagines, not without Probability, that this Pitholeon was Marcus Otacilius Pitholaus, who wrote ſome ſatirical Verſes on Julius Cæſar. Horace calls him Pitholeon for the ſake of the Meaſure, in Imitation of the Greeks, who gave this Name and others like it, many different Terminations.

24. *Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni.*] *Nota Falerni* for *vinum Falernum* from the Cuſtom of marking their Wines.

Quum verſus facias. Teipſum percontor, an & quum
Dura tibi peragenda rei ſit cauſa Petillî;
Scilicet oblitus patriæque patriſque (Latinè
Quum Pedius cauſas exſudet, Poplicola, atque
Corvinus) patriis intermiſcere petita
Verba foris malis, Canuſini more bilinguis?
Atqui ego quum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
Verſiculos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
Poſt mediam viſus noctem, quum ſomnia vera:
In ſylvam non ligna feras inſaniùs, ac ſi
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.
Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Defingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in æde ſonent certantia, judice Tarpâ,

Nec

27. *Oblitus patriæque patriſque*] *Forgetful of your Country, and the Language of your Anceſtors. Cauſas exſudare Latinè*, for *Latinâ linguâ, Latinis vocabulis*, is a ſtrong, metaphorical Expreſſion proper for Satire, and all the beſt Manuſcripts declare for it. There is another Miſtake here in making Pedius and Poplicola the ſame Perſon. This laſt Name was given to the Valerian Family, of which there were at that Time two Brothers in Rome, both Men of Letters and conſiderable Orators. One was Valerius Meſſala Corvinus; the other Valerius Poplicola. Horace mentions them expreſly in the eighty-fifth Line of this Satire. Pedius was apparently a Son of the Conſul in the Year 711. TORR. SAN.

30. *Canuſini more bilinguis.*] Canuſium was built by Diomed. Its Inhabitants, originally Greeks, had preſerved many Words of their firſt Language which being mixed with Latin made a ridiculous, diſagreeable Jargon. Virgil for the ſame Reaſon calls the Tyrians, *bilingues*.

32. *Vetuit me tali*] Our Poet, being conſcious that his Reaſoning was not extremely concluſive, takes care to let us know he means it only as a Dream. He hath choſen Romulus becauſe he was more intereſted, than any other God, in obliging his Deſcendants not to cultivate any Language but their own: or, perhaps, he would animate the Romans to improve the Latin Tongue, and to increaſe the Number of their own Poets. DAC. SAN.

36. *Alpinus.*] The moſt probable Conjectures induce us to believe, that Horace means Furius Bibaculus, a Poet of ſome Reputation, and not without Merit. He deſcribes him in another Satire

pingui

" At leaſt in Verſe." But ſay, my rhiming Friend,
Were you that Thief Petillius to defend,
While other Lawyers ſweated in the Cauſe,
And urg'd in pure Latinity the Laws:
While wondering Crouds upon their Language hung,
Would you forgetful of your native Tongue,
In foreign Words and broken Phraſes ſpeak,
The half-bred Jargon of a mungrel Greek?
Italian born, I once propos'd to write
Some Grecian Verſicles, in deep of Night
(When Dreams, they ſay, are true) Rome's Founder roſe,
And awful ſpake, " You may as well propoſe
" To carry Timber to a Wood, as throng
" The crouded Writers of the Grecian Song."
Let ſwelling Furius on th' affrighted Stage
Murder poor Memnon, or in muddy Rage
Deform the Head of Rhine: in idle Vein
I write, what never ſhall preſume to gain
The Prize, where Metius high in Judgment ſits
To hear the Labours of contending Wits; Or

pingui tentus omaſo, and here he calls him *turgidus*, not only from the Fatneſs of his Perſon, but the Flatulence of his Style. The Surname of Alpinus marks his being born among the Gauls, who lived on the Alpes; or it is given him, as Dr. Bentley pleaſantly underſtands it, for a famous Line, which our Poet laughs at in another Place, *Jupiter hibernas canâ nive conſpuit Alpes*. *Jugulat dum Memnona* is a Tone and Style of Bombaſt in the true Spirit of Burleſque.

37. *Defingit Rheni luteum caput.*] The greater Number of Manuſcripts, the beſt ancient Editions, and beſt modern Editors, give us this Reading inſtead of *diffingit*. *Defingit* is no more than *fingit*. Furius had deſcribed the Sources of the Rhine, but drew ſo frightful a Picture of them, that Horace tells us he made the God of the River with an Head of Mud. The Name of the Rhine in the Celtic Language ſignifies pure; a Name given by the ſuperſtitious Celtæ, who uſed its Waters in Trials of Chaſtity. TORR. SAN.

38. *Quæ neque in æde ſanent.*] The Commentator tells us Au-

Nec redeant iterum atque iterum ſpectanda theatris.
Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
Eludente ſenem, comis garrire libellos
Unus vivorum, Fundani: Pollio regum
Facta canit pede ter percuſſo: forte epos acer,
Ut nemo, Varius: ductu molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.
Hoc erat, experto fruſtra Varrone Atacino,
Atque quibuſdam aliis, melius quod ſcribere poſſem,
Inventore minor: neque ego illi detrahere auſim
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.
At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, ſæpe ferentem
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Age, quæſo,
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero?
Nîl comis tragici mutat Lucilius Accî?
Non ridet verſus Ennî gravitate minores?
Quum de ſe loquitur, non ut majore reprenſis.
Quid vetat & noſmet Lucilî ſcripta legentes

Quærere

guſtus appointed five Judges, of whom Metius Tarpa was one, to diſtribute poetical Prizes, and determine what Plays ſhould be repreſented on the Stage. Voſſius believes they were eſtabliſhed in Imitation of the Sicilians and Athenians. Mr. Dacier thinks they were continued under the Reign of Domitian.

43. *Pede ter percuſſo.*] The tragic Iambics had but three Meaſures, each Meaſure having two Feet, from whence they were ſometimes called *ſenarii*, and ſometimes *trimetra*.

Forte epos acer] *Varius acer, ut nemo, canit forte epos.* *Forte* marks the Character of Epic Poetry, and *acer* that of Varius. Virgil's Æneid was not then publiſhed.

51. *Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis.*] Theſe Words are uſed to ſoften and moderate the preceding Lines, which being taken in the general Senſe they naturally preſent, would ſeem to ſay, that Lucilius had nothing excellent. *Dixi Lucilium fluere lutulentum, non quidem in omnibus, ſed in pleriſque.* Such is the Force and Meaning of *quidem*. SAN.

There is a Paſſage in Seneca, which ſeems an Imitation of our Author, and which may be of uſe to explain him. *There were many*

Or where the People with applauding Hands
The well-wrought Scene repeatedly demands.
Of all Mankind, in light and chearful Strain
Fundanius beſt can paint the comic Scene,
The wily Harlot, and the Slave, who join
To wipe the Miſer of his darling Coin.
Pollio in pure, Iambic Numbers ſings
The tragic Deeds of Heroes and of Kings;
And Varius in ſublime and ardent Vein
Supports the Grandeur of the Epic Strain;
On Virgil all the rural Muſes ſmile,
Smooth flow his Lines, and elegant his Style.
Satire alone remain'd, no eaſy Strain,
Which Varro, and ſome others, try'd in vain,
Where I, perhaps, ſome ſlight Succeſs may claim,
Though far inferior to th' Inventor's Fame:
Nor from his Head ſhall I preſume to tear
That ſacred Wreath, he well deſerves to wear.
I ſaid, his Verſe in muddy Rapture flows,
And more his Errors, than his Beauties ſhows;
But, prithee, You that boaſt a Critic's Name
Don't you ſometimes the mighty Homer blame?
Does not Lucilius, though of gentle Strain,
Correct even Accius and reform his Scene?
And in his Pleaſantry old Ennius rate,
When his dull Lines want Dignity and Weight?
Yet when he ſpeaks of his own Right to Fame
Confeſſes frankly their ſuperior Claim.
What then forbids our equal Right to know
Why his own Verſes inharmonious flow?

Or

many Things in him, that you might juſtly blame; many that you might admire. His Style flowed like a Torrent, violently rapid, but full of Mud.

Quærere num illius num rerum dura negarit
Verſiculos natura magis factos & euntes
Molliùs, ac ſi quis, pedibus quid claudere ſenis
(Hoc tantùm) contentus, amet ſcripſiſſe ducentos
Ante cibum verſus, totidem cœnatus? Etruſci
Quale fuit Caſsî rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium; capſis quem fama eſt eſſe libriſque
Ambuſtum propriis. Fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem,
Quàm rudis & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
Quàmque poetarum ſeniorum turba: ſed ille,
Si foret hoc noſtrum fato dilatus in ævum,
Detereret ſibi multa; recideret omne, quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: & in verſu faciendo
Sæpe caput ſcaberet, vivos & roderet ungues.
Sæpe ſtylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi ſint
Scripturus; neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,

Con-

57. *Num illius, num rerum.*] The Modeſty of Horace, and the real Eſteem he had for Lucilius, hindered him from deciding, whether theſe bad Verſes proceeded from his Want of Genius, or from the Difficulty of the Subject. But had he thought fit to ſpeak his Opinion, he would undoubtedly have imputed them to Want of Genius, for it is always a Fault of the Poet, if he chuſes a Subject, which he cannot expreſs in a proper Manner. Dac.

59. *Ac ſi quis*] Dr. Bentley hath happily explained this Paſſage, the Difficulty of which is generally acknowledged. *Quid vetat & nos quærere, num Lucilii ingenium, num argumentum ipſum negaverit verſus politiores & molliores, quam ſi quis ſine cura & lima extemporales hexametros fundat?* In the ſame Style we have *inſanius ac ſi*, and *ſuavius ac ſi* for *quam ſi*; an Obſervation, which eſcaped the Commentators, who therefore read *an ſi*, equally without Authority, as without Neceſſity.

69. *Recideret omne quod ultra perfectum.*] The common Fault of great Writers is, that they never know when to ſtop. That Flight, which they give to their Imagination, hurries them along, and as they are always aiming at ſomething great and ſublime, they

no

Or whether in his Subject lies the Fault,
Or in himſelf, that they're not higher wrought,
Than if the Art of Verſe were to confine
In ten low Feet a cold, dull Length of Line,
Content his rhiming Talents to diſplay
In twice an hundred Verſes twice a Day.
Such, Caſſius, thy Rapidity of Song,
Which like a foaming River pour'd along,
Whoſe volum'd Works (if Fame be not a Liar)
Kindled around thy Corpſe the funeral Fire.
Lucilius rallies with politer Eaſe
Than all the rhiming Tribe of ancient Days,
Nay more correct than him (I frankly own)
Who form'd this Kind of Verſe to Greece unknown;
Yet, were he fated to the preſent Age,
He ſure had blotted the redundant Page;
Prun'd all luxuriant Excellence away,
And while he labour'd o'er th' inſtructive Lay
Would often ſcratch his Head in dull Deſpair
And to the Quick his Nails bemuſing tear.
Would you a Reader's juſt Eſteem engage?
Frequent correct with Care the blotted Page;
Nor ſtrive the Wonder of the Croud to raiſe,
But the few better Judges learn to pleaſe.

Be

no longer write in the Bacchanalian Spirit, as Longinus expreſſes it, but really ſink into Puerility. DAC.

71. *Sæpe caput ſcaberet.*] Writers frequently rub their Heads, while they are meditating, as if they intended to be brought to bed like Jupiter. Certainly Varro alluded to the Fable, when he ſaid, *Scabens caput novo partu poetico.* DAC.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?
Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere: ut audax,
Contemtis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut cruciet, quòd
Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quòd ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigellî?
Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius, optimus atque
Fuscus: & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque:
Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum,
Pollio; te, Messala, tuo cum fratre: simulque
Vos, Bibule & Servi; simul his te, candide Furni;
Complures alios, doctos ego quos & amicos
Prudens prætereo: quibus hæc, sunt qualiacunque
Arridere velim; doliturus, si placeant spe
Deteriùs nostrâ. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipu-

75. *Vilibus in ludis.*] Schools of little Reputation, where Masters, without Taste, made their Scholars read indifferently whatever new Books were published. Surely a very wrong Method of Education. We ought to give our Children the best Masters, nor should they read any thing but what is perfect in its Kind. SAN.

77. *Arbuscula.*] Was a comic Actress of great Reputation in her Characters.

78. *Cruciet.*] *An hoc me moveat, an hoc me cruciet, quòd cimex Pantilius*, &c. By Mistake or Ignorance our modern Impressions read *crucier*. *Omnes codices cum vetustis editionibus* cruciet *clarè exhibent*. BENT.

84. *Ambitione*

Be thine, fond Madman, ſome vile School to chuſe,
Where to repeat the Labours of your Muſe,
While I, like hiſs'd Arbuſcula unaw'd,
Deſpiſe the Vulgar, ſince the Knights applaud.
Say, ſhall that Bug Pantilius move my Spleen?
Shall I be tortur'd when a Wretch obſcene,
Or fooliſh Fannius, for a ſordid Treat
With ſweet Tigellius, ſhall my Verſes rate?
Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign
With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my Strain;
Let good Octavius even endure my Lays;
Let Fuſcus read, and either Viſcus praiſe;
Let me, with no mean Arts to purchaſe Fame,
Pollio, Meſſala, and his Brother name:
Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
And Furnius for a Critic's Candour known;
Among my learned Friends are many more,
Whoſe Names I paſs in modeſt Silence o'er;
Theſe I can wiſh to ſmile; enjoy their praiſe;
Hope to delight, and grieve if I diſpleaſe.
Be gone, Demetrius, to thy loveſome Train
Of minſtrel Scholars, and in ſighing Strain,
With

84. *Ambitione relegatâ.*] *Ambitio* has been here generally underſtood to mean, Flattery, Oſtentation, Ambition, or Vanity. But, as Mr. Sanadon obſerves, it rather ſignifies, *caballing, urging our Intereſt by low, diſhoneſt Methods*; as in another Place, *pravâ ambitione procul.* Cicero uſes the Word in the ſame Senſe in his Epiſtles, although Mr Dacier tranſlates it differently, *I ſhall do what they ought to do, who recommend religiouſly and without the uſual Arts of ſupporting a Party, religioſe & ſine ambitione.*

Diſcipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
I, puer, atque meo citus hæc ſubſcribe libello.

91. *Diſcipularum inter*, &c.] Theſe two wretched Rhimers, who could only warm a ſecond Time the tender Sentiments they had ſtolen from Calvus and Catullus, are here pleaſantly ſent to entertain their Harlots with impertinent Criticiſms, and to receive that Applauſe, which Women of their Taſte may be ſuppoſed to give to the lamentable Poetry of ſuch inſipid, languiſhing Lovers.

San.

92. *I, puer.*] This Line has a little Air of Triumph. The Poet, aſſured that his Cauſe was good, finiſhes the Satire in the ſame

With ſoft Hermogenes theſe Rhimes deplore——
Haſte, Boy, tranſcribe me this one Satire more.

ſame menacing Tone, with which he began it. He opens with a Confirmation of what he had ſaid in the fourth Satire againſt Lucilius, and he ends with a Declaration that he perſiſts in the ſame Opinion. We may look upon theſe two Pieces, as upon two Inſtruments in a Proceſs at Law. The firſt is a kind of Accuſation, *libellus*, preſented againſt this ancient Satiriſt; the ſecond is a Subſcription, *ſubſcribe*, which ratifies that Accuſation. For theſe Reaſons Mr. Sanadon thinks the Poet never intended it ſhould be placed at the End of his firſt Book of Satires, but ſhould follow that which he had written on the ſame Subject.

End of the Firſt Book of SATIRES.

THE

Q. HORATII FLACCI SATIRARUM LIBER SECUNDUS.

SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

SUNT quibus in ſatirâ videor nimis acer, & ultra
Legem tendere opus: ſine nervis altera quidquid
Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. Trebatî,
Quid faciam? præſcribe.

TREBATIUS.

Quieſcas. HORA-

In his firſt Book of Satires our Poet oppoſes the Vices of Mankind; in this he refutes the falſe Opinions of the Philoſophers. Such a Deſign requires more Force and more Erudition than the former. The Reader may therefore expect to find this Book better ſupported with Reaſoning and Learning than the firſt. In the preſent Satire there is one continued Vein of Raillery under an Appearance of much Serioufneſs and Solemnity. Horace, finding that a Number of People were provoked and alarmed by the Liberty of his Writings, even while they ſeemed to deſpiſe the low, proſaic Style, in which they were written, applies, with a State of his Caſe, to a venerable and able Lawyer for his Advice. The Lawyer aſſumes the Tone of a Legiſlator, and forbids him ever to write again. The Poet maintains his Party with the beſt Reaſons he can, and under Pretence of pleading his Cauſe indulges his natural Genius of Satire and Ridicule with his uſual Freedom. At laſt they part, as People, who aſk and who give Advice, generally do; both confirmed in their own Opinions.

Mr. Sanadon fixes the Date of this Satire in 733, ſince it mentions the Defeat of the Gauls in 727, and the Departure of Auguſtus

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE SATIRES of *HORACE*.

SAT. I.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

HORACE.

THERE are to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the Laws of Satire too ſevere.
My Lines are weak, unſinew'd, others ſay——
A Man might ſpin a thouſand ſuch a Day.
What ſhall I do, Trebatius?

TREBATIUS.

Write no more.

HORACE.

guſtus for the Eaſt in 732, with a Deſign of recovering the Roman Eagles from the Parthians.

Verſ. 1. *Ultra legem.*] Satire hath its Laws, and ought to have more than any other kind of Writing. It is the Intereſt of Mankind, that a Satiriſt ſhould not abandon himſelf to an Exceſs of Ill-humour againſt all, who have the Misfortune to diſpleaſe him. The Laws of the twelve Tables puniſhed theſe poetical Slanderers with Death; but they were grown obſolete, and had loſt great Part of their Vigour when they were renewed by Auguſtus. DAC. SAN.

4. *Deduci*] They, who were unwilling to confeſs that Horace was too ſevere in his Satires for fear of being ſuſpected of dreading them, took another Method to abuſe their Author. They ſaid his Verſes were feeble and languiſhing, and that a thouſand of the ſame Kind might be ſpun in a Day. *Deduci* is a metaphorical Expreſſion taken from ſpinning Wool, and drawing down the Thread.

7. *Quieſcas.*] When Horace makes uſe of the Word *præſcribe* to Trebatius, we might imagine he was determined to follow his Advice;

Horatius.

Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus?

Trebatius.

Aio.

Horatius.

Peream malè, ſi non
Optimum erat; verùm nequeo dormire.

Trebatius.

Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumque mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
Aut ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
Cæſaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

Horatius.

Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, neu fractâ pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribat vulnera Parthi.

Treba-

Advice; but the very next Word, when he makes him change his Language of a Lawyer for that of a Phyſician, ſhews that he was laughing at the venerable Counſellor. The good Man believes his Diſorder was a real one, and preſcribes with much Solemnity. The ſingle Words *aio*, *nego*, *quieſcas*, are pronounced with an Air of Importance, and add greatly to the pleaſant Gravity of the Scene. Torr. Dac.

8. *Tranſnanto Tiberim.*] Mr. Dacier hath happily remarked, that Trebatius, like an honeſt, good-natured Phyſician, preſcribes for Horace two Things, which he himſelf loved beſt, ſwimming and drinking. *Cicero* calls him, *ſtudioſiſſimus homo natandi*, and in another Letter to him mentions his Pleaſantry over his Wine, and talks of their having drunk a little too largely.

12. *Pater optime.*] A Term of Reſpect to a Maſter from his Scholar, who is afterwards called *puer*. Theſe Verſes are of a more elevated Style, for an Idea of Auguſtus and his military Glories hath inſpired our Poet's Imagination. Surely theſe were not of the Number of ſuch as are abuſed at the Beginning of the Satire. San.

13. *Hor-*

HORACE.

What! Give the dear Delight of Scribling o'er?

TREBATIUS.

Yes.

HORACE.

Let me die but your Advice were beſt.
But, Sir, I cannot ſleep; I cannot reſt.

TREBATIUS.

Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to ſleep,
Or the dull Senſe in t'other Bottle ſteep,
Or to immortal Cæſar tune your Lays,
Indulge your Genius, and your Fortune raiſe.

HORACE.

Oh! were I equal to the glorious Theme,
Briſtled with Spears his Iron War ſhould gleam;
A thouſand Darts ſhould pierce the hardy Gaul,
And from his Horſe the wounded Parthian fall.

TREBA-

13. *Horrentia pilis.*] The Tranſlator would not have ventured this Expreſſion, *briſtled with Spears*, although it be an exact Tranſlation of his Author, were he not ſupported by the Authority of the great *Milton*; *Briſtled with upright Beams innumerable of rigid Spears*. *Virgil* often uſes this Image, *Horreſcit ſtrictis ſeges enſibus*. *Strictiſque ſeges mucronibus horret Ferrea*.

14. *Neu fractâ cuſpide.*] The Romans made uſe of Arrows, invented by Marius, whoſe Points broke off when they entered the human Body. Thus they were rendered uſeleſs to an Enemy, and with greater Difficulty were drawn out of the Wound. DAC.

Gallos.] The Gauls of Aquitain having rebelled in 726, Octavius ſent Meſſala, with the Title of Governor of the Province, to reduce them to his Obedience. He conquered them the Year following, and had the Honour of a Triumph the twenty-fifth of September. SAN.

17. *Sci-*

Trebatius.

Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.

Horatius.

Haud mihi deero,
Quum res ipſa feret: niſi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem;
Cui malè ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

Trebatius.

Quantò rectius hoc, quàm triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem!
Quum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt intactus, & odit.

Horatius.

Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
Caſtor gaudet equis: ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia. Me pedibus delectat claudere verba
Lucilî ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.

Ille

17. *Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.*] Porphyrion tells us, Lucilius wrote the private, as Ennius the military Life of Scipio. Horace therefore commends the Diſcretion of Lucilius, who confining himſelf to the pacific Virtues of his Hero avoided the Preſumption of rivaling Ennius. Thus he would have us underſtand, that they both celebrated the ſame Perſon in different Parts of his Character. San.

19. *Per attentam Cæſaris aurem.*] Mr. Dacier explains *attenta auris* of Cæſar's Application to Affairs of State, and Torrentius thinks it means that Earneſtneſs with which he read, and which might well alarm a new Author. But the Poet ſeems with more Simplicity to ſay, that Cæſar will never hear with a favourable Ear any Verſes that are impertinently and unſeaſonably offered to him. San.

24. *Saltat Milonius.*] A Paſſage in Cicero's Oration for Murena will ſhew what Opinion the Romans had of Dancing. Cato called Murena

TREBATIUS.

Then give his peaceful Virtues forth to Fame;
His Fortitude and Juſtice be your Theme.

HORACE.

Yes. I will hold the daring Theme in view,
Perhaps hereafter your Advice purſue.
But Cæſar never will your Horace hear;
A languid Panegyric hurts his Ear.
Too ſtrongly guarded from the Poet's Lays
He ſpurns the Flatterer and his ſaucy Praiſe.

TREBATIUS.

Better even this, than cruelly defame,
And point Buffoons and Villains out by Name.
Sure to be hated even by thoſe You ſpare,
Who hate in juſt Proportion as they fear.

HORACE.

Tell me, Trebatius, are not all Mankind
To different Pleaſures, different Whims inclin'd?
Milonius dances when his Head grows light,
And the dim Lamp ſhines double to his Sight.
The Twin-born Brothers in their Sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Caſtor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my ſole Delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.

Behold

Murena *Saltatorem* a Dancer. Cicero anſwers, he ſhould conſider the Cruelty of ſuch an Injury, and the Vices, which neceſſarily attended ſuch a Character. For none but a Fool dances, when he is ſober, or alone, or at a moderate, decent Entertainment. Dancing is the laſt Exceſs of Wine, Mirth, and Company.

29. *Noſtrûm melioris utroque.*] When the Romans mentioned a Man of great Reputation, whoſe Example had a ſort of Authority, their uſual Expreſſion in Converſation was, *Who is far better, and more valuable than you or me.* RUTGERS.

30. *Ille*

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi malè ceſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens aliò, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti deſcripta tabellâ
Vita ſenis. Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta. Sed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vaginâ

30. *Ille velut fidis.*] The Satire of this Paſſage is more delicate as the Malice of it is concealed under an Ambiguity of Expreſſion, which for ſome time deceives us. Lucilius at firſt appears a Man of extraordinary Character; reſerved, induſtrious, and equal to himſelf in every Change of Fortune; but examine him a little nearer, and you find another Lucilius, who thinks, that to write a great many Verſes is ſufficient to make a great Poet; who never waits for the happy Moments of Inſpiration; who ſhews in all his Works the Inequalities and Interruptions of his poetical Vein; who loads his Verſes with a thouſand tedious and impertinent Circumſtances, and who intruſts every Thought of his poetical Imagination to his Books, as he would his moſt intimate Secrets to his Friends. Perhaps this Picture is not very faithfully drawn. Horace was determined to maintain the Sentence he had pronounced againſt Lucilius, and in this Diſpoſition of Spirit, it was not eaſy to guard againſt his own natural Talent of Ridicule He had ſome Foundation of Truth to ſupport him, which is always enough for a Poet. San.

31. *Neque ſi malè ceſſerat.*] All the Manuſcripts declare for *geſſerat*; but *gerere* is never uſed abſolutely, whereas the Uſage of *cedere* in an abſolute Senſe is frequent and undiſputed. But we are yet to enquire what Horace deſigns by *neque ſi bene, neque ſi malè ceſſerat.* The Commentators underſtand the Words to mean the good or bad Condition of his private Affairs. But there is no Kind of Appearance, that Lucilius filled his Writings with his perſonal Concernments, or the State of his domeſtic Affairs. An Affectation ſo remarkable would riſe at firſt View in the numerous Fragments, that remain of his Works We perceive nothing like it, and may therefore receive another Meaning from Dr. Bentley, *nuſquam aliò, quam ad libros decurrens, ſeu bene ei ceſſerat in ſcribendo, ſeu male. Whatever was his poetical good or ill Fortune, he ſtill indulged his Paſſion for writing.* From hence we may perceive his good

Behold him frankly to his Book impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of his Heart:
To write was all his Aim; too heedleſs Bard,
And well or ill, unworthy his Regard.
Hence the old Man ſtands open to your View,
Though with a careleſs Hand the Piece he drew.
His Steps I follow in Purſuit of Fame,
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim
The Honour of my Birth; for on the Lands,
By Samnites once poſſeſt, Venuſium ſtands,
A forward Barrier, as old Tales relate,
To ſtop the Courſe of War and guard the State.
Let this Digreſſion, as it may, ſucceed—
No honeſt Man ſhall by my Satire bleed;

It

or bad Days; his lucky or unlucky Moments, which is what Horace means when he ſays, Lucilius gave us a Picture of his Life, his poetical Life, in his Writings. *Quo ſit ut omnis votiva pateat tabula*, &c. The Romans not only conſecrated Pictures of the bad Accidents of their Lives, but of the more fortunate and happy.

34. *Vita ſenis.*] Lucilius was not leſs than ſixty Years of Age when he died; or, perhaps, our Poet calls him *ſenem* as a Term of Reſpect.

Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus.] The Raillery begins to grow more open. Lucilius amuſed himſelf with whatever came in his way; from whence his Works were loaded with many little uſeleſs Tales, which roſe one out of another, and threw him out of his Subject. To render this Fault more ſenſible, and ſet it in the ſtrongeſt Light, our Poet hath himſelf written a few Lines in the Taſte of Lucilius. This Turn is pleaſant, and makes us ſee the Spirit and Art of a Paſſage, which, without this manner of underſtanding it, would appear a moſt inſipid, lifeleſs Digreſſion. SAN.

39. *Sed hic ſtylus.*] While I follow Lucilius in the Manner of Writing, which I have imitated in theſe Lines, and which hurts no one but himſelf, I ſhall take care not to imitate him in another Fault, that of injuring the Reputation of others. If Horace never wrote a Satire but on them, who had juſtly provoked him, he may be a great Example for all future Satiriſts. But Lucilius made the ſame Proteſtation, and probably they were both equally ſincere. We may therefore look upon the poetical Oath in the next Lines as a Mixture of Pleaſantry and Decency, which could no more juſtify

the

Vaginâ tectus: quem cur deſtringere coner,
Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? O Pater & Rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum;
Nec quiſquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commorit (meliùs non tangere, clamo)
Flebit, & inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe.
Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;
Canidia Albucî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid, ſe judice, certes.
Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperitet Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem.

Trebatius.

Nîl faciet ſceleris pia dextera.

Horatius.

Mirum!
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos!
Sed malè tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Expectat; ſeu Mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu Fors ita juſſerit exul;
Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.

Treba-

the Poet with regard to the Public, than it could comfort the People whom he had treated ſo ſeverely. San.

42. *O Pater & Rex Jupiter.*] To ſhew that our Poet is not too much in earneſt, his Prayer is a Parody of a Line in Callimachus, Ζεῦ Πάτερ, ὡς Χαλύβεσσι πανὰν ἀπόλοιο γένος. Dac.

47. *Cervius leges minitatur & urnam.*] A Criminal was acquitted or condemned by the Number of Votes, which the Judges threw into a judiciary Urn. Virgil tells us this Cuſtom was obſerved amongſt the dead *Quæſitor Minos urnam movet.* Torr.

54. *Nîl faciet ſceleris pia dextera.*] Trebatius, affrighted at what Horace was going to ſay of Scæva, interrupts him with——

H

It guards me like a Sword, and ſafe it lies
Within the Sheath 'till Thieves and Villains riſe.
Dread King and Father of the mortal Race,
Behold me, harmleſs Bard, how fond of Peace!
And may all Kinds of miſchief-making Steel
In Ruſt, eternal Ruſt, thy Vengeance feel.
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a Lion by the Beard;
His Eyes ſhall weep the Folly of his Tongue,
By laughing Crouds in rueful Ballad ſung.
Th' Informer Cervius threatens with the Laws;
Turius your Judge, You ſurely loſe your Cauſe;
Are you the Object of Canidia's Hate,
Drugs, Poiſons, Incantations, are your Fate:
For powerful Nature to her Creatures ſhows
With various Arms to terrify their Foes.
The Wolf with Teeth, the Bull with Horns can fight;
Whence, but from Inſtinct and an inward Light?
His long-liv'd Mother truſts to Scæva's Care—

TREBATIUS.

No Deed of Blood his pious Hand could dare?

HORACE.

Wonderous indeed! that Bulls ne'er ſtrive to bite,
Nor Wolves, with deſperate Horns, engage in fight.
No Mother's Blood the gentle Scæva ſpills,
But with a Draught of honey'd Poiſon kills.
Then, whether Age my peaceful Hours attend,
Or Death his ſable Pinions round me bend:
Or Rich, or Poor: at Rome; to Exile driven:
Whatever Lot by powerful Fate is given,
See me reſolv'd to write. TREB.

He did not ſurely ſhed his Mother's Blood! No, ſays the Poet, *he did not ſtab his Mother, but he poiſoned her.* DAC.

57. *Seu me tranquilla ſenectus.*] Our Poet was then about four and forty Years of Age. SAN.

Trebatius.

O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

Horatius.

Quid! quum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidus quâ quiſque per ora
Cederet, introrſum turpis; num Lælius, & qui
Duxit ab oppreſsâ meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello?
Famoſiſve Lupo cooperto verſibus? Atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin, ubi ſe à vulgo & ſcenâ in ſecreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ & mitis ſapientia Lælî,
Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî cenſum ingeniumque, tamen me

60. *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*] If Horace had not been perfectly careleſs of his Numbers, this Tranſpoſition, which Mr. Sanadon thinks unpardonable, might have eaſily been altered, *ſcribam, quiſquis erit vitæ color.* Yet perhaps the Genius of the Latin Tongue may well allow theſe Tranſpoſitions, although modern Languages will very hardly bear them. There cannot be a ſtronger Inſtance than this in Virgil, *Saxa vocant Itali mediiſque in fluctibus erat.*

61. *Majorum ne quis amicus frigore te feriat.*] The Commentators are much divided about the Meaning of theſe Words. Rutgerſius, Mr. Dacier, and Sanadon underſtand *frigore ferire, to diſgrace, to put out of Favour.* Torrentius and others imagine, that *frigus* here ſignifies *Death*, as in Virgil *ſolvuntur frigore membra. Corpuſque lavant frigentis.* The Tranſlator is very little certain that he hath choſen the beſt of theſe Opinions. Perhaps *frigus* may better mean the Coldneſs of Poiſon, the Idea of which might riſe to Trebatius, either from the Horrour with which he ſtarted at the Mention of Sæva's poiſoning his Mother, or in a Return of Pleaſantry for the Poet's talking of ſuch a Deed in ſo ludicrous a Manner. *Mirum! ut neque calce lupus*, &c. If this be the Senſe of the Paſſage *frigore te feriat to ſtrike with Poiſon*, will appear a bold and beautiful Expreſſion.

64. *Detrahere pellem.*] A figurative Expreſſion taken from the Stage. The ancient Maſks were made of Skins. San.

71. Quin

TREBATIUS.

How much I dread
Thy Days are ſhort; ſome Lord ſhall ſtrike thee dead
With freezing Look—

HORACE.

What! when with honeſt Rage
Lucilius laſh'd the Vices of his Age;
From conſcious Villains tore the Maſk away,
And ſtrip'd them naked to the Glare of Day,
Were Lælius or his Friend (whoſe glorious Name
From conquer'd Carthage deathleſs roſe to Fame)
Were they diſpleas'd when Villains and their Crimes
Were cover'd o'er with Infamy and Rhimes?
The titled Knave he boldly made his Prize,
And durſt the People Tribe by Tribe chaſtiſe;
While yet to Virtue and to Virtue's Friends,
And them alone, with Reverence he bends:
But ſoon as Scipio, once in Arms approv'd,
And Lælius, for his milder Wiſdom lov'd,
Could from the noiſy World with him retreat,
They laugh'd at all the buſy Farce of State,
Enjoy'd the vacant Hour, the ſocial Jeſt,
Until their Herbs, their frugal Feaſt, were dreſt.
What though with great Lucilius I diſclaim
All ſaucy Rivalſhip of Birth or Fame. Spite

71. *Quin ubi ſe à vulgo.*] The Friendſhip of Lælius and Scipio did much Honour to Lucilius; nor is it leſs pleaſing to ſee theſe two greateſt Men of the Republic unbending from their Application to the Buſineſs of the State; laying aſide the Dignity of their Characters, and trifling amongſt their Friends even to Sports of Childiſhneſs. SAN.

72. *Virtus Scipiadæ.*] The Virtue of Scipio for the virtuous Scipio, and the mild Wiſdom of Lælius *mitis ſapientia Læli* for the wiſe Lælius. He was ſurnamed the Wiſe, Caius Lælius Sapiens. Such Expreſſions, however beautiful in the Original, might appear too bold in a Tranſlation.

76. *Cum magnis vixiſſe.*] Lucilius was of a Patrician Family, and a Roman Knight, which makes our Poet allow him a Superiority

Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido: niſi quid tu, docte Trebatî,
Diſſentis.

TREBATIUS.

Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne fortè negotî
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:
Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
Judiciumque.

HORATIUS.

Eſto, ſi quis mala: ſed bona ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Cæſare? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipſe?
Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis. SAT.

of Birth and Fortune; but he might compare with him in more valuable Advantages. It appears by ſome Fragments of Letters, that Horace did not live in leſs domeſtic Familiarity with Auguſtus and Mæcenas, than Lucilius did with Scipio and Lælius. If he does not boaſt ſo much of this Honour, it is an Effect of his Diſcretion and of his Modeſty. SAN.

77. *Fragili quærens illidere dentem.*] In Alluſion to the Fable of the Serpent and the File.

79. *Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum.*] Theſe and the following Words manifeſtly ſhew, that the Anſwer of Trebatius begins at *equidem*. *Diffingere*, which ſignifies to refute, is of the greater Number of Manuſcripts, and all elder Editions, as we are aſſured by Dr Bentley, *tam editiones vetuſtæ omnes, quam codicum pars major.* The Senſe of the Paſſage may be thus explained: Indeed, ſays Trebatius, I cannot deny what you have ſaid. You may therefore proceed without any Apprehenſion of offending the Great. Lucilius is a powerful Example to encourage you. But conſider, that there are Laws againſt Satiriſts and the Licentiouſneſs of their Writings.

82. *Si mala condiderit.*] Trebatius with much Solemnity cites the Laws of the twelve Tables, as his laſt Argument. A Lawyer could produce nothing more ſtrong, and Horace, being unable to defend himſelf by a direct Anſwer, finds a Way of getting out of the Difficulty by playing on the Words *malum carmen*, and giving them a different Senſe from what they had in the Text of the Law. The Pleaſantry of this Turn depends on a Pun, which could not be preſerved in a Tranſlation. Bad Verſes would not be underſtood in

Spite of herſelf even Envy muſt confeſs,
That I the Friendſhip of the Great poſſeſs,
And, if ſhe dare attempt my honeſt Fame,
Shall break her Teeth againſt my ſolid Name.
This is my Plea: on this I reſt my Cauſe--
What ſays my Council, learned in the Laws?

TREBATIUS.

Your Caſe is clearer; yet let me adviſe;
For ſad Miſhaps from Ignorance ariſe.
Behold the Pains and Penalties decreed
To Libellers———

HORACE.

To Libellers indeed.
But, if with Truth his Characters he draws,
Even Cæſar ſhall ſupport the Poet's Cauſe;
The formal Proceſs ſhall be turn'd to Sport,
And you diſmiſt with Honour by the Court.

in Engliſh to mean, as they do in the Original, Verſes written with a ſatirical Deſign of injuring the Reputation of others.

84. *Laudatus.*] Such is the Reading of ſeven or eight Manuſcripts. *Laudatur* makes a Tranſpoſition, as diſagreeable as unneceſſary. What the Poet here ſeems to ſay by Chance, was probably deſigned, to inſinuate to the People, who cenſured him, that he was well aſſured of the Protection and Approbation of Auguſtus. The Turn is modeſt and artful. SAN.

85. *Integer ipſe.*] A Poet, whoſe Conduct is regular and unblameable, hath a Kind of Right to cenſure the Faults of others; at leaſt, this is the beſt Method of engaging all honeſt Men on his Side. On the contrary, a Satiriſt, who is not more virtuous than thoſe whom he chaſtiſes, is an impudent Hypocrite. SAN.

86. *Solventur riſu tabulæ.*] *Tabulæ* are the Proceſs and Information laid before the Judge, which, ſays the Poet, ſhall be torn into Pieces. Mr. Dacier obſerves, that this Line is an Imitation of Ariſtophanes, where a Father diſſuades his Son from an Exceſs of Wine by repreſenting to him a thouſand Diſorders, which it occaſions; ſuch as quarrelling, breaking Houſes open. No, ſays the Son, this never happens when we converſe with Men of Honour; for either they will ſatisfy the People, whom they have offended, or turn the Affair into Ridicule, and by ſome happy Jeſt make the Judges, and even the Proſecutors, laugh. The Proceſs is diſmiſſed, and you eſcape without being puniſhed.

Sat. II.

QUÆ virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo eſt, ſed quæ præcepit Ofellus
Ruſticus, abnormis ſapiens, craſſâque Minervâ)
Diſcite, non inter lances menſaſque nitentes;
Quum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, & quum
Acclinus falſis animus meliora recuſat:
Verùm hìc impranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam ſi potero. Malè verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus

The Praiſe of Temperance is a common Topic of Morality. Epictetus and Seneca, and others, educated in the School of Zeno, have given us a Number of Precepts on the Subject more ingenious than ſolid. Our Poet hath taken a Road, which leads more directly to Perſuaſion. He ſays, that a frugal Entertainment may ſatisfy the Appetite, and that it yields beſides the greateſt Advantages both to Mind and Body. Theſe two Maxims, natural and ſimple as they are, lay the Foundation of the following Piece, in which a meer Country Peaſant, without any Tincture of Philoſophy, but full of good Senſe; without going out of his Character, and without dogmatiſing, gives us Reflexions worthy of the beſt Underſtanding, but with an Eaſineſs of Manner, which makes them perfectly amiable.

Verſ. 2. *Nec meus hic ſermo.*] Horace, with much good Reaſon, avoids making himſelf an Orator for Temperance. He was a ſpeculative Epicurean, but a practical Diſciple of Ariſtippus, and after giving us moſt excellent Precepts of Frugality, would not unwillingly have left his Plate of Herbs for a more luxurious Entertainment. Beſides, he would give Weight to his Maxims by the ſober Example of the Speaker. Dac.

Quæ præcepit Ofellus.] This Reading has an Authority of Manuſcripts and Editions. *Sermonem præcipere* is a Manner of Expreſſion unknown to the Genius and Uſage of the Latin Tongue. *Quæ præcepit*, as Torrentius obſerves, gives Variety to the Sentence, and awakes an Attention in the Reader.

3. *Abnormis*

SAT. II.

WHAT, and how great the Virtue, Friends, to live
On what the Gods with frugal Bounty give
(Nor are they mine, but ſage Ofellus' Rules,
Of Mother-Wit, and wiſe without the Schools)
Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious Pomp the Table ſhine;
Ere yet its madding Splendours are diſplay'd,
That dull the Senſe and the weak Mind miſlead.
Yet why before we dine? I'll tell ye, Friends,
A Judge, when brib'd, but ill to Truth attends.
Purſue

3. *Abnormis.*] *A Philoſopher without Rules.* Ofellus was an Epicurean without knowing it, but his Morality was in a Medium between the very rigid and very diſſolute Followers of that Sect. DAC.

Craſſâque Minervâ.] Rude but natural; without Art or Diſguiſe. A Kind of Mother-Wit, unimproved by Education and Study. Or as Minerva was the Goddeſs of Spinning, this may, perhaps, have been a proverbial Expreſſion, to ſignify a coarſe, rude Underſtanding, of a thick, clumſy Thread.

6. *Acclinus falſis animus.*] When the Mind is contented to yield to Things, which deceive and ſeduce it. *Acclinus* being ſomewhat leſs known than *acclinis*, the Copyiſts changed it in all but one Manuſcript, although it makes a diſagreeable Conſonance with the next Word *acclinis falſis.* CUN. SAN.

9. *Leporem ſectatus.*] The Poet propoſes to People of good Cheer three Methods of recovering an Appetite, grown weak and languid by Repletion; hunting, riding, and military Exerciſes. The laſt of theſe is not directly mentioned, but being in the Poet's Intention ſhould be underſtood in his Expreſſion. *Feras venare, equos agita, exerce te ad belli munia, ſi vero tibi nec venatio arridet, nec equitatio, nec militaris diſciplina, adſueto ſcilicet belluari ac perpotari Græcorum more: pila vel diſco lude.* Such Remarks as theſe are neceſſary, that we may ſee the Juſtneſs of the Poet's reaſoning, although it were to be wiſhed he had ſpared us the Trouble of making them. SAN.

Laſſus ab indomito; vel ſi Romana fatigat
Militia adſuetum græcari: ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Quum labor extuderit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis
Sperne cibum vilem: niſi Hymettia mella Falerno
Ne biberis diluta. Foris eſt promus, & atrum
Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. Unde putas, aut
Quî partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in te ipſo eſt. Tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. Pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois:
Vix tamen eripiam, poſito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potiùs, quam gallinâ tergere palatum,
Corruptus vanis rerum; quia veneat auro
Rara avis, & pictâ pandat ſpectacula caudâ:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſtâ,
Quam laudas, plumâ? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac magis illa;

11. *Græcari.*] *To drink like a Greek*, a frequent Expreſſion among the Romans for drinking largely. Torr.

13. *Agit.*] For *trahit, delectat, allicit.* San.

17. *Hyemat Mare.*] *Winters the Sea.* The Tranſlator would not be thought fond of hazarding new Words. He was tempted here to follow his Author in an Expreſſion of exceeding Boldneſs, though not yet uſed in Engliſh. Salluſt has *hyemantibus aquis.*

10. *Caro nidore.*] This Epithet is extremely happy. The Flavour of the Meat raiſes the Price of it, although it neither makes it more nouriſhing, nor more wholeſome. San.

22. *Lagois.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author. It was probably a foreign Bird, whoſe Fleſh taſted and looked like that of an Hare; a favourite Diſh amongſt the Romans. *Oſtrea* is of two Syllables, as in Virgil, *Bis patriæ cecidere manus: quin protenus omnia.*

23. *Poſito pavone.*] Quintus Hortenſius was the firſt who gave the Romans a Taſte for Peacocks, and it ſoon became ſo faſhionable a Diſh, as that all People of Fortune had it at their Tables. Cicero

Purſue the Chace: th' unmanag'd Courſer rein;
Or, if the Roman War ill-ſuit thy Vein
To Grecian Revels form'd, at Tennis play,
Or at the manly Diſcus waſte the Day;
With Vigour hurl it through the yielding Air
(The Sport ſhall make the Labour leſs ſevere)
Then, when the Loathings, that from Surfeits riſe,
Are quell'd by Toil, a frugal Meal deſpiſe;
Then the Falernian Grape with Pride diſclaim,
Unleſs with Honey we correct its Flame.
Your Butler ſtrolls abroad; the winter'd Sea
Defends its Fiſh; but you can well allay
The Stomach's angry Roar with Bread and Salt—
Whence can this riſe, you aſk; from whence the Fault?
In you conſiſts the Pleaſure of the Treat,
Not in the Price, or Flavour of the Meat.
Let the ſtrong Toil give Reliſh to the Diſh,
Since nor the various Luxuries of Fiſh,
Nor foreign Wild-fowl can delight the pale
Surfeit-ſwoln Gueſt: yet I ſhall ne'er prevail
To bid our Men of Taſte a Pullet chuſe,
And the gay Peacock with its Train refuſe;
For the rare Bird at mighty Price is ſold,
And lo! what Wonders from its Tail unfold!
But can theſe Whims a higher Guſto raiſe,
Unleſs you eat the Plumage that you praiſe?
Or do its Glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain?
No; 'tis th' unequal'd Beauty of his Train

Cicero pleaſantly ſays, he had the Boldneſs to invite Hirtius to ſup with him, even without a Peacock. *Sed vide audaciam, etiam Hirtio cœnam dedi ſine pavone.* M. Aufidius Latro made a prodigious Fortune by fattening them for Sale.

29. *Carne tamen quamvis.* | Nothing can be clearer than this Paſſage, which hath been perplexed only by the too much Learning of Commentators. *Quamvis* ſhould be conſtrued in its uſual Senſe both with *diſtat* and *patet*. *Eſto* does not ſignify a Point decided,

Imparibus formis deceptum te patet: esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? Laudas, insane, trilibrem
Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species, video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem Natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos
Præsentes Austri, coquite horum obsonia: quamquam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum solicitat stomachum; quum rapula plenus

Atque

but is rather a Term of Conceſſion. *Although there be no Difference of Taſte between a Pullet and a Peacock; although it is plain you are deceived by outward Beauties only, yet I am willing to allow the Preference which you give to the Peacock. Concedo, permitto tibi, ut formâ hìc decipiaris.* Bent. San.

31. *Unde datum ſentis.*] *Unde tibi conceſſum, ut ſentias.* Whether it were Fancy, or a real Delicacy of Taſte, a Pike, taken between the Bridges of the Tiber, was more eſteemed, than thoſe caught at the Opening of the River or in the Sea. Horace tells theſe People of Luxury: When I allow the Preference you give to the Peacock for the Beauty of his Feathers, yet certainly you will not aſſert, that you have equal Right to prefer a Pike, which was caught in ſome particular Part of the River, to any other, ſince the Fiſh and the Form of it is always the ſame. It is true, that this Fiſh, as well as all other Animals, although of the ſame Shape and Species, may have many different Qualities according to the different Places where it has been fed. But Horace is talking to People who judge of Meat by their Eye, *imparibus formis deceptum, ducit te ſpecies*, and would convince them, that Taſte alone can decide between Pikes of Rivers or the Sea. Thus the Poet recovers the Conceſſion he had made, and artfully refutes what he ſeemed to allow. San.

Lupus.] The Tranſlator, after his beſt Inquiries to find a Name in Engliſh for this Fiſh, is yet moſt unſatisfied. He has choſen the Pike, although a freſh Water Fiſh, as moſt like the Size and Voraciouſneſs of the *Lupus*.

32. *Captus hiet.*] Mr. Sanadon imagines, that Horace would ſhew the Voraciouſneſs of this Fiſh by the Word *hiare*; or intended, with a Playfulneſs of Words not unuſual to him, to deſcribe it,

as

Deludes your Eye and charms you to the Feaſt,
For Hens and Peacocks are of equal Taſte.
But ſay, by what Diſcernment are you taught
To know, that this voracious Pike was caught
Where the full River's lenient Waters glide,
Or where the Bridges break the rapid Tide:
In the mid Ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader Courſe his Tribute to the Seas?
Madly you praiſe the Mullet's three Pound Weight,
And yet you ſtew it piece-meal ere you eat;
Your Eye deceives You; wherefore elſe diſlike
The natural Greatneſs of a full-grown Pike,
Yet in a Mullet ſo much Joy expreſs?
"Pikes are by Nature large, and Mullets leſs."
Give me, the Harpy-throated Glutton cries,
In a large Diſh a Mullet's mighty Size:
Deſcend, ye ſouthern Winds, propitious haſte,
And with unwholeſome Rankneſs taint the Feaſt.
And yet it needs not; for when ſuch Exceſs
Shall his o'er-jaded Appetite oppreſs, The

as if it were caught in the very Moment when it was catching its Prey, *quaſi captus eſſet dum inhiaret prædæ.*

33. *Porrectum magno.*] Theſe four Lines are extremely beautiful. The firſt by the ſpondaic Slowneſs of its Cadence carries along with it an Image of what it would deſcribe. The ſecond ſtrongly compares a Glutton to the Harpies, thoſe Monſters of the Fable, known by their Voraciouſneſs. The third is a lively Start of Indignation; and the fourth, by an unexpected Contradiction, gives Force both to the Compariſon and Imprecation.

Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon leave out the next Line of the common Editions *Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit*, which interrupts the Regularity of the Thoughts, and has a vicious Ambiguity of Expreſſion. The Scholiaſts themſelves know not whether *raro* ſhould be conſtrued with *temnit* or *jejunus*. When Children were taught to read the Manuſcript Copies of Authors, their Maſters often wrote on the Margin ſome proverbial or ſententious Verſe, which ſeemed to have a Reference to the Poet's Thought, and was contained in few Words. From thence they were afterwards taken into the Text by the Miſtake or Ignorance of Copyiſts.

Atque acidas mavult inulas. Nec dum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum; nam vilibus ovis,
Nigriſque eſt oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. Quid? tum rhombos minùs æquora alebant?
Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido:
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. Ergo
Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves edixerit aſſos;
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.
Sordidus à tenui victu diſtabit, Oſello
Judice. Nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris illud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. Avidienus,
Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, & ſylveſtria corna:
Ac, niſi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; &
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, alioſve dierum
Feſtos albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus

43. *Nec dum omnis abacta pauperies.*] This luxurious Contempt of cheap, ſimple Food was introduced but lately amongſt the Romans, and conſequently roſe more from a capricious Love of Novelty, than from Nature. The Poet by the Word *Pauperies* tacitly ſets the preſent expenſive Luxury in oppoſition to ancient Frugality, as if a modern ſingle Diſh would have purchaſed an Entertainment for a Family of ancient Times. Dac.

45. *Nigris oleis.*] Olives, intended for the Table, were gathered when they began to ripen and turn black. Cruq.

47. *Quid? tum rhombos.*] The fanciful, faſhionable Taſte, is but of ſhort Continuance; that of Nature is unalterable. You are now as fond of Turbot, as Gallonius was of Sturgeon. But were there no Turbots in his Time? Certainly there were, but no Coxcomb had made them faſhionable, and the Prætor decided in favour of Sturgeon. Another Glutton brought Turbots and Storks into Vogue, and perhaps we only wait for a third Man of Taſte to aſſure us, that a roaſted Cormorant is infinitely more delicious, than Sturgeons, Turbots and Storks. Dac. San.

49. *Auctor prætorius.*] The Storks built their Neſt in Safety until the Time of Auguſtus, when your Prætor taught you to eat them.

The new-caught Turbot's tainted ere he eat,
And bitter Herbs are a delicious Treat.
But ſtill ſome ancient Poverty remains;
An Egg and Olive yet a Place maintains
At wealthy Tables; nor, till late, the Fame
Of a whole Sturgeon damn'd a Prætor's Name.
Did Ocean then a ſmaller Turbot yield?
The towering Stork did once in Safety build
Her airy Neſt, nor was the Turbot caught,
Till your great Prætor better Precepts taught.
Proclaim, that roaſted Cormorants are a Feaſt,
Our docile Youth obey the Man of Taſte;
But ſage Oſellus marks a decent Mean
A ſordid and a frugal Meal between;
For a profuſe Expence in vain You ſhun,
If into ſordid Avarice you run.
Avidienus, who with Surname juſt
Was call'd THE DOG, in Filthineſs of Guſt
Wild Cornels, Olives five Years old, devour'd,
And with ſour Wine his vile Libations pour'd.
When robe'd in white he mark'd with feſtal Mirth
His Day of Marriage, or his Hour of Birth,
From his one Bottle, of ſome two-pound Weight,
With Oil, of execrable Stench replete,

With

them. Aſinius Sempronius, or, according to others, Rutilius Rufus, when Candidate for the Prætorſhip, entertained the People with a Diſh of Storks. But the People, according to an ancient Epigram, revenged the Death of the poor Birds, by refuſing the Prætorſhip to their Murderer. From this Refuſal the Poet pleaſantly calls him Prætor. TORR.

54. *Si te alio pravus detorſeris.*] This Reading is of Manuſcript Authority. It has greater Elegance, more of our Author's Manner of Writing than *pravum*, and more juſtly expreſſes his Thought. *Ductum* in the next Line is likewiſe a Manuſcript Reading. BENT.

59. *Ille repotia.*] *Repotia* was a Feſtival the Day after the Nuptials, when they drank whatever remained of Yeſterday's Entertainment,

Caulibus inſtillat, veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? Hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
Mundus erit, quâ non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultûs miſer. Hic neque ſervis,
Albucî ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec ſic ut ſimplex Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quantaque ſecum
Adferat. In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcæ
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit. At ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis:
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. Vides ut pallidus omnis
Cœnâ deſurgat dubiâ? Quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unâ,
Atque

tainment, *quia iterum potaretur.* The Conſtruction is remarkable, *alios dierum feſtos* for *alios qui ex diebus feſti ſunt.* *Albatus,* White was uſually the Colour of the Roman Robe even at a Funeral Feaſt. *Ipſe* is a Circumſtance that ſtrongly marks the Avarice of Avidienus. Afraid that his Gueſts or his Servants ſhould be too profuſe of his Oil, he pours it himſelf. The Poet tells us, his Bottle was of two Pound Weight, as if it were his whole Store, although he was extremely rich; and the Veſſel was of Horn, that it might laſt a long Time. All theſe Particulars are in Character. Torr. San.

61. *Veteris non parcus aceti.*] Oldeſt Vinegar is ſharpeſt and beſt; but Vinegar was cheaper than Oil, and the Strength of one corrected the bad Qualities of the other. Dac. San.

64. *Mundus erit, quâ non offendat ſordibus.*] This Reading is well ſupported by Manuſcripts. The Poet means, *ſapiens eatenus mundus erit, quâ non offendat ſordibus.* The Rule, that he propoſes for a wiſe Man, is a decent Cleanlineſs, *mundities non ſordida,* which explains the Line before, *ſordidus a tenui victu diſtabit.* *Cultûs* is a Noun Subſtantive, either of good or bad Senſe, and is here undetermined. *Sapiens in neutram partem cultûs miſer erit; non erit miſere aut avarus aut profuſus.* Torr.

67. *Simplex*

With cautious Hand he drop'd his Cabbage o'er,
But ſpar'd his ancient Vinegar no more.
How ſhall the Wiſe decide, thus urg'd between
The Proverb's ravening Wolf and Dog obſcene?
Let him avoid an equal Wretchedneſs
Of ſordid Filth, or prodigal Exceſs;
Nor his poor Slaves like old Albucius rate,
When he gives Orders for ſome curious Treat;
Nor yet like Nævius, careleſsly unclean,
His Gueſts with greaſy Water entertain.
This too is vile. Now mark, what Bleſſings flow
From frugal Meals; and firſt they can beſtow
That Prime of Bleſſings, Health: for you'll confeſs
That various Meats the Stomach muſt oppreſs,
If you reflect how light, how well you were,
When plain and ſimple was the chearful Fare;
But roaſt, and boil'd, when you promiſcuous eat,
When Fowl and Shell-Fiſh in Confuſion meet,
Sweets, turn'd to Choler, with cold Phlegm engage,
And in the Stomach civil Warfare wage,
Behold how pale the fated Gueſts ariſe
From Suppers puzzled with Varieties!
The Body too, with Yeſterday's Exceſs
Burthen'd and tir'd, ſhall the pure Soul depreſs;

Weigh

67. *Simplex Nævius.*] We know not either Albucius or Nævius, but one was polite to Affectation, the other careleſs to Filthineſs. Such are the Extremes of Avarice and Prodigality.

74. *Stomachoque tumultum.*] Horace hath taken this Idea from a Paſſage in Hippocrates, *Different Meats breed a Sedition in the Stomach; ſome digeſt ſooner and others later.* TORR.

76. *Cœnâ deſurgat dubiâ.*] *Surgat de cœnâ dubiâ*, as *emetiri acervo* for *metiri ex acervo*, and *deproperare apio coronas*, in the Odes. *Cœna dubia* ſeems to have been firſt uſed by Terence, *Ubi tu dubitas quid ſumas potiſſimum.*

78. *Divina*

Atque affigit humò divinæ particulam auræ.
Alter, ubi dicto citiùs curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam:
Sive diem feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus, ubive
Accedent anni, & tractari molliùs ætas
Imbecilla volet: tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam
Quam puer & validus præſumis, mollitiem? ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus.
Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant; non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, credo, hac mente, quòd hoſpes
Tardiùs adveniens vitiatum commodiùs, quàm
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. Hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet!
Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi patinæque
Grande ferunt unà cum damno dedecus. Adde
Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, quum deerit egenti
As, laquei pretium. Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo
Quod

78. *Divinæ particulum auræ.*] To raiſe the Nobleneſs of the Mind, Horace hath borrowed the Language of Plato, who ſays, that it is a Portion of the univerſal Soul of the World, that is, of the Divinity himſelf. SAN.

83. *Ubive.*] Dr. Bentley propoſed this Reading upon Authority of the Scholiaſt, who ſeems to have had it in his Copies by his Explanation of it, *Quum langueſcere cœperis aut ſeneſcere. Ubique* makes a diſagreeable Ambiguity. CUN. SAN.

91. *Integrum edax dominus.*] *Integer* hath two Significations here, *entire* and *ſweet*, which are both preſerved in the Tranſlation.

92. *Prima tellus.*] In the firſt Ages of Rome, as if the Earth were younger and more vigorous.

Weigh down this Portion of celeſtial Birth,
This Breath of God, and fix it to the Earth.
Who down to ſleep from a ſhort Supper lies,
Can to the next Day's Buſineſs vigorous riſe,
Or jovial wander, when the rolling Year
Brings back the feſtal Day, to better Cheer,
Or when his waſted Strength he would reſtore,
When Years approach, and Age's feeble Hour
A ſofter Treatment claim. But if in Prime
Of Youth and Health you take before your Time
The Luxuries of Life, where is their Aid
When Age or Sickneſs ſhall your Strength invade?
Our Fathers lov'd (and yet they had a Noſe)
A tainted Boar: but I believe they choſe
The mouldy Fragments with a Friend to eat,
Nor by themſelves devour it whole, and ſweet.
Oh! that the Earth, when vigorous and young,
Had borne me this heroic Race among!
Do You the Voice of Fame with Pleaſure hear?
(Sweeter than Verſe it charms the human Ear)
Behold, what Infamy and Ruin riſe
From a large Diſh, where the large Turbot lies;
Your Friends, your Neighbours all your Folly hate,
And you yourſelf, in vain, ſhall curſe your Fate,
When, though You wiſh for Death, You want the Pelf
To purchaſe even a Rope to hang yourſelf.
"Theſe Precepts well may wretched Trauſius rate;
"But why to me? So large is my Eſtate,
"And ſuch an ample Revenue it brings
"To ſatiate even the Avarice of Kings."

Then

98. *Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis.*] The Senſe requires *inquis*, but the Uſage of the Latin Tongue gives the ſame Force to the third Perſon, *inquit*, as in the ninety-ninth Line of the fourth Satire, firſt Book.

103. *Templa*

Quod ſuperat non eſt meliùs quo inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite? quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm? cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi rectè ſemper erunt res?
O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! Uterne
Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certiùs? hic, qui
Pluribus adſuerit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo, metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
Quò magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Oſellum
Integris opibus novi non latiùs uſum,
Quàm nunc acciſis. Videas metato in agello
Cum pecore & natis fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temerè edi luce profeſtâ
Quidquam, præter olus, fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.
At mihi ſeu longum poſt tempus venerat hoſpes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non piſcibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque hœdo: tum penſilis uva ſecundas
Et nux ornabat menſas, cum duplice ficu.

Poſt

103. *Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm.*] Mr. Dacier well obſerves, that Horace here makes his Court to Auguſtus, who had reſtored many Temples and ancient Monuments.

113. *Metato in agello.*] Oſellus was involved in the ſame Diſgrace and Ruin as Virgil, Tibullus, and Propertius. Their Eſtates were given by Octavius to the Veterans, who had ſerved againſt Brutus and Caſſius in the Battle of Philippi. That of Oſellus was given to Umbrenus, who hired its former Maſter to till the Ground for him, *mercede colonum.* As each Soldier had a certain Number of Acres, the Land was meaſured *metato agello* before it was divided.

117. *At mihi ſeu longum.*] *Seu* is of all the Manuſcripts and all ancient Editions. It is hard to ſay whence *cum* was introduced. Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon read *longo poſt tempore* for *longum poſt tempus*, a conjectural Reading propoſed by a Friend of Lambinus.

121. *Cum duplice ficu.*] *Very large*, for ſo the Latins uſed the Word *duplex. Figat clavis duplicibus, ne cadant.* Cato. And in Virgil

Then why not better uſe this proud Exceſs
Of worthleſs Wealth? Why lives in deep Diſtreſs
A Man unworthy to be poor, or why
Our ſacred Shrines in aged Ruins lie?
Why not of ſuch a maſſy Treaſure ſpare
To thy dear Country, Wretch, a moderate Share?
Shalt thou alone no Change of Fortune know?
Thou future Laughter to thy deadlieſt Foe!
But who, with conſcious Spirit ſelf-ſecure,
A Change of Fortune better ſhall endure?
He, who with ſuch Variety of Food
Pampers his Follies and enflames his Blood,
Or he, contented with his frugal Store,
And wiſely cautious of the future Hour,
Who in the Time of Peace with prudent Care
Shall for th' Extremities of War prepare?
But, deeper to impreſs this uſeful Truth,
I knew the ſage Ofellus in my Youth,
Living, when wealthy, at no larger Rate,
Than in his preſent more contracted State.
I ſaw the hardy Hireling till the Ground
('Twas once his own Eſtate) and while around
His Cattle graz'd, and Children liſtening ſtood,
The chearful Swain his pleaſing Tale purſued.
On Working-days I had no idle Treat,
But a ſmoak'd Leg of Pork and Greens I eat;
Yet when arriv'd ſome long-expected Gueſt,
Or rainy Weather gave an Hour of Reſt,
If a kind Neighbour then a Viſit paid,
An Entertainment more profuſe I made;
Though with a Kid, or Pullet well content,
Ne'er for luxurious Fiſh to Rome I ſent;
With Nuts and Figs I crown'd the chearful Board,
The largeſt that the Seaſon could afford.

The

Poſt hoc ludus erat culpâ potare magiſtrâ :
Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.
Sæviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parciùs, aut vos,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc novus incola venit?
Nam propriæ telluris herum Natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. Nos expulit ille;
Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremum expellet certè vivacior heres.
Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Oſelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius; ſed cedet in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

Sat.

Virgil we find *duplex dorſum, duplex ſpina, duplex corona* in the ſame Senſe. This large Fig was little eſteemed, conſequently cheap, and therefore fit for the Table of a poor, frugal Farmer.

122. *Culpa potare magiſtra*] *Potare citra culpam, culpa tenus, ita ut ſola culpa potationem moderetur & coerceat.* The preſent Reading is of all the Manuſcripts, but hath been very differently explained. Turnebus imagines *culpa* is made the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, *magiſtra bibendi*, to puniſh any Faults the Gueſts committed by making them drink a Glaſs extraordinary. But he ſhamefully miſtakes the Meaning of a Paſſage in Plautus, which he quotes in Proof of this good Cuſtom. *Si peccaſſis, multam hic retinebo illico*; if you commit a Fault, I ſhall puniſh you by refuſing you the Glaſs in your Turn. Beſides, either of theſe Cuſtoms might rather breed Diſputes and Quarrels than Mirth and good Humour *ludus*. Lambinus propoſes a conjectural Reading, *cuppa*, which is received by Mr. Dacier and others. But *cuppa* ſignifies a Caſk, which a ſober, frugal Farmer would hardly drink out in one Day. Dr. Bentley with much Caution recommends *Cupa*, as if it ſignified, *Copa*, *caupona*, a Woman who kept a Tavern, and to whom Oſellus ſent for Wine. The preſent Edition takes the Manuſcript-Reading, with the Senſe of Mr. Sanadon, which well agrees with the Frugality of our Hoſt. However the Palm is yet undecided, and, in the Language of Dr. Bentley, may be given to the beſt Gueſſer.

123. *Ita*

The ſocial Glaſs went round with Chearfulneſs,
And our ſole Rule was to avoid Exceſs.
Our due Libations were to Ceres paid,
To bleſs our Corn, and fill the riſing Blade,
While the gay Wine diſpel'd each anxious Care,
And ſmooth'd the wrinkled Forehead too ſevere.
Let Fortune rage, and new Diſorders make,
From ſuch a Life how little can ſhe take?
Or have we liv'd at a more frugal Rate
Since this new Stranger ſeiz'd on our Eſtate?
Nature will no perpetual Heir aſſign,
Or make the Farm his Property or mine.
He turn'd us out; but Follies all his own,
Or Law-ſuits and their Knaveries yet unknown,
Or, all his Follies and his Law-ſuits paſt,
Some long-liv'd Heir ſhall turn him out at laſt.
The Farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' Name;
The Uſe alone, not Property we claim;
Then be not with your preſent Lot depreſt,
And meet the future with undaunted Breaſt.

SAT.

123. *Ita culmo ſurgeret alto.*] Is of all the Manuſcripts, and the Poet means *Ita ſurgeret, ut pura mente Dea colebatur.* Horace uſes *explicuit* for *explicabat*, and attributes to Ceres the Effects of that Wine, which was drunk in Honour of her. Thoſe Hopes of a plentiful Harveſt, with which they were inſpired, diſpelled their Cares. SAN.

134. *Quocirca vivite fortes.*] The Concluſion naturally follows from the Principles, which he laid down. Since it is certain, that all Things are perpetually changing, he is a Fool, who imagines or expects, that they ſhall be fixed for his particular Happineſs.

That amiable Character, which Horace hath given Oſellus, and the pleaſing Picture he hath drawn of him, would engage us to believe, he deſigned to do him ſome good Office with Auguſtus, and to perſuade that Prince to ſoften the Misfortunes of a Man, ſo worthy of his Favour and Protection. I would give ſomething valuable, ſays Mr. Dacier, that Auguſtus had eſtabliſhed him in his little Farm.

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125. *Ita culmo ſurgeret alto.*] Is of all the Manuſcripts, and the Poet means *Ita ſurgeret, ut pura mente Dea colebatur.* Horace uſes *explicuit* for *explicabat*, and attributes to Ceres the Effects of that Wine, which was drunk in Honour of her. Thoſe Hopes of a plentiful Harveſt, with which they were inſpired, diſpelled their Cares. SAN.

134. *Quocirca vivite fortes.*] The Concluſion naturally follows from the Principles, which he laid down. Since it is certain, that all Things are perpetually changing, he is a Fool, who imagines or expects, that they ſhall be fixed for his particular Happineſs.

That amiable Character, which Horace hath given Ofellus, and the pleaſing Picture he hath drawn of him, would engage us to believe, he deſigned to do him ſome good Office with Auguſtus, and to perſuade that Prince to ſoften the Misfortunes of a Man, ſo worthy of his Favour and Protection. I would give ſomething valuable, ſays Mr. Dacier, that Auguſtus had eſtabliſhed him in his little Farm.

The

Sat. III.

Damasippus. Horatius.

Damasippus.

Si rarò ſcribes, ut toto non quater anno
Membranam poſcas, ſcriptorum quæque retexens,
Iratus tibi, quòd vini ſomnique benignus
Nîl dignum ſermone canas: quid fiet? At ipſis
Saturnalibus huc fugiſti. Sobrius ergo
Dic aliquid dignum promiſſis. Incipe.

Hora-

The whole World is intereſted in the preſent Satire. No Man will make the Application himſelf, but others take Care to render him the charitable Office, and oblige him to take his Place. The Poet intends to prove, that all Mankind are Fools. Such a Propoſition is little pleaſing in itſelf, and Horace therefore pleaſantly gives it to an Original, who would believe himſelf a great Philoſopher, becauſe he carries a great Beard, has a good Memory to retain, and a Facility of expreſſing the Maxims of the Stoic Schools. He is a Kind of Miſanthrope, who draws up a Proceſs againſt Mankind: he is a Fool, who proves very ſenſibly, that others are out of their Senſes, and who ſhews, that he himſelf is of the Number. This general Propoſition is diſtributed into many different Pictures, in which the principal Paſſions, that tyranniſe over the Heart of Man, are repreſented. Theſe Pictures are of exquiſite Taſte, and Nature appears through them all. The Poet himſelf is equally various. Jovial, ſerious, delicate, and even trifling; he amuſes, attacks, flatters, and while he trifles, has always ſome inſtructive Moral in View.

It appears by the hundred eighty-fifth Line, that Horace wrote this Satire in 720 when he was about one or two and thirty Years of Age. San.

Verſ. 1. *Si raro ſcribes.*] Seven Manuſcripts have preſerved this Reading, and it hath been received into the Text by ſome of our beſt Editors. It refers to *quid fiet*, and *ut* ſignifies *adeo ut*. This Reproach, which Damaſippus makes to Horace, however unjuſt, is very

SAT. III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

DAMASIPPUS.

IF hardly once a Quarter of a Year,
So idle grown, a ſingle Sheet appear;
If angry at yourſelf, that Sleep and Wine
Enjoy your Hours, while anxious to refine
Your Labours paſt, no more your Voice you raiſe
To aught that may deſerve the publick Praiſe,
What ſhall be done? When Saturn's jovial Feaſt,
Seem'd too luxuriant to your ſober Taſte,
Hither you fled. Then try the pleaſing Strain:
Come on: begin.

HORACE.

very common. From the Moment a Man becomes an Author, he ſeems to have given a Pledge to a Company of Idlers to find Amuſements for their Indolence. SAN.

2. *Retexens.*] Is a Term in weaving, and is here metaphorically uſed for correcting, retouching a Work. This Care coſts Authors much Trouble. Nor are they all equally capable of it, nor is it leſs dangerous to correct too much, than not to correct at all; for it often happens, that the Phlegm of Correction deadens the Fire of Compoſition. SAN.

4. *At ipſis.*] *At* is here put inſtead of *ab*, and the Stop is placed after *ſobrius*. Thus Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon have reſtored the Text upon Authority of ſome excellent Copies. The Senſe requires, that *ſobrius* ſhould be ſeparated from *fugiſti*.

5. *Saturnalibus.*] Horace did not love theſe noiſy Diverſions; a better Reaſon for his retiring into the Country, than that Sobriety, with which Damaſippus compliments him. SAN.

Horatius.

Nîl eſt.
Culpantur fruſtra calami, immerituſque laborat
Iratis natus paries Dîs atque poetis.

Damasippus.

Atqui vultus erat multa ac præclara minantis,
Si vacuum tepido cepiſſet villula tecto.
Quorſum pertinuit ſtipare Platona Menandro?
Eupolin Archilocho? comites educere tantos?
Invidiam placare paras virtute relictâ?
Contemnêre miſer. Vitanda eſt improba Siren
Deſidia; aut, quidquid vitâ meliore paraſti,
Ponendum æquo animo.

Horatius.

Dî te, Damaſippe, Deæque
Verum ob conſilium donent tonſore. Sed unde
Tam bene me noſti?

Damasippus.

Poſtquam omnis res mea Janum
Ad

8. *Iratis natus paries Dîs.*] The Walls of a Poet's Chamber ſeem built with the Curſe of the Gods upon them, ſince the Gods have ſubjected them to the capricious Paſſions of the rhiming Tribe, who curſe and ſtrike them in their poetical Fits, as if they were the Cauſe of their Sterility. Quintilian deſcribes them in their Heat of Imagination, throwing about their Arms, making a thouſand Contortions, and muttering Curſes to themſelves. All this, ſays he, is very ridiculous if they be not alone. Some of our Interpreters underſtand this Wall, as a truly poetical Wall, covered with Wax, on which the Poets wrote their Midnight Inſpirations.

13. *Virtute relictâ.*] *Virtus* for *labor*, as *vita melior* in the following Verſe for *vita laborioſa*. Buſineſs is a great Friend to Virtue, and a Life of Idleneſs can hardly be a Life of Innocence. Seneca, paſſing by the Houſe of Servilius Vacia, who had retired into the Country, ſaid not unhappily, *Vacia hic ſitus eſt, Vacia is buried here*; for indeed an Idler's Life hath more of Death than Life in it.

Dac. San.

16. *Damaſippe.*] Julius Damaſippus, a Senator, whom Cicero mentions in his Epiſtles.

HORACE.

Alas! 'tis all in vain,
While I with Impotence of Rage abuſe
My harmleſs Pens, the guiltleſs Walls accuſe;
Walls, that ſeem rais'd in angry Heaven's Deſpite,
The Curſe of peeviſh Poets, when they write.

DAMASIPPUS.

And yet you threaten'd ſomething wonderous great,
When you ſhould warm you in your Country-ſeat.
Why croud the Volumes of the Grecian Sage,
Rang'd with the Writers of the comic Stage?
Think you the Wrath of Envy to appeaſe,
Your Virtue loſt in Idleneſs and Eaſe?
Unhappy Bard, to ſure Contempt you run,
Then learn the Siren Idleneſs to ſhun,
Or poorly be content to loſe the Fame,
Which your paſt Hours of better Life might claim.

HORACE.

Sage Damaſippus, may the Powers divine,
For this ſame excellent Advice of thine,
Give thee a Barber, in their ſpecial Grace,
To nurſe your Beard, that Wiſdom of the Face.
Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm ſo well known.

DAMASIPPUS.

When I had loſt all Buſineſs of my own,

And

17. *Donent tonſore.*] Our Poet knows not better how to expreſs his Gratitude, for the ſolemn, charitable Advice, that Damaſippus had given him, than by wiſhing him a good Barber; for the Stoics valued nothing ſo much, as this wiſe and venerable Length of Hair. From hence the Proverb, *Barba tenus ſapientes*, and all the pleaſant Ridicule in Lucian upon this Mark of Wiſdom. We ſhall find the Beard itſelf called wiſe, in the the thirty-fifth Line.

18. *Janum ad medium.*] The Name of Janus was ſometimes given to thoſe great Arcades, which croſſed the Streets of Rome. Livy tells us there were three of them erected in the Forum, the

Ad medium fracta eſt, aliena negotia curo,
Excuſſus propriis. Olim nam quærere amabam,
Quo vaſer ille pedes laviſſet Siſyphus ære;
Quid ſculptum infabrè, quid fuſum duriùs eſſet:
Callidus huic ſigno ponebam millia centum:
Hortos egregiaſque domos mercarier unus
Cum lucro noram: unde frequentia Mercuriali
Impoſuere mihi cognomen compita.

HORATIUS.

Novi,
Et miror morbi purgatum te illius.

DAMASIPPUS.

Atqui
Emovit veterem mirè novus, ut ſolet, in cor
Trajecto lateris miſeri capitiſve dolore:
Ut lethargicus hic quum fit pugil, & medicum urget.

HORATIUS.

Dum ne quid ſimile huic, eſto ut libet.

DAMASIPPUS.

O bone, ne te

Fruſ-

middle of which Horace means, and which he diſtinguiſhes from the *Janus ſummus*, and *Janus imus*. The Reader may ſee the Note on the fifty-fourth Line, firſt Epiſtle, firſt Book.

19. *Aliena negotia curo.*] This is in perfect Character. When he had nothing of his own to do, he was impertinently buſy in the Affairs of others. A wiſe Occupation for a Philoſopher. DAC.

23. *Callidus.*] Damaſippus is an Original. He confeſſes he was ruined by bad Bargains, yet boaſts of his Skill and Cunning, as if he never had been deceived. *Callidus cum lucro.* DAC.

25. *Mercuriali.*] Such is the Reading of Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon, as of more Elegance than *Mercuriale*, or *Mercurialis*. Damaſippus, ever in Character, boaſts of a Surname, which was given him in Raillery. Mercury was the God of Commerce, and when a Man had an uncommon Skill in buying and ſelling, he was uſually called *Mercurialis*, or *Favourite of Mercury*. A Number of Merchants, in 259, formed themſelves into a Body with this Title,

And at th' Exchange my ſhip-wreck'd Fortunes broke,
I minded the Affairs of other Folk.
In rare Antiques full curious was my Taſte,
Here the rude Chizzel's rougher Strokes I trac'd;
In flowing Braſs a vicious Hardneſs found,
Or bought a Statue for five hundred Pound.
A perfect Connoiſſeur at gainful Rate,
I purchas'd Gardens, or a Manſion-Seat.
Thus through the City was I known to Fame,
And Mercury's Favourite my public Name.

HORACE.

I knew your Illneſs, and amaz'd beheld
Your ſudden Cure.

DAMASIPPUS.

A new Diſeaſe expell'd
My old Diſtemper: as when changing Pains
Fly to the Stomach from the Head and Reins.
Thus the Lethargic, ſtarting from his Bed
In boxing Frenzy, broke his Doctor's Head.

HORACE.

Spare but this Frenzy, uſe me as you pleaſe——

DAMASIPPUS.

Good Sir, don't triumph in your own Diſeaſe,
For

Title, and dedicated a Temple to the God. Mercury was himſelf a God of many Surnames, which are pleaſantly reckoned up in the Plutus of Ariſtophanes.

28. *Cor*] The Latins uſed the Word *Cor*, in Imitation of the Greek καρδια, to ſignify the Stomach.

30. *Ut lethargicus hic.*] It is not impoſſible, that ſuch a Fact might have happened, for there is great Danger, that the hot and violent Remedies, uſed for rouzing a Patient out of a Lethargy, may throw him into the contrary Diſorder, a Frenzy. DAC.

Fruſtrere; inſanis & tu, ſtultique prope omnes,
Si quid Stertinius veri crepat; unde ego mira
Deſcripſi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
Solatus juſſit ſapientem paſcere barbam,
Atque à Fabricio non triſtem ponte reverti.
Nam, malè re geſtâ, quum vellem mittere operto
Me capite in flumen, dexter ſtetit, &,

STERTINIUS.

Cave faxis
Te quidquam indignum; pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
Inſanos qui inter vereare inſanus haberi.
Primùm nam inquiram, quid ſit furere: hoc ſi erit in te
Solo; nîl verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.
Quem mala ſtultitia, & quæcunque inſcitia veri
Cæcum agit, inſanum Chryſippi porticus & grex

Autu-

32. *Stultique prope omnes.*] It was an abſurd and ridiculous Maxim among the Stoics, that all vicious People were equally Fools and Madmen. *Prope* does not therefore leſſen the Univerſality of the Propoſition, for the Latins frequently uſe *prope* and *fere* for *ſemper*. In the next Line *ſi* is not ſaid in any Manner of Doubt, but has the Force of an Affirmative.

36. *A Fabricio ponte.*] It is now called in Italian, *The Bridge of the four Heads*, from a four-faced Statue of Janus erected near it.

37. *Operto capite.*] They, who devoted themſelves to Death for the Good of their Country, covered their Heads with their Robe, and it is pleaſant enough to ſee Damaſippus doing that, in an Exceſs of Deſpair and Folly, which Decius did in a Tranſport of Religion and Generoſity. This Image gives Riſe to the Raillery of Stertinius, when he ſays, *nîl verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.* SAN.

38. *Dexter*] *Opportunus, propitius.* The Right was by the Ancients eſteemed the lucky Side.

Cave faxis] The Stoics deſpiſed Death, when it was honourable or neceſſary, but to drown himſelf in Deſpair was a villainous Death for a Philoſopher The Pleaſantry of the Scene is, that Stertinius is going to convince him he is a Fool, and then adviſes him not to do any thing, which may diſhonour his Character. SAN. DAC.

39. *Angit*

For all are Fools or Mad, as well as you,
At leaſt, if what Stertinius ſays, be true,
Whoſe wonderous Precepts I with Pleaſure heard,
What Time he bad me nurſe this reverend Beard,
Chearful from the Fabrician Bridge depart,
And with the Words of Comfort fill'd my Heart.
For when, my Fortunes loſt, reſolv'd I ſtood,
Covering my Head, to plunge into the Flood,
Propitious he addreſt me——

STERTINIUS.

Friend, take heed,
Nor wrong yourſelf by this unworthy Deed.
'Tis but a vicious Modeſty to fear
Among the Mad a Madman to appear.
But liſten heedful firſt, while I explain
What Madneſs is, what Errour of the Brain;
And if in you alone appear its Power,
Then bravely periſh: I ſhall ſay no more.
Whom vicious Paſſions, or whom Falſhood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of madding Kind.

All

39. *Angit.*] Is of ſeveral Manuſcripts, and received by many excellent Editions, inſtead of *urget*, which could not with Elegance be repeated here, ſince the Poet uſed it in the thirtieth Line.

41. *Hoc ſi erit in te ſolo.*] This is a Concluſion worthy of the falſe Principles he has laid down. Inſtead of curing the Follies of his Diſciple, Stertinius rather authoriſes, at leaſt excuſes them, by ſaying they are almoſt univerſal. A Phyſician, who inſtead of curing his Patient ſhould comfort him, by telling him, that all the World were ſick of the ſame Diſtemper, would appear a very bad Phyſician. But to comfort a Man in his Vices by ſaying, there are numberleſs Examples of them, might indeed cure his Senſe of Shame, his *pudor malus*, but would as certainly ruin his Morals, as ſuch a Phyſician muſt deſtroy the Health of his Patient.

44. *Chryſippi porticus.*] The *Porticus* was a famous Gallery at Athens, where Zeno held his School, which from the Greek Word Στοα, *Porticus*, took the Name of Stoic. No other Philoſophy taught Mankind more Pride, by pretending to give them an Empire

Autumat. Hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,
Excepto ſapiente, tenet. Nunc accipe, qua re
Deſipiant omnes æquè ac tu, qui tibi nomen
Inſano poſuere. Velut ſylvis, ubi paſſim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit; unus utrimque
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus: hoc te
Crede modo inſanum; nihilò ut ſapientior ille,
Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. Eſt genus unum
Stultitiæ nihilùm metuenda timentis; ut ignes,
Ut rupes, fluvioſque in campo obſtare queratur;
Alterum & huic varium & nihilò ſapientiùs, ignes
Per medios fluvioſque ruentis. Clamet amica
Mater, honeſta ſoror, cum cognatis pater, uxor:
Hic foſſa eſt ingens, hìc rupes maxima, ſerva:
Non magis audierit, quàm Fufius ebrius olim
Quum Ilionam edormit; Catienis mille ducentis,
MATER, TE APPELLO, clamantibus. Huic ego vulgus
Errori

over themſelves, and their Paſſions. But this pretended Empire only rendered them really unhappy by amuſing them with chimerical Ideas of an impracticable Virtue. SAN.

45. *Formula.*] Was a Law-Word, ſignifying the Rules of Practice in conducting a Proceſs.

50. *Utrimque.*] Mr. Cuningham made this little Alteration. *Paſſim palantes* give an Idea of a Number of Travellers, and ſuch an Idea better agrees with the Senſe of the Poet, than either *utrique* or *utriſque*. *Hic* and *ille* may be underſtood as Plurals, *hi* and *illi*.

53. *Caudam trahat.*] A Metaphor, as the old Commentator well obſerves, taken from a Cuſtom amongſt Children, who tied a Tail behind a Perſon whom they had a mind to laugh at.

Eſt genus unum.] Stertinius, better to prove his Aſſertion, begins with eſtabliſhing it by two Examples, which cannot be diſputed. From thence, as from an acknowledged Principle, he would prove by Compariſon, that there are more Fools in the World, than we generally imagine. SAN.

61. *Ilionam edormit.*] The Tranſlator hath hazarded this Expreſſion, becauſe it is of peculiar Force and Beauty.

Fufius

All but the Wiſe are by this Proceſs bound,
The ſubject Nations, and the Monarch crown'd,
And they, who call you Fool, with equal Claim
May plead an ample Title to the Name.
When in a Wood we leave the certain Way
One Errour fools us, though we various ſtray,
Some to the left, and ſome to t'other Side;
So he, who dares thy Madneſs to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourſelf a Fool.
Behind him trails his Mark of Ridicule.
For various Follies fill the human Breaſt,
As, with unreal Terrours when poſſeſt,
A Wretch in ſuperſtitious Frenzy cries,
Lo! in the Plain what Rocks, what Rivers riſe!
A different Madneſs, though not leſs, inſpires
The Fool, who ruſhes wild through Streams and Fires;
His Mother, Siſter, Father, Friends and Wife,
Cry out, in vain, Ah! yet preſerve thy Life;
That head-long Ditch! how dreadful it appears!
That hanging Precipice! no more he hears,
Than drunken Fufius lately at a Play
Who fairly ſlept Ilione away,
While the full Pit, with clamourous thouſands, cries,
ARISE, DEAR MOTHER, TO MY AID, ARISE.

Now

Fufius, for ſuch is the Name in ſeven Manuſcripts, was an Actor, who playing the Character of Ilione, was ſuppoſed to be aſleep, when the Ghoſt of her Son Polydore called to her, *Dear Mother, hear me.* Fufius having drunk too much, fell really aſleep; and Catienus, who played Polydore, having called to him, without waking him, the whole Houſe, as if each of them was a Catienus, cried out, *Dear Mother, hear me.* The Number of two hundred thouſand is a pleaſant Exaggeration. Accius or Pacuvius, wrote a Tragedy on the Story of Ilione, and the whole Paſſage is preſerved to us in Cicero, which, perhaps, the Reader may be willing to ſee.

Errori ſimilem cunctum inſanire docebo.
Inſanit veteres ſtatuas Damaſippus emendo.
Integer eſt mentis Damaſippi creditor? Eſto:
Accipe, quod nunquam reddas mihi, ſi tibi dicam:
Tune inſanus eris, ſi acceperis? an magis excors
Rejectâ prædâ, quam præſens Mercurius fert?
Scribe decem à Nerio: non eſt ſatis; adde Cicutæ
Nodoſi tabulas, centum mille adde catenas:
Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.
Quum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,
Fiet aper, modò avis, modò ſaxum, &, quum volet, arbor.
Si malè rem gerere inſani eſt; contra, bene ſani;
Putidius multò cerebrum (mihi crede) Perillî eſt
Dictantis, quod tu nunquam reſcribere poſſis.
Audire,

Mater, te appello, tu quæ ſomno curam ſuſpenſam levas,
Neque te mei miſeret, ſurge & ſepeli natum
Priuſquam feræ volucreſque.——

Polydore calls his Siſter, Mother, becauſe he was educated under her Care, or becauſe it was a general Name of Tenderneſs and Reſpect. One thing more we may learn from this Paſſage, that Men played the Characters of Women, although there were Actreſſes on the Roman Stage.

66. *Accipe, quod nunquam reddas.*] Stertinius goes on to prove, not only that Damaſippus is not a Fool in buying Statues, ſince he does not pay for them, but that he would be a Fool indeed, to refuſe the Favour, which Mercury offers him in the Credulity of Perilius. DAC.

69. *Scribe decem à Nerio.*] *A Nerii manu*; *Nerii de menſa*, from the Bank of Nerius. There are now three Perſons on the Scene; Damaſippus, the Borrower; Perillius, the Lender; and Nerius, the Banker, in whoſe Hands Perillius had lodged his Money, and in whoſe Books, the Perſon, who borrowed any Sum, was obliged to write his Name and ſpecify the Sum. As for Inſtance, *I Damaſippus have received from Nerius the Banker ten thouſand Seſterces, belonging to Perillius. Scribe decem à Nerio*, are the Words of Perillius to Damaſippus, which Horace puts into the Mouth of Stertinius, as an Anſwer to what he had juſt ſaid, that Perillius was a Fool to lend ſo much Money to Damaſippus. I am not ſuch a

Now liſten while full clearly I maintain
Such is the vulgar Errour of the Brain.
Some rare Antique, ſuppoſe, your Madneſs buys;
Is he, who lends the Money, leſs unwiſe?
Or if the Uſurer Perillius ſaid,
Take what I ne'er expect ſhall be repaid,
Are you a Fool to take it, or not more
T'affront the God, who ſends the ſhining Store?

PERILLIUS.

Ay; but I make him on a Banker draw——

STERTINIUS.

'Tis not enough: add all the Forms of Law;
The knotty Contracts of Cicuta's Brain,
This wicked Proteus ſhall eſcape the Chain:
Drag him to Juſtice, he's a Bird, a Stone,
And laughs, as if his Cheeks were not his own.
If bad Oeconomiſts are held unwiſe,
In good Oeconomy ſome Wiſdom lies,
And then Perillius is of tainted Brain,
Who takes your Bond, to ſue for it in vain.

Come

Fool as you imagine, ſays Perillius, for I made him write a Receipt for it in the Banker's Regiſtry. DAC.

Non eſt ſatis.] Stertinius addreſſes himſelf to Perillius, and this quick, unmarked Change of the Speaker hath made great Part of the Difficulty, which the Commentators have always acknowledged in this Paſſage. The Tranſlator hath made Perillius himſelf ſpeak the Words *Scribe decem à Nerio*, but he would not venture to take ſuch a Liberty with the Original, although the next Words *non eſt ſatis* might ſeem to authoriſe it.

69. *Cicutæ nodoſi tabulas.*] Cicuta was an old Notary, who knew too well the Practice of Bonds, to neglect any Clauſes or Forms, capable of binding theſe Engagements. Such is the Force of *nodoſus*. *Tabulæ* are the Bonds or Contracts, from whence Notaries were called *tabularii*.

72. *Malis ridentem alienis.*] People are not uſually too careful of what belongs to others, from whence this Kind of proverbial Ex-

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore;
Quiſquis luxuriâ, triſtive ſuperſtitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet; huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Danda eſt ellebori multò pars maxima avaris:
Neſcio an Anticyram ratio illis deſtinet omnem.
Heredes Staberî ſummam incidère ſepulcro:
Nî ſic feciſſent, gladiatorum dare centum
Damnati populo paria, atque epulum, arbitrio Arrî, &
Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego pravè
Seu rectè hoc volui, ne ſis patruus mihi. Credo
Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidiſſe——

DAMA-

preſſion, *Laughing with another Man's Cheeks.* Mr. Dacier very well obſerves, that our Poet hath tranſlated it from Homer, when he ſays of Penelope's Lovers.

Οἱ δ' ἤ δη γναθμοῖσι γελώων ἀλλοδαποῖσι.

Odyſſ. XX. Lib. 346. V.

77. *Togam componere.*] Stertinius is ſo well perſuaded of the Truth and Importance of the Maxims, which he is preparing to diſplay, that he demands a long Audience, and declares he will not be interrupted. It is true, he ſays many excellent Things, but that pedantic, original Air with which he ſays them, only convinces us, he is not leſs a Fool, than thoſe, whom he pretends to inſtruct.

DAC.

81. *Dum doceo inſanire omnes.*] In a modeſt and obliging Reſolution of convincing Mankind, that they are Fools and Madmen, he calls to all, who have either Follies or Vices, and deſires them to attend his Lecture. A large Audience indeed, but, to prevent Confuſion, he bids them approach in Order, *vos ordine, adite.*

82. *Danda eſt ellebori.*] Hellebore was not only uſed in Sickneſs by the Ancients, but to give Force and Vigour to the Wit, when they were in Health. Valerius Maximus tells us Carneades uſed it with great Succeſs, whenever he was to diſpute with Chryſippus, from whence it was in great Eſteem among all, who had a Paſſion for ſolid Praiſe.

86. *Damnati*

Come all, whoſe Breaſts with bad Ambition riſe,
Or the pale Paſſion, that for Money dies,
With Luxury, or Superſtition's Gloom,
Whate'er Diſeaſe your Health of Mind conſume,
Compoſe yor Robes; in decent Ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with Reverence hear.
Miſers make whole Anticyra their own:
Its Hellebore reſerv'd for them alone.
Staberius thus compell'd his Heirs t'engrave
On his proud Tomb what Legacies he gave,
Or ſtand condemn'd to give the Croud a Feaſt,
By Arrius form'd in Elegance of Taſte,
And Gladiators, even an hundred Pair,
With all the Corn of Afric's fruitful Year.
Such is my Will, and whether Fool or Wiſe,
I ſcorn your Cenſures the Teſtator cries.
Wiſely perceiving———

DAMA-

86. *Damnati populo.*] Alluding to the Form of the Will in which the Teſtator required any thing of his Heir, HERES DAMNAS ESTO. Staberius is another Original; he orders his Heirs to lay out that Wealth in a vain, ridiculous Extravagance, which he had raiſed by denying himſelf the Neceſſaries of Life. Yet there is nothing too ridiculous for Imitation. Torrentius hath found an Epitaph of a Phyſician, almoſt in the ſame Form as that of Staberius; what Sums of Money he had given to the Public in his Life, and what he was poſſeſſed of at his Death.

Arbitrio Arrî.] Arrius, whom Staberius makes his Executor, was probably one of the Prieſts, called *ſeptemviri epulones*, who were appointed to regulate the *Lectiſternia*, thoſe religious Feaſts, in which the Statues of the Gods were invited to ſit with their Worſhippers.

87. *Sive ego prave.*] Theſe Words are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by Staberius. Every Man is Maſter of his own Fortune, then why ſhould you preſume to cenſure me for the Diſpoſal of mine? *Patruus*, an Uncle, was a ſort of proverbial Name for any ſevere, ill-natured Cenſurer, becauſe Uncles are generally leſs indulgent to their Nephews, than Parents are to their Children. We are obliged to Mr. Dacier for the Explanation of this whole Paſſage.

Damasippus.

Quid ergo
Senſit, quum ſummam patrimonî inſculpere ſaxo
Heredes voluit?

Stertinius.

Quoad vixit, credidit ingens
Pauperiem vitium, & cavit nihil acriùs: ut, ſi
Fortè minùs locuples uno quadrante perîſſet,
Ipſe videretur ſibi nequior. Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui conſtruxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, juſtus—

Damasippus.

Sapienſne?

Stertinius.

Etiam & rex,
Et quidquid volet. Hoc, veluti virtute paratum,
Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid ſimile iſti
Græcus Ariſtippus? qui ſervos projicere aurum
In mediâ juſſit Libyâ, quia tardiùs irent
Propter onus ſegnes. Uter eſt inſanior horum?

Damasippus.

Nîl agit exemplum, litem quod lite reſolvit.

Stertinius.

Si quis emat citharas, emtas comportet in unum,
Nec ſtudio citharæ, nec Nuſæ deditus ulli;

Si

91. *Quoad vixit.*] This making *quoad* one Syllable is a remarkable Inſtance of poetical Licence. We find it uſed by Lucretius in the ſame manner, *quoad licet, ac potis es.* San.

100. *Græcus Ariſtippus.*] Ariſtippus was the Chief of the Cyrenaic Sect. He held, that Pleaſure was the *ſummum bonum*, and Virtue only valuable, as it was a Means of gaining that Pleaſure. Epicurus was perfectly rigid, when compared to his Maſter Ariſtippus, and by our Author's Manner of mentioning him in many Parts of his Works, we may believe he was no Enemy to ſo convenient a Philoſophy. Staberius, who was a Stoic, has given an ill-

DAMASIPPUS.

What could he perceive,
Thus on his Tomb his Fortune to engrave?

STERTINIUS.

Long as he liv'd, he look'd on Poverty,
And ſhun'd it as a Crime of blackeſt Dye;
And had he died one Farthing leſs in Pelf,
Had ſeem'd a worthleſs Villain to himſelf;
For Virtue, Glory, Beauty, all divine
And human Powers, immortal Gold! are thine;
And he, who piles the ſhining Heap, ſhall riſe
Noble, brave, juſt——

DAMASIPPUS.

You will not call him wiſe.

STERTINIUS.

Yes; any thing; a Monarch, if he pleaſe;
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of Praiſe,
By lateſt Times might hope to be admir'd,
As if his Virtue had his Wealth acquir'd.
When Ariſtippus, on the Lybian Waſte
Commands his Slaves, becauſe it ſtop'd their Haſte,
To throw away his Gold, does he not ſeem
To be as mad, in oppoſite Extreme?

DAMASIPPUS.

By ſuch Examples, Truth can ne'er be try'd:
They but perplex the Queſtion, not decide.

STERTINIUS.

If a Man fill'd his Cabinet with Lyres,
Whom neither Muſic charms, nor Muſe inſpires:
Should

ill-natured Turn to this Story, which is much commended by Cicero; for Ariſtippus had only one Slave, whom he commanded to throw away as much of his Money, as was too heavy to carry.

DAC. SAN.

104. *Si quis emat citharas.*] Stertinius allows the Force of the Ob-

Si ſcalpra ac formas non ſutor; nautica vela
Averſus mercaturis: delirus & amens
Undique dicatur meritò. Quî diſcrepat iſtis,
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, neſcius uti
Compoſitis, metuenſque velut contingere ſacrum?
Si quis ad ingentem frumenti ſemper acervum
Porrectus vigilet longo cum fuſte, neque illinc
Audeat eſuriens dominus contingere granum:
Ac potiùs foliis parcus veſcatur amaris:
Si poſitis intus Chii veteriſque Falerni
Mille cadis, nihil eſt, tercentum millibus, acre
Potet acetum; age, ſi & ſtramentis incubet unde-
octoginta annos natus, cui ſtragula veſtis,
Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putreſcat in arcâ:
Nimirum inſanus paucis videatur; eò quòd
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
Filius, aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat heres,
Dîs inimice ſenex, cuſtodis, ne tibi deſit?
Quantulum enim ſummæ curtabit quiſque dierum,
Ungere ſi caules oleo meliore, caputque
Cœperis impexâ fœdum porrigine? quare,
Si quidvis ſatis eſt, perjuras, ſurripis, aufers
Undique? tun' ſanus? Populum ſi cædere ſaxis
Incipias,

Objection, that it is impoſſible to decide, who is the greater Fool, Staberius or Ariſtippus; but he now gives other Inſtances to determine the Queſtion in Favour of the Prodigal againſt the Miſer. Money to a Miſer, is like an Inſtrument of Muſic in the Hands of a Man, who knows not how to play on it. They both owe their Harmony to the Art of uſing them.

109. *Nummos aurumque recondit.*] To hide our Riches is not only a Folly, but an Injuſtice and a Robbery, ſince Mankind have a natural Right to the Circulation of what was taken out of the Earth for public Uſe. SAN.

114. *Foliis amaris.*] Are uſually explained, *Wild Herbs*, that are not ſo ſweet as thoſe of the Garden, but Mr. Dacier thinks the Poet means, *Herbs undreſt; without Oil or Butter.*

128. *Tun'*

Should he buy Laſts and Knives, who never made
A Shoe; or if a Wight, who hated Trade,
The Sails and Tackle for a Veſſel bought,
Madman or Fool he might be juſtly thought.
But, prithee, where's the Difference, to behold
A Wretch, who heaps and hides his darling Gold;
Unknowing how to uſe the maſſy Store,
Yet dreads to violate the ſacred Ore?
With a long Club, and ever-open Eyes,
To guard his Corn its wretched Maſter lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded Grain,
While bitter Herbs his frugal Life ſuſtain;
If in his Cellar lie a thouſand Flaſks
(Nay, let them riſe to thrice a thouſand Caſks)
Of old Falernian, or of Chian Vine,
Yet if he drink meer Vinegar for Wine;
If at Fourſcore of Straw he made his Bed,
While Moths upon his rotting Carpets fed,
By few, forſooth, a Madman he is thought,
For half Mankind the ſame Diſeaſe have caught.
Thou Dotard, curſed in the Love of Pelf,
For fear of ſtarving, will you ſtarve yourſelf?
Or do you this ill-gotten Treaſure ſave
For a luxurious Son, or favourite Slave?
How little would thy Maſs of Money waſte,
Did you on better Oil and Cabbage feaſt,
Or on thy clotted Hair and dandruff-Head,
A ſweeter Eſſence more profuſely ſhed?
If Nature wiſh for no immoderate Store,
Then why forſwear, and rob, and ſteal for more?

Yet

128. *Tun' ſanus?*] We have here a new Scene. Stertinius addreſſes himſelf to another whom he had called to paſs in Review before him, *Vos ordine adite*. He now ſpeaks to one, who had poiſoned

Incipias, ſervoſque, tuo quos ære pararis:
Inſanum te omnes pueri, clamentque puellæ.
Quum laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno,
Incolumi capite es? Quid enim? neque tu hoc facis Argis,
Nec ferro, ut demens, genitricem occidis, Oreſtes.
An tu reris eum occiſâ inſaniſſe parente?
Ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis, quàm
In matris jugulo ferrum tepefecit acutum?
Quin, ex quo eſt habitus malè tutæ mentis Oreſtes,
Nîl ſanè fecit quod tu reprendere poſſis;
Non Pyladen ferro violare, auſuſve ſororem eſt
Electram; tantùm maledicit utrique, vocando
Hanc Furiam, hunc aliud, juſſit quod ſplendida bilis.
Pauper Opimius argenti poſiti intus & auri,
Qui Veientanum feſtis potare diebus
Campanâ ſolitus trullâ, vappamque profeſtis,
Quondam lethargo grandi eſt oppreſſus; ut heres
Jam circùm loculos & claves lætus ovanſque
Curreret:

ſoned his Mother, and to another, who had ſtrangled his Wife, to get into Poſſeſſion of a large Eſtate, or a rich Portion. Thus Avarice is regularly conducted through all its Degrees, until it riſe to Murder and Parricide. Torr.

129. *Tuo quos*,] Is a conjectural Reading, but nothing more true, ſays Dr. Bentley, ever came from the Tripod of Apollo. It has been received into the Text by all our beſt Editors, and the Doctor would lay any Wager, that Horace never wrote *tuos*.

132. *Quid enim?*] Mr. Dacier here introduces, without any Neceſſity, a third Perſon, whom he calls Scæva, and to whom he gives theſe Words. Stertinius continues to ſpeak, and pleaſantly ſoftens this Murder by ſaying it was not committed in Argos; that he did not ſhed his Mother's Blood; and that what Oreſtes did in the Violence of Madneſs, the Miſer hath done in cold, temperate Folly. This Paſſage hath appeared difficult, by not obſerving, that Stertinius here diſtinguiſhes between Folly and Madneſs, which he had before confounded; and that our Poet ſpeaks of this Tragedy as it was played on the Roman Stage, without following the Traditions of the Greek Theatre. *Occidis* is of ſeven Manuſcripts. San.

138. *Nil*

Yet are you ſound? But if your Folly raves
With Stones to kill the People or your Slaves;
Thoſe Slaves, whom you with Pelf, how precious! buy,
A Madman, Madman, even the Children cry.
Is your Head ſafe, although You hang your Wife,
Or take by Poiſon your old Mother's Life?
What! nor in Argos you commit the Deed,
Nor did your Mother by a Dagger bleed;
Nor by a mad Oreſtes was ſhe ſlain——
But was Oreſtes of untainted Brain,
Or was he not by Furies dire poſſeſt,
Before he plung'd the Dagger in her Breaſt?
Yet from the Time you hold him hurt in Mind,
His wildeſt Actions are of harmleſs Kind.
He neither ſtabs his Siſter, nor his Friend;
In a few Curſes his worſt Paſſions end;
He calls her Fury, or whatever Names
Flow from a Breaſt, which Choler high enflames.
Opimius, wanting even what he poſſeſt,
In earthen Cups, on ſome more ſolemn Feaſt,
Quaff'd the poor Juices of a meagre Vine,
On Week-Days dead and vapid was his Wine,
When with an heavy Lethargy oppreſt,
His Heir in Triumph ran from Cheſt to Cheſt;

Swift

138. *Nîl ſanè fecit.*] From the Time, that Oreſtes was thought mad, all his Actions rather deſerved our Compaſſion, than our Indignation. But he was really mad before he killed his Mother, becauſe he was actuated by the moſt criminal and violent Paſſions, with which he was haunted as by ſo many Furies, which made him commit the Murder. Such is the State of all Madmen. When their Madneſs hath diſcovered itſelf, they are not ſo dangerous or miſchievous, as when it was concealed under an Appearance of good Senſe and right Reaſon. SAN.

Curreret. Hunc medicus multùm celer atque fidelis
Excitat hoc pacto; menſam poni jubet, atque
Effundi ſaccos nummorum, accedere plures
Ad numerandum; hominem ſic erigit. Addit & illud:
Nî tua cuſtodis, avidus jam jam auferet heres.
Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age. Quid vis?
Deficient inopem venæ te, nî cibus atque
Ingens accedit ſtomacho fultura ruenti.
Tu ceſſas? Agedum: ſume hoc ptiſanarium oryzæ.
Quanti emtæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octuſſibus. Eheu!
Quid refert morbo, an furtis peream, anne rapinis?

Damasippus.

Quiſnam igitur ſanus?

Stertinius.

Qui non ſtultus.

Damasippus.

Quid avarus?

Stertinius.

Stultus & inſanus.

Dama.

147. *Celer atque fidelis.*] Who had a Friendſhip for his Patient, and an Application, to watch the Turns of his Diſorder, which eſcape in a Moment, and on which the Succeſs of a Medicine depends. Cicero ſays of his Phyſician, *In quâ quum ipſa ſcientia, tum etiam fidelitate benevolentiaque ſatisfecit.*

151. *Jam jam auferet.*] This Correction is taken from Heinſius. *Hæc* or *hoc* is uſeleſs to the Senſe or Conſtruction, and only leſſens the Vivacity of the Action. Cun. San.

154. *Ingens, accedit.*] *Powerful, ſtrong.* Dr. Bentley, who underſtands it of a Quantity of Food, improper for a ſick Man, would have us read *præſens.* Mr. Cuningham propoſes *inſtans*, which is received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon.

155. *Tu ceſſas.*] This Reading appears in all the Manuſcripts and all Editions before Muretus, who thought proper to change it for *quid.*

Ptiſa-

Swift to his Aid his faithful Doctor flies,
And to reſtore him this Expedient tries;
From out his Bags he pours the ſhining Store,
And bids a Croud of People count it o'er;
Then plac'd the Table near his Patient's Bed,
And loud, as if he rouz'd him from the Dead,
" Awake, and guard your Wealth; this Moment wake:
" Your ravening Heir will every Shilling take."
What! while I live? " Then, wake, that you may live;
" Here take the beſt Preſcription I can give.
" Your bloodleſs Veins, your Appetite ſhall fail,
" Unleſs You raiſe them by a powerful Meal.
" Take this Ptiſane—" What will it coſt? Nay, hold.
" A very Trifle." Sir, I will be told.——
" Three Pence."—Alas! what does it ſignify,
Whether by Doctors, or by Thieves I die?

DAMASIPPUS.

Who then is ſound?

STERTINIUS.

Whoever's not a Fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

What think you of the Miſer?

STERTINIUS.

By my Rule,
Both Fool and Madman.

DAMA-

Ptiſanarium oryzæ.] The firſt of theſe Words is properly a Ptiſane made of Barley; when it was made of any other Grain, they always named it, to ſhew the Difference. Horace means a Kind of Rice-water, but our Commentators uſually underſtand it of Rice-milk, a pleaſant Remedy for a Man in a Lethargy. SAN.

156. *Octuſſibus.*] Such is the Reading of all the Manuſcripts, and all ancient Editions. Lambinus firſt changed it for *octo aſſibus.*

161. *Car-*

Damasippus.

Quid? ſi quis non ſit avarus,
Continuò ſanus?

Stertinius.

Minimè.

Damasippus.

Cur, Stoice?

Stertinius.

Dicam.
Non eſt cardiacus (Craterum dixiſſe putato)
Hic æger: rectè eſt igitur, ſurgetque? Negabit:
Quòd latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.
Non eſt perjurus, neque ſordidus; immolet æquis
Hic porcam Laribus: verùm ambitioſus & audax;
Naviget Anticyram. Quid enim differt, balatroni
Dones quidquid habes, an nunquam utare paratis?
Servius Oppidius Canuſî duo prædia, dives
Antiquo cenſu, natis diviſſe duobus
Fertur,

161. *Cardiacus,*] Is properly a Perſon of weak Appetite. Pliny preſcribes Wine as the only Remedy for this Diſorder, and Varro ſays his Phyſician drank Chian Wine for it.

164. *Immolet æquis,* &c.] All the good and bad Accidents, that happened in Families, were generally attributed to the domeſtic Gods, and as theſe Gods were the Sons of the Goddeſs of Madneſs, they were particularly worſhipped by Perſons, diſordered in their Underſtanding. Stertinius therefore adviſes the Man, who by the Favour of theſe Gods is neither perjured nor a Miſer, gratefully to ſacrifice a Swine to them, which was their uſual Sacrifice. *Fruge Lares avidaque porcâ.* Od. XXIII. Lib. II. Tor.

166. *Balatroni.*] Since the Time of the Scholiaſts this Word hath been differently read. The preſent Reading is of two Manuſcripts, and received by Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon into the Text. The Latins uſed the Word for *homo nihili, nequam, decoctor, ſcurra.* Young Gentlemen of Fortune endeavoured to engage People of this Kind to ſupport them, when they propoſed to ſtand Candidates for an Employment or Office in the State. Horace therefore ſays, what Difference is there, whether Avarice deprive you of the Uſe of your Money, or Ambition ſquander it away upon ſuch Wretches? They who read *barathrone,* and underſtand *barathrum*

DAMASIPPUS.

Is he ſound and well,
If not a Miſer?

STERTINIUS.

No.

DAMASIPPUS.

I prithee tell,
Good Stoic, why?

STERTINIUS.

Let us ſuppoſe you heard
An able Doctor, who perchance declar'd
His Patient's Stomach good; yet ſhall he riſe,
Or is he well? Ah! no, the Doctor cries,
Becauſe a keen Variety of Pains
Attack the Wretch's Side, or vex his Reins.
You are not perjur'd, nor to Gold a Slave;
Let Heaven your grateful Sacrifice receive.
But if your Breaſt with bold Ambition glows,
Set ſail where Hellebore abundant grows.
For, prithee, ſay, what Difference can you find,
Whether to Scoundrels of the vileſt Kind
You throw away your Wealth in lewd Exceſs,
Or know not to enjoy what you poſſeſs?
When rich Oppidius, as old Tales relate,
To his two Sons divided his Eſtate,

Two

rathrum for *gula*, *venter*, *abdomen*, miſtake the Senſe of the Poet. Stertinius is not yet addreſſing himſelf to Debauchees and Libertines, whom he reſerves for the two hundred twenty-fourth Line, *nunc age luxuriem*, &c. We are obliged to Dr. Bentley for the greater Part of this Note.

168. *Servius Oppidius.*] An attentive Father will remark in the Paſſions of his Children thoſe Motives and Springs of their Actions, which are imperceptible to others, and which are capable of leading them into great Misfortunes, if there be not early Care taken to determine their Force and regulate their Motions. We know nothing more of this wiſe Father, nor of his Sons. SAN.

172. *Ludere.*

Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixiſſe vocatis
Ad lectum: Poſtquam te talos, Aule, nuceſque
Ferre ſinu laxo, donare, & ludere vidi:
Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abſcondere triſtem;
Extimui, ne vos ageret veſania diſcors;
Tu Nomentanum, tu ne ſequerere Cicutam;
Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penates,
Tu cave ne minuas; tu ne majus facias id,
Quod ſatis eſſe putat pater, & Natura coërcet.
Præterea, ne vos titillet gloria, jure-
Jurando obſtringam ambo: uter ædilis fuerit, vel
Veſtrûm prætor, is inteſtabilis & ſacer eſto.
In cicere, atque fabâ, bona tu perdaſque lupinis,
Latus ut in circo ſpatiere, & aëneus ut ſtes,
Nudus agris, nudus nummis, inſane, paternis?
Scilicet ut plauſus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,
Aſtuta ingenuum vulpes imitata leonem?
Ne quis humaſſe velit Ajacem, Atrida, vetas cur?

Aga-

172. *Ludere.*] Dr. Bentley, with his uſual Spirit of reforming the Text, would have us read *perdere* inſtead of *ludere*, and hath ſupported it with ſo much Probability, that Mr. Cuningham acknowledges ſome Correction neceſſary; but unwilling to receive that of the Doctor, propoſes *credere*, which is received by Mr. Sanadon. Such violent conjectural Alterations may do Honour to their critical Sagacity, but ſhould never be received without greater Neceſſity than appears in the preſent Inſtance. *Tali* does not here properly ſignify Dice, but Bones with which Children uſed to play, as *nuces* were Balls of Ivory *ocellata* or round Stones. As this could not be made intelligible to an Engliſh Reader, the Tranſlator hath only mentioned Play-things in general.

179. *Ne vos titillet gloria.*] The laſt eight Lines of this good Father's Diſcourſe, as Mr. Sanadon well obſerves, is a Sort of Tranſition to prepare us for the following Character, in which the Poet ſhews to what criminal Exceſſes we are carried by Ambition.

183. *Latus.*] Is generally underſtood *inflatus*, *tumidus*, *ſuperbus*; but Mr. Sanadon thinks it a Participle of the Verb *fero*, as in Ovid, *huc latus & illuc*. Perſons of Diſtinction were frequently carried by ſix Slaves in a Chair, from thence called hexaphorus.

Et

Two ancient Farms, he call'd them to his Bed,
And dying thus with faultering Accent ſaid;
In your looſe Robe when I have ſeen you bear
Your Play-things, Aulus, with an heedleſs Air,
Or careleſs give them to your Friends away,
Or with a Gameſter's deſperate Spirit play;
While you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
Your childiſh Wealth, and hid the little Store,
A different Madneſs ſeem'd to be your Fate,
Miſers or Spendthrifts born to imitate.
Then, by our houſehold Gods, my Sons, I charge,
That you ne'er leſſen, that you ne'er enlarge
What ſeems ſufficient to your tender Sire,
And Nature's moſt unbounded Wants require.
That Glory ne'er may tempt ye, hear this Oath,
By whoſe eternal Power I bind ye both,
Curs'd be the Wretch, an Object of my Hate,
Whoe'er accepts an Office in the State.
Will you in Largeſſes exhauſt your Store,
That you may proudly ſtalk the Circus o'er?
Or in the Capitol embronz'd may ſtand,
Spoil'd of your Fortune and paternal Land?
And thus, forſooth, Agrippa's Praiſe engage,
Or ſhew, with Reynard's Tricks, the Lion's Rage?
Wherefore does Ajax thus unburied lie?

AGA-

Et aëneus ut ſles.] This is a Reading of two ancient Manuſcripts. They, who read *aut æneus* did not obſerve, that the ancient Poets never uſed *æneus* in three Syllables, but have always ſaid *aëneus* or *aënus*.

185. *Plauſus, quos fert Agrippa.*] This Compliment to Agrippa is introduced with great Art, as if it eſcaped accidentally, and it is enlivened by a Compariſon, ſhort but noble. Although Agrippa had been Conſul in 717, yet he condeſcended to accept the Office of Ædile in 720, when he entertained the People with a Magnificence and Expence beyond what they had ever ſeen SAN.

187. *Ne quis humaſſe velit.*] He opens another Scene, in which

a

Agamemnon.

Rex ſum.

Stertinius.

Nîl ultra quæro plebeius.

Agamemnon.

Et æquam
Rem imperito: ac ſi cui videor non juſtus, inulto
Dicere, quod ſentit, permitto.

Stertinius.

Maxime regum,
Dî tibi dent captâ claſſem reducere Trojâ.
Ergo conſulere, & mox reſpondere licebit?

Agamemnon.

Conſule.

Stertinius.

Cur Ajax heros ab Achille ſecundus
Putreſcit, toties ſervatis clarus Achivis;
Gaudeat ut populus Priami, Priamuſque inhumato
Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruere ſepulcro?

Agamemnon.

Mille ovium inſanus morti dedit, inclytum Ulyſſen
Et Menelaum unà mecum ſe occidere clamans.

Ster.

a King and a Stoic are engaged, and in which the Philoſopher proves in good Form, that this greateſt of Monarchs is a Fool and a Madman. The Debate ariſes from an Incident in a Play of Sophocles, in which Agamemnon refuſes to let Ajax be buried. San.

188. *Et æquam rem imperito.*] Agamemnon finding his Anſwer, *I am a King*, a little too tyrannical, adds, *Our Decree was juſt.* Perhaps, the Humility of the Philoſopher, either ironical, or ſerious, in ſeeming to allow his royal Manner of deciding the Queſtion, extorted this Condeſcenſion from the Monarch.

190. *Maxime regum.*] It was but reaſonable to treat his Majeſty with a little Complaiſance, to make him ſome Satisfaction for the diſagreeable Things he was going to ſay to him.

197. *Inſanus.*

AGAMEMNON.

We are a King.

STERTINIUS.

A baſe Plebeian I,
Shall aſk no more.

AGAMEMNON.

'Twas juſt what we decreed;
But, if you think it an unrighteous Deed,
In Safety ſpeak. We here our Rights reſign.

STERTINIUS.

Greateſt of Monarchs, may the Powers divine
A ſafe Return permit you to enjoy,
With your victorious Fleet, from ruin'd Troy——
But may I aſk, and anſwer without Fear?

AGAMEMNON.

You may.

STERTINIUS.

Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,
For many a Grecian ſav'd who well might claim
To brave Achilles the next Place in Fame?
Is it that Priam, and the Sires of Troy,
May view his Carcaſs with malignant Joy,
By whom their Sons ſo oft deſtroy'd in Fight
In their own Country want the funeral Rite?

AGAMEMNON.

A thouſand Sheep the Frantick kill'd, and cry'd,
"Here both Atrides; there Ulyſſes died."

STER-

197. *Inſanus.*] This Word alone juſtifies Ajax, and condemns Agamemnon. A Man, who revenges himſelf upon the dead Body of a Madman, muſt be more mad, than the Perſon was, who injured him. SAN.

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Stertinius.

Tu quum pro vitulâ ſtatuis dulcem Aulide natam
Ante aras, ſpargiſque molâ caput, improbe, ſalsâ,
Rectum animi ſervas?

Agamemnon.

Quorſum?

Stertinius.

Inſanus quid enim Ajax
Fecit? quum ſtravit ferro pecus: abſtinuit vim
Uxore & nato: mala multa precatus Atridis:
Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipſum violavit Ulyſſen.

Agamemnon.

Verùm ego, ut hærentes adverſo litore naves
Eriperem, prudens placavi ſanguine Divos.

Stertinius.

Nempe tuo, furioſe.

Agamemnon.

Meo, ſed non furioſus.

Stertinius.

Qui ſpecies alias veri ſceleriſque, tumultu
Permiſtas, capiet, commotus habebitur: atque
Stul-

202. *Abſtinuit vim uxore & nato.*] Sophocles makes him talk to his Wife Tecmeſſa, and his Son Euryſaces, with much good Senſe and Tenderneſs.

Ω παῖ, γένοιο παίδος εὐτυχέστερος,
Τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ὅμοιος.

Which Virgil hath imitated,

Diſce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.

208. *Qui ſpecies alias.*] Much good Learning hath been thrown away upon this Paſſage, but the Commentators may be now reconciled by a ſingle Comma between *ſceleris* and *tumultu*, for which they are obliged to Mr. Sanadon. The Conſtruction is no longer perplexed, and the Thought is perfectly juſt. *Quicunque tum veri, tum ſceleris ſpecies capiet, tumultu permiſtas, commotus habebitur. Alias*

for

STERTINIUS.

When your own Child you to the Altar led,
And pour'd the ſalted Meal upon her Head;
When you beheld the lovely Victim ſlain,
Unnatural Father! were you ſound of Brain?

AGAMEMNON.

Why not?

STERTINIUS.

Then what did frantick Ajax do,
When in his Rage a thouſand Sheep he ſlew?
Nor on his Wife or Son he drew his Sword,
But on your Head his Imprecations pour'd:
Nor on his Brother turn'd the vengeful Steel,
Nor did Ulyſſes his Reſentment feel.

AGAMEMNON.

But I, while adverſe Winds tempeſtuous roar,
To looſe our fated Navy from the Shore
Wiſely with Blood the Powers divine atone——

STERTINIUS.

What! your own Blood, you Madman?

AGAMEMNON.

Yes, my own;
But yet not mad.

STERTINIUS.

'Tis a diſorder'd Head,
Which, by the Paſſions in Confuſion led,

The

for *diverſas*, becauſe the Ideas of Vice and Virtue are different. *Tumultus* means the Diſorder of the Paſſions, which makes us confound thoſe Ideas, and miſtake Vice and Virtue for each other. This was exactly the Situation of Agamemnon. If he did not ſacrifice his Daughter, he was afraid his Refuſal would hinder his Election to command the Army. It would have been Virtue to have ſacrificed his Ambition to his paternal Tenderneſs, and it was Vice to ſacrifice that paternal Tenderneſs to his Ambition. But in

Stultitiâne erret, nihilum diſtabit, an irâ.
Ajax, quum immeritos occidit, deſipit, agnos:
Quum prudens ſcelus ob titulos admittis inanes,
Stas animo? & purum eſt, vitio tibi quum tumidum eſt cor?
Si quis lectîcâ nitidam geſtare amet agnam;
Huic veſtem, ut natæ, paret ancillas, paret aurum;
Pupam aut pupillam appellet, fortique marito
Deſtinet uxorem; interdicto huic omne adimat jus
Prætor, & ad ſanos abeat tutela propinquos.
Quid? ſi quis natam pro mutâ devovet agnâ,
Integer eſt animi? Ne dixeris. Ergo ubi prava
Stultitia, hîc ſumma eſt inſania: qui ſceleratus,
Et furioſus erit. Cepit quem vitrea fama,
Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.
Nunc, age, luxuriem & Nomentanum arripe mecum:
Vincet enim ſtultos ratio inſanire nepotes.
Hic ſimul accepit patrimoni mille talenta,
Edicit, piſcator uti, pomarius, auceps,
Unguentarius, ac Tuſci turba impia vici,
Cum ſcurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum,
Manè domum veniant. Quid enim? Venere frequentes;
Verba facit leno: Quidquid mihi, quidquid & horum
Cuique

the Tumult and Diſorder of the Paſſions, this deteſtable Crime was clothed with a ſpecious Appearance of public Good, and diſguiſed under the Names of Heroiſm and Generoſity.

210. *Ira.*] Anger is here underſtood of any of the Paſſions. San.

214. *Si quis lectîcâ.*] The Stoic gives the Grecian Monarch no Quarter. He hath already ſhewn, that his Folly was criminal, he now proves that it was ridiculous. San.

216. *Pupam aut pupillam.*] The Commentators have had much Trouble with theſe two Words, and the Manuſcripts differ greatly. *Puſam aut puſillam, putam aut putillam, pupam aut puſinnam, Rufam aut Rufillam, Rufam aut Poſillam.* The preſent Reading is taken from the Manuſcrips of Lambinus, and ſeems to have that Childiſh-

The Images of Right and Wrong miſtakes,
And Rage or Folly no great Difference makes.
Was Ajax mad, when thoſe poor Lambs he ſlew,
And are your Senſes right, while you purſue,
With ſuch a Crime, an empty Title's Fame?
Is the Heart pure high-ſwelling for a Name?
Should a Man take a Lambkin in his Chair,
With fondling Names careſs the ſpotleſs Fair;
Clothes, Maids and Gold, as for his Child, provide,
And a ſtout Huſband for the lovely Bride,
His civil Rights the Judge would take away,
And to Truſtees in Guardianſhip convey.
Then ſure you will not call him ſound of Brain,
By whom his Daughter for a Lamb was ſlain.
Blood-ſtain'd Bellona thunders round his Head,
Who is by glaſſy Fame in Triumph led.
Now try the Sons of Luxury, you'll find,
That Reaſon proves them Fools of madding kind.
A thouſand Talents yonder Youth receives,
Paternal Wealth, and ſtreight his Orders gives,
That all the Trades of Elegance and Taſte,
All who with Wit and Humour joy a Feaſt,
The impious Croud, that fills the Tuſcan Street,
And the whole Shambles at his Houſe ſhould meet.
What then? they frequent his Command obey'd,
And thus his Speech the wily Pander made.

What-

Childiſhneſs of Language, which is uſually ſpoken to Children. *My Baby, pupa; my little Baby, pupillam.*

221. *Hunc circumtonuit Bellona.*] None but a Stoic du ſt treat a King ſo familiarly. The laſt Compliment he makes him is, that Ambition hath turned his Brain The Poet has raiſed this Verſe with greater Pomp of Images, Expreſſion, and Cadence. SAN.

224. *Nunc, age, luxuriem.*] The People of Luxury now appear at the Bar to be convicted of Madneſs.

Cuique domi eſt, id crede tuum; & vel nunc pete, vel cras.
Accipe, quid contra juvenis reſponderit æquus:
Tu nive Lucanâ dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
Cœnem ego: tu piſces hyberno ex æquore verris:
Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum poſſideam. Aufer;
Sume tibi decies; tibi tantumdem; tibi triplex,
Unde uxor mediâ currit de nocte vocata.
Filius Æſopi detractam ex aure Metellæ
(Scilicet ut decies ſolidum exſorberet) aceto
Diluit inſignem baccam: quî ſanior, ac ſi
Illud idem in rapidum flumen, jaceretve cloacam?
Quinti progenies Arrî, par nobile fratrum,
Nequitie & nugis, pravorum & amore gemellum,
Luſcinias ſoliti impenſo prandere coëmtas:
Quorſum abeant? ſanin'? cretâ an carbone notandi?
Ædificare caſas, ploſtello adjungere mures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ,
Si quem delectet barbatum; amentia verſet.
Si puerilius his ratio eſſe evincet amare;
Nec

234. *Tu nive.*] It is thus quoted by Johnſon in his Notes on Grotius, and has been received by our beſt modern Editors. *In* muſt be underſtood, and *tu* is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh the Perſons, to whom our Prodigal ſpeaks.

237. *Decies*] *Centena millia ſeſtertium*, about ſeven hundred eighty-one Pounds five Shillings of our Money. The Tranſlator uſes five hundred Pounds as a general Sum, which is, probably, all that the Original means.

238. *Unde uxor.*] The old Commentator tells us, that theſe Merchants pretended they were married to their Slaves, that they might ſell them at an higher Price.

243. *Quinti progenies Arrî.*] We may believe they were the Sons of Arrius, mentioned in the eighty-ſixth Verſe. Their Luxury was eating Nightingales, probably, becauſe they could ſing, as if the Muſic of the Bird made the Taſte more delicious; and as Mr. Dacier obſerves, they eat them at Dinner, againſt all ſober Cuſtoms of the Romans.

246. *Cretâ*

Whate'er theſe People have: whate'er is mine;
To-day, to-morrow ſend, be ſure is thine.
Hear the juſt Youth this generous Anſwer make,
"In clumſy Boots, dear Hunter, for my ſake,
"You ſleep in wild Lucania's ſnowy Waſte,
"That I at Night on a whole Boar may feaſt.
"For Fiſh you boldly ſweep the wintry Seas,
"That I, unworthy, may enjoy my Eaſe
"Let each five hundred Pounds, with Pleaſure, take,
"To thee, dear Pander, I a Preſent make
"Of twice a thouſand, that with all her Charms
"Your Wife at Night may run into my Arms."
An Actor's Son diſſolv'd a wealthy Pearl
(The precious Ear-ring of his favourite Girl)
In Vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
A thouſand ſolid Talents at a Draught.
Had he not equally his Wiſdom ſhown,
Into the Sink or River were it thrown?
A noble Pair of Brothers, Twins, in Truth,
In all th' Exceſſes, Trifles, Crimes of Youth,
On Nightingales of monſtrous Purchaſe din'd;
What is their Proceſs? Are they ſound of Mind?
Suppoſe, in childiſh Architecture ſkill'd,
A bearded Sage his Caſtle-Cottage build,
Play odd and even, ride his reedy Cane,
And yoke his harneſs'd Mice, 'tis Madneſs plain.
But what if Reaſon, powerful Reaſon, prove
'Tis more than equal Childiſhneſs to love?

If

246. *Cretâ an carbone notandi.*] *Are they to be marked with Chalk, or Charcoal?* A proverbial Expreſſion. Are they to be acquitted, or condemned? Are they wiſe, or fooliſh?

247. *Ædificare caſas.*] The Paſſion of Love is here repreſented both as Folly and Madneſs. In the firſt State, it diverts us with the

Nec quidquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
Quale priùs, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
Solicitus plores: quæro, faciaſne, quid olim
Mutatus Polemo? ponas inſignia morbi,
Faſciolas, cubital, focalia? potus ut ille
Dicitur ex collo furtim carpſiſſe coronas,
Poſtquam eſt impranſi correptus voce magiſtri.
Porrigis irato puero quum poma, recuſat:
Sume, Catelle; negat: ſi non des, optet. Amator
Excluſus quî diſtat? agit ubi ſecum, eat, an non,
Quò rediturus erat non arceſſitus; & hæret
Inviſis foribus: Ne nunc, quum me vocat ultro,
Accedam? an potiùs mediter finire labores?
Excluſit, revocat, redeam? non, ſi obſecret. Ecce
Servus non paulò ſapientior: O here, quæ res
Nec modum habet neque conſilium, ratione modoque
Tractari non vult. In amore hæc ſunt mala: bellum,
Pax rurſum. Hæc ſi quis, tempeſtatis prope ritu
Mobilia, & cæca fluitantia ſorte laboret

Reddere

Ridiculouſneſs, which always attends it; in the ſecond, it inſpires us with Horrour, by the dreadful Effects it produces. San.

254. *Polemo.*] Polemo was a young Athenian, who, running one Day through the Streets, inflamed with Wine, had the Curioſity to go into the School of Xenocrates to hear him. The Philoſopher dextrouſly turned his Diſcourſe upon Sobriety, and ſpoke with ſo much Force, that Polemo from that Moment renounced his Intemperance, and purſued his Studies with ſuch Application, as to ſucceed Xenocrates in his School. Thus, as Valerius Maximus remarks, being cured by the wholeſome Medicine of one Oration, he became a celebrated Philoſopher, from an infamous Prodigal.

255. *Faſciolas, cubital, focalia.*] The Difficulty of this Paſſage conſiſts in knowing whether theſe Words mean the Dreſs of a Lover or a ſick Man; and although the Tranſlator hath choſen the firſt Senſe, yet he dares not be poſitive, that he hath made the beſt Choice. If we underſtand the Paſſage as applied to a ſick Perſon, our Poet muſt then argue in this Manner; *When a Patient recovers his Health, he throws off the Clothes he was obliged to wear in his Diſorder. Will you do the ſame? Will you quit the Marks of your Diſtemper*;

If there's no Difference, whether in the Duſt
You ſport your Infant Works, or high in Luſt,
An Harlot's Cruelty with Tears deplore,
Will you, like much-chang'd Polemon of yore,
Throw off the Enſigns of the dear Diſeaſe,
The Arts of Dreſs, and Earneſtneſs to pleaſe?
For the gay Youth, though high with Liquor warm'd,
Was by the ſober Sage's Doctrine charm'd?
Chaſtis'd he liſten'd to th' inſtructive Lore,
And from his Head the breathing Garland tore.
A peeviſh Boy ſhall proffer'd Fruit deſpiſe;
"Take it, dear Puppy." No, and yet he dies
If you refuſe it. Does not this diſcover
The froward Soul of a diſcarded Lover,
Thus reaſoning with himſelf? What! when thus ſlighted
Shall I return, return though uninvited?
Yes, he ſhall ſure return and lingering wait
At the proud Doors he now preſumes to hate.
"Shall I not go if ſhe ſubmiſſive ſend,
"Or here reſolve, my Injuries ſhall end?
"Expell'd, recall'd, ſhall I go back again?
"No; let her kneel; for ſhe ſhall kneel in vain."
When lo! his wily Servant well reply'd,
Think not by Rule and Reaſon, Sir, to guide
What ne'er by Reaſon or by Meaſure move,
For Peace and War ſucceed by Turns in Love,
And while tempeſtuous theſe Emotions roll,
And float with blind Diſorder in the Soul,

Who

Diſtemper; *your fooliſh Paſſion of Love?* Such as the *lucida funalia, vectes* and *arcus*, in the twenty-ſixth Ode of the third Book.

260. *Agit ubi ſecum.*] This whole Paſſage is an Imitation of a Scene in the Eunuch of Terence.

261. *Arceſſitus.*] *Accerſitus* was introduced by the Grammarians long after the Times of pure Latinity. SAN.

Reddere certa ſibi, nihilò plus explicet, ac ſi
Inſanire paret certâ ratione modoque.
Quid? quum Picenis excerpens ſemina pomis,
Gaudes, ſi cameram percuſti fortè, penes te es?
Quid? quum balba feris annoſo verba palato,
Ædificante caſas quî ſanior? Adde cruorem
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio ſcrutare. Modò, inquam,
Hellade percuſsâ, Marius quum præcipitat ſe,
Cerritus fuit; an commotæ crimine mentis
Abſolves hominem, & ſceleris damnabis eundem,
Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus?
Libertinus erat, qui circùm compita ſiccus
Lautis manè ſenex manibus currebat, &: Unum
(Quid tam magnum? addens) unum me ſurpite morti,
Dîs etenim facile eſt, orabat; ſanus utriſque
Auribus atque oculis: mentem, niſi litigioſus,
Exciperet dominus, quum venderet. Hoc quoque vulgus
Chryſippus ponit fecundâ in gente Menenî.

Jupiter,

276. *Ignem gladio ſcrutare.*] A proverbial Precept of Pythagoras, *do not ſtir the Fire with a Sword.* Our Poet uſes it as an eaſy Tranſition from the Folly to the Madneſs of Lovers. We ſhall have another Proverb in the ſame Senſe, *oleum adde camino.*

Cruq. San.

278. *Cerritus.*] *A Cerere percuſſus, lymphaticus, fanaticus,* who fancied he had ſeen Ceres, and that the Goddeſs had turned his Brain.

Torr.

280. *Cognata vocabula.*] Every wicked Man is a Fool, for Vice and Folly are ſynonymous Terms. But Mankind endeavour to divide theſe Ideas, thus nearly related, by giving to each of them, at particular times, a different Name. As, when they would find Marius guilty of Murder, they would acquit him of Madneſs. But Horace condemns him of both, ſince, in his Philoſophy, Murder and Madneſs are the ſame.

281. *Libertinus erat.*] There is not a Word here, that does not aggravate the Folly of this Superſtition. He was old *ſenex* and ſhould have better known what Prayer to make; *ſiccus,* his Folly was not an Effect of Wine, *lautis manibus,* he waſhed his Hands with

Who ſtrives to fix them by one certain Rule,
May by right Rule and Reaſon play the Fool.
When from the Roof the darted Pippins bound,
Does the glad Omen prove your Senſes ſound?
With aged Tongue you breathe the liſping Phraſes—
Is he more mad, who that Child-Cottage raiſes?
Then add the Murders of this fond Deſire,
And with the Sword provoke the madding Fire.
When jealous Marius late his Miſtreſs ſlew,
And from a Precipice himſelf he threw,
Was he not mad, or can you by your Rule
Condemn the Murderer, and abſolve the Fool?
But though in civil Phraſe you change the Name,
Madman and Fool for ever are the ſame.
With Hands clean waſh'd, a ſober, ancient Wight
Ran praying through the Streets at early Light,
"Snatch me from Death; grant me alone to live;
"No mighty Boon; with Eaſe the Gods can give."
Sound were his Senſes, yet if he were ſold,
His Maſter ſure this Weakneſs muſt have told,
And if not fond a Law-ſuit to maintain,
Muſt have confeſs'd the Slave unſound of Brain.
This Croud is by the Doctrine of our Schools
Enroll'd in the large Family of Fools.

Her

with Temper, and a real Spirit of Religion; for waſhing was, by the Heathens, eſteemed a Ceremony of much Purity. He makes this extravagant Petition, only becauſe the Gods are able to grant it; not that it is in itſelf juſt and reaſonable. DAC.

287. *Fœcundâ in gente Menenî.*] One would imagine by theſe Words that Folly was hereditary in the Family of Menenius. It was a very ancient Name, and Menenius Agrippa is known in the earlieſt Times of the Republic, by appeaſing a Sedition with a Fable of the Limbs declaring War againſt the Stomach.

Jupiter, ingentes qui daſque adimiſque dolores,
Mater ait pueri menſes jam quinque cubantis,
Frigida ſi puerum quartana reliquerit, illo
Manè die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
In Tiberi ſtabit. Caſus medicuſve levarit
Ægrum ex præcipiti; mater delira necabit
In gelidâ fixum ripâ, ſebrimque reducet.
Quone malo mentem concuſſa? timore Deorum.

Damasippus.

Hæc mihi Stertinius, ſapientûm octavus, amico
Arma dedit: poſthac ne compellarer inultus.
Dixerit inſanum qui me, totidem audiet; atque
Reſpicere ignoto diſcet pendentia tergo.

Horatius.

Stoice, poſt damnum ſic vendas omnia pluris;
Quam me ſtultitiam (quoniam non eſt genus unum)
Inſanire

288. *Jupiter, ingentes.*] Another frightful Inſtance of Superſtition. A Mother begs of Jupiter to cure her Son, at the ſame time makes a Vow to kill him. Dac.

291. *Die, quo tu indicis jejunia.*] The Romans had regular Faſts in Honour of Jupiter. They were uſually celebrated on Thurſday, which was conſecrated to that God. They began on the Eve; and the next Morning, which was properly the Faſt-day, was obſerved with great Rigour and Auſterity. Ariſtophanes, in his Clouds, introduces the Chorus complaining, that they had a Faſt, rather than a Feaſt; and in another of his Plays, he mentions a Faſt, which was obſerved on the third Day of the Feſtival of Ceres. Dac. San.

293. *Ex præcipiti.*] Mr. Sanadon does not underſtand this of a dangerous Diſtemper, for that the Fears and Vows of the Mother muſt ſuppoſe, but *ex præcipiti* for *ſubito*, as *ex facili*, for *facile*. The Quickneſs of the Cure makes a Kind of Miracle, which impoſes on her Underſtanding.

295. *Timore Deorum.*] What Stertinius here ſays of the Fear, may as juſtly be ſaid of the Love of the Gods, which is equally capable of miſguiding us, when it exceeds its proper Bounds.

296. *Hæc mihi Stertinius.*] Damaſippus is wiſe enough to know his own Folly, but does not ſeem touched with the Truths, which Stertinius taught him. He values them only as Arms offenſive and

Her Child beneath a Quartan Fever lies
For full five Months, when the fond Mother cries,
" Sickneſs and Health are thine, all powerful Jove,
" Then from my Son this dire Diſeaſe remove,
" And when your Prieſts thy ſolemn Faſt proclaim,
" Naked the Boy ſhall ſtand in Tyber's Stream."
Should Chance, or the Phyſician's Art up-raiſe
Her Infant from this deſperate Diſeaſe,
The frantic Dame ſhall plunge her hapleſs Boy,
Bring back the Fever, and the Child deſtroy.
Tell me, what Horrors thus have turn'd her Head?
Of the good Gods a ſuperſtitious Dread.

DAMASIPPUS.

Theſe Arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth Sage,
That none unpuniſh'd may provoke my Rage;
Who calls me mad, ſhall hear himſelf a Fool,
And know he trails his Mark of Ridicule.

HORACE.

Great Stoic, ſo may better Bargains raiſe
Your ruin'd Fortune, tell me, if you pleaſe,
Since Follies are thus various in their Kind,
To what dear Madneſs am I moſt inclin'd.

For

defenſive; to guard himſelf and throw back the Fool on him, who attacks him. DAC.

299. *Reſpicere ignoto.*] This Paſſage may be explained by the fifty third Line, *caudam tergo*, or by the Fable, which ſays, that Jupiter threw over the Shoulder of every Mortal two Bags; that the Faults of his Neighbour were put into the Bag before him, and his own into that behind him.

300. *Stoice, poſt damnum.*] The Poet wiſhes, that Damaſippus may ſell every thing hereafter for more than it is worth; a Wiſh, that inſults the honeſt Wiſdom of a Philoſopher. Thus, in covert Terms, he adviſes him to return to his Merchandiſe, and trouble his Head no more about Philoſophy. Damaſippus underſtands the Ridicule, and is very ſufficiently, though with not too much Delicacy, revenged. SAN.

302. *Nam*

Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.

Damasippus.

Quid? caput abscissum manibus quum portat Agave
Nati infelicis, sibi tum furiosa videtur?

Horatius.

Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris)
Atque etiam insanum: tantùm hoc edissere, quo me
Ægrotare putes animi vitio.

Damasippus.

Accipe: primùm
Ædificas; hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis; & idem
Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis
Spiritum & incessum: quî ridiculus minùs illo?
An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, te quoque verum est,
Tantùm dissimilem, & tantò certare minorem?
Absentis ranæ pullis vituli pede pressis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens
Bellua cognatos eliserit. Illa rogare,

Quan-

302. *Nam videor mihi sanus.*] The Eyes of the Mind are like those of the Body; they neither of them can throw their Rays inward upon themselves, that they may see themselves. There is a Passage in Plato upon this Subject, which Mr. Dacier calls truly divine. *As the Eye cannot see itself, except in some outward Object, perfectly like itself, such as another Eye; the same may be said of the human Mind. It must throw its Rays upon some outward Object, which most resembles itself, and this Object can be no other than God.*

303. *Manibus quum portat Agave.*] *Manibus* is of sufficient Authority, and adds a greater Horror to the Fact; whereas *demens* is not only perfectly useless, but lies with Weight upon the Sentence. Agave, in a Transport of Bacchanalian Fury, tore her Son Pentheus in Pieces. Cruq. Bent.

305. *Stultum me fateor.*] Horace owns himself a Fool, and then pleasantly asks, what his Follies are; but he will soon have Reason to repent of having made such a Concession. Dac. San.

308. *Longos imitaris.*] *Longus*, in Opposition to *moduli bipedalis*, must signify *tall*, but as the Stoics were too grave a Race to be good Jokers,

For I, methinks, my Reaſon will maintain ———

DAMASIPPUS.

What! did Agave then ſuſpect her Brain,
When by a Bacchanalian Frenzy led
In her own Hand ſhe carried her Son's Head?

HORACE.

Since we muſt yield to Truth, 'tis here confeſt,
I am a Fool; with Madneſs too poſſeſt,
But ſince my Mind's diſtemper'd, if you pleaſe,
What ſeems the proper Kind of my Diſeaſe?

DAMASIPPUS.

Firſt that you build, and ſcarce of two foot Height,
Mimic the mighty Stature of the Great.
While you, forſooth, a Dwarf in Arms deride,
His haughty Spirit and gigantic Stride,
Yet are you leſs ridiculous, who dare,
Meer Mimic, with Mæcenas to compare?
Perchance, a Mother-Frog had ſtroll'd abroad,
When a fell Ox upon her young ones trod;
Yet one alone eſcap'd, who thus expreſt
The doleful News——"Ah me! a monſtrous Beaſt

"My

Jokers, there is a poor Quibble in the Word, by which Damaſippus means *great* as well as *tall*. *And he that has the good Fortune to be born ſix Foot high, was born to be a great Man.* Our Poet was happy enough to be able to laugh at his own diminutive Stature, which was probably a Jeſt among his Acquaintance.

312. *An quodcunque facit.*] The Conſtruction may have ſome Difficulty. *An verum & par eſt te facere quodcunque Mæcenas facit? te, inquam, tantùm ei diſſimilem, & tantò minorem certare cum illo.* There is a Greciſm in theſe laſt Words; *tantò minor certare* for *tam impar certamini*; a Manner of ſpeaking very frequent in our Author, as *ludere doctior, ſpernere fortior.* BENT. SAN.

313. *Tantùm diſſimilem.*] This Reading is of two excellent Manuſcripts, and *tanto diſſimilem* is not even Latin. *Tantùm* here ſignifies *tam*, as in *nec tantùm Veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ.* CRUQ. BENT. CUN. SAN.

317. *Quan-*

Quantane? num tantùm, ſufflans ſe, magna fuit? Tùm
Major dimidio: num tantùm? Quum magis atque
Se magis inflaret: Non, ſi te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris. Hæc à te non multùm abludit imago.
Adde poemata nunc; hoc eſt, oleum adde camino;
Quæ ſi quis ſanus fecit, ſanus facis & tu.
Non dico horrendam rabiem.

HORATIUS.

Jam deſine.

DAMASIPPUS.

Cultum
Majorem cenſu.

HORATIUS.

Teneas, Damaſippe, tuis te

DAMASIPPUS.

Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores.

HORATIUS.

O major tandem parcas inſane minori.

SAT.

317. *Quantane? num tantùm.*] Our Commentators think they underſtand this Paſſage, and the beſt of them do not condeſcend to take notice of it, although, perhaps, there is not another in Horace more ſenſibly defective. Almoſt all our Editions read,

Quantane? Num tandem ſe inflans ſic magna fuiſſet?
Major dimidio. Num tanto?

Firſt, *tandem*, *at length*, cannot agree with the firſt Efforts, therefore Porphyrion reads *tantùm*, which is confirmed by ſeveral Manuſcripts. Secondly, the Correction, however neceſſary, does not make the Sentence more intelligible. A Grammarian muſt bluſh at ſuch a Conſtruction, as *tantum ſic magna*. The Manuſcripts of Cruquius and many others have *ſufflans ſe*, and Dr. Bentley aſſures us, *inflans* is not in any of his Copies. But *ſufflare* for *inflare*, and *tantùm* for *tam* is good Latin. Thirdly, *fuiſſet*, the beſt aſcertained Word in the Paſſage, is not undiſputed. After *quantane*, the Conſtruction requires *num fuit*, not *num fuiſſet*. The Correction *tum* ſupports the Dialogue, and the ſame Reaſon for *tantum* in the firſt Line, will maintain it in the ſecond, that it appears in the ſame Manuſcripts.

Tanto

" My Brothers hath deſtroy'd." How large? ſhe cries,
And ſwelling forth——was this the Monſter's Size?
Then larger grows——What! is he larger ſtill?
When more and more ſhe ſtrives her Bulk to fill;
" Nay, though you burſt, you ne'er ſhall be ſo great."
No idle Image, Horace, of thy State.
Your Verſes too; that Oil, which feeds the Flame;
If ever Bard was wiſe, be thine the Name.
That horrid Rage of Temper——

HORACE.

Yet have done?

DAMASIPPUS.

That vaſt Expence——

HORACE.

Good Stoic, mind your own.

DAMASIPPUS.

Thoſe thouſand furious Paſſions for the Fair——

HORACE.

Thou mightier Fool, inferior Ideots ſpare.

SAT.

Tanto hath cauſed great Perplexity in the Senſe, and the Difficulty of the whole Sentence is much increaſed by the young Frog's not anſwering to its Mother, until it hath ſeen her laſt Efforts exerted in vain. This Note is taken from ſome Corrections of Mr. Sanadon, intended for a ſecond Edition of his Tranſlation.

321. *Adde poemata.*] The Stoics, in their Pedantry of Wiſdom, condemned all Kinds of Poetry, but there is a particular Ridicule in making Damaſippus blame our Poet for writing, when he began the Satire with reproaching him for not writing. DAC.

326. *O major tandem parcas.*] The Poet begins this Line, as if he deſigned to compliment Damaſippus with a Superiority of Wiſdom, but he ſoon undeceives his impertinent Moraliſt, and breaks off the Dialogue with returning him the Title of Madman. If this Remark is not a little too refined, we are obliged to Mr. Dacier for it.

This

Sat. IV.

Horatius. Catius.

Horatius.

UNDE, & quò Catius?

Catius.

Non eſt mihi tempus aventi
Ponere ſigna novis præceptis; qualia vincant
Pythagoran, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.

Horatius.

Peccatum fateor, quum te ſic tempore lævo
Interpellarim: ſed des veniam bonus, oro.

Quod

This Satire is ſufficiently ſingular, both for the Subject, and the Manner in which it is treated. An Actor appears upon the Scene, who is a perfect Original. He pretends to be an able Philoſopher and an excellent Cook, but we find him as ignorant in the Science of the Kitchen, as in Philoſophy Our Poet treats him with much Reſpect, and begs he may be received, as a Diſciple, into a School of ſuch ſuperior Wiſdom, as hath at laſt found, that the ſupreme Happineſs of Mankind conſiſts in good eating. It would have been ridiculous, gravely to refute a Doctrine of this extraordinary Kind, and therefore the Poet pleaſantly takes his Leave of the Doctor, in ſolemn Admiration of his profound Wiſdom. San.

Verſ. 1. *Catius.*] All the learned Enquiries of our Commentators only convince us, that it is impoſſible to know who Catius was. Nor are there any Marks in the Satire itſelf, by which we may fix the Date of it.

Non eſt mihi tempus.] His firſt Words are in a Style of Importance, and his Philoſophy hath taken ſuch Poſſeſſion of him, that he hath not Time for the common Forms of ſaluting a Friend. San.

2. *Ponere ſigna novis præceptis.*] *Nova præcepta in animo conſignare, to impreſs on my Memory ſome admirable Precepts, which I have*

SAT. IV.

HORACE. CATIUS.

HORACE.

WHENCE comes my Catius? Whither in ſuch Haſte?

CATIUS.

I have no Time in idle Prate to waſte.
I muſt away to treaſure in my Mind
A Set of Precepts, novel and refin'd;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates, nor ſcienc'd Plato teach.

HORACE.

I aſk your Pardon, and confeſs my Crime,
To interrupt you at ſo croſs a Time.
But yet, if aught eſcap'd through ſtrange Neglect,
You ſhall with Eaſe the Wiſdom recollect,
Whether

have juſt now heard. Much good Learning hath been employed to render this Expreſſion obſcure, which is in itſelf clear and open. SAN.

Novis præceptis.] This Philoſopher, ſo buſy, as not to be able to ſtop a Moment, is however impatient to diſplay his Doctrine, and makes the firſt Advances to raiſe our Poet's Curioſity. *Præcepta* are Principles of Conduct, theſe Principles are juſt now diſcovered, *nova*; they are above all the Precepts of other Philoſophers, *qualia vincant Pythagoran*, and they require a Penetration of Spirit to underſtand them, which few People poſſeſs, *res tenues tenui ſermone peractas.* SAN.

3. *Anytique reum.*] Socrates, whom Anytus and Melitus accuſed.

12. *Longa*

Quòd ſi interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox;
Sive eſt naturæ hoc, ſive artis, mirus utroque.

Catius.

Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem;
Utpote res tenues, tenui ſermone peractas.

Horatius.

Ede hominis nomen; ſimul & Romanus, an hoſpes.

Catius.

Ipſa memor præcepta canam: celabitur auctor.
Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut ſucci melioris, & ut magis alta rotundis,
Ponere; namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum.
Caule ſuburbano, qui ſiccis crevit in agris,
Dulcior: irriguo nihil eſt elutius horto.
Si veſpertinus ſubitò te oppreſſerit hoſpes,
Ne gallina malum reſponſet dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam muſto merſare Falerno:
Hoc teneram faciet. Pratenſibus optima fungis

Natura

12. *Longa quibus facies.*] Catius preſerves at leaſt ſome Order in delivering his Precepts, for we ſhould not wrong him of the only good Thing he has taken from Philoſophy. He begins with the firſt Courſe of the Roman Tables; he proceeds next to the Fruit, which was called the ſecond Table, and ends with ſome general Reflexions upon Neatneſs and Elegance. But he opens with a Precept, which is contradicted by Experience. The round are male Eggs, and their Shell is harder, than that of the long. However, the Deciſion of this new Legiſlator hath impoſed upon Columella, Pliny, and other great Authors, who look upon theſe Words of Catius as the real Opinion of Horace. San.

Our Doctor opens his Lecture with much Solemnity, which the Tranſlator hath endeavoured to preſerve by a more numerous Pomp of Burleſque

13. *Magis alta rotundis.*] *Alta* for *nutrita*, from the Verb *alere*. Horace hath uſed *altum* in the ſame Senſe in his Odes. *Magis alba* is ridiculous. Cun. San.

15. *Caule*

Whether you boaſt, from Nature or from Art,
This wonderous Gift of holding Things by Heart.

CATIUS.

I meant to ſtore them total in my Head,
The Matter nice, and wrought of ſubtle Thread.

HORACE.

But prithee, Catius, what's your Sage's Name:
Is he a Roman, or of foreign Fame?

CATIUS.

His Precepts I ſhall willingly reveal,
And ſing his Doctrines, but his Name conceal.
Long be your Eggs, far ſweeter than the round,
Cock-Eggs they are, more nouriſhing and ſound.
In thirſty Fields a richer Colewort grows,
Than where the watry Garden overflows.
If by an evening Gueſt perchance ſurpris'd,
Leſt the tough Hen (I prithee be advis'd)
Should quarrel with his Teeth, let her be drown'd
In Lees of Wine, and ſhe'll be tender found.

Beſt

15. *Caule ſuburbano.*] Another falſe Principle. Greens and Roots of a natural Soil have always more Salts, and conſequently an higher Reliſh; on the contrary, thoſe which are raiſed by Force of watering are uſually flat and inſipid. But Catius heightens the Abſurdity, by the Reaſon he gives for his Opinion, *irriguo nihil eſt elutius horto*, which is directly contrary to Matter of Fact. Pliny is again deceived in following our Philoſopher. TORR. SAN.

19. *Muſto merſare Falerno*] The Character of Catius is perfectly well ſupported. This Precept is true, but his Expreſſion is faulty. To make a Fowl tender, it was ſuffocated in Wine; but *merſare*, which ſignifies only *to dip into Water*, is not full to his Meaning. *Muſto* for *miſto* is a Correction received by four of our late Editors.

20. *Pratenſibus optima fungis.*] Nothing is more falſe. The beſt Muſhrooms, generally ſpeaking, are thoſe gathered in Woods, Heaths, or Downs. They are more wholeſome, and better flavoured than thoſe of Meadows. TORR. DAC.

22. *Qui*

Natura eſt; aliis malè creditur. Ille ſalubres
Æſtates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore ſolem.
Auſidius forti miſcebat mella Falerno,
Mendoſè; quoniam vacuis committere venis
Nîl niſi lene decet. Leni præcordia mulſo
Prolueris meliùs. Si dura morabitur alvus,
Mitulus, & viles pellent obſtantia conchæ,
Et lapathi brevis herba; ſed albo non ſine Coo.
Lubrica naſcentes implent conchylia lunæ:
Sed non omne mare eſt generoſæ fertile teſtæ.
Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris;
Oſtrea Circeiis, Miſeno oriuntur echini;
Pectinibus patulis jactat ſe molle Tarentum.
Nec ſibi cœnarum quivis temerè arroget artem,
Non priùs exactâ tenui ratione ſaporum.
Nec ſatis eſt carâ piſces averrere mensâ,
Ignarum quibus eſt jus aptius, & quibus aſſis
Languidus in cubitum jam ſe conviva reponet.
Umber, & ilignâ nutritus glande, rotundas
Curvet aper lances carnem vitantis inertem;
Nam Laurens malus eſt, ulvis & arundine pinguis.

22. *Qui nigris prandia moris finiet.*] The Ancients had only one Meal, but they, who could not wait for Supper, uſually eat Bread, Grapes, Figs, or Mulberries in the Morning. But our Doctor, who loved to dine in Form, taught another Method, and in contradiction to Galen and the Faculty, would have his Diſciples eat Mulberries after Dinner.

23. *Ante gravem legerit.*] The Juices of tenderer Fruit evaporate by the Heat of the Sun, but are collected and confined by the Coldneſs of the Night. On the contrary, harder and firmer Fruit, ſuch as Apples, ſhould be gathered in the middle of the Day, when the Sun hath ripened and concocted their Juices.

25. *Mendoſè.*] Marcus Auſidius Lurco was a Man extremely knowing in the Science of good Eating. Our Doctor Adventurer here hazards a Deciſion with his uſual Spirit. Auſidius invented a Morning Draught of ſtrong Wine mixed with Honey, to fortify the Stomach and promote Digeſtion. Catius pleaſantly ſteals the Honour of this Invention from him, and condemns the Cuſtom in Auſidius, even while he recommends it himſelf. 30. *Lu-*

Beſt flavour'd Muſhrooms Meadow-Land ſupplies,
In other Kinds a dangerous Poiſon lies.
He ſhall with Vigour bear the Summer's Heat,
Who after Dinner ſhall be ſure to eat
His Mulberries, of blackeſt, ripeſt Dyes,
And gather'd ere the Morning-Sun ariſe.
Auſidius firſt, moſt injudicious, quaff'd
Strong Wine and Honey for his Morning Draught.
With lenient Beverage fill your empty Veins,
And ſmoother Mead ſhall better ſcour the Reins.
Sorrel and White-Wine, if you coſtive prove,
And Muſcles, all Obſtructions ſhall remove.
In the New Moon all Shell-Fiſh fill with Juice,
But not all Seas the richer Sort produce;
The largeſt in the Lucrine Lake we find,
But the Circæan are of ſweeter Kind.
Crayfiſh are beſt on the Miſenian Coaſts,
And ſoft Tarentum broadeſt Scollops boaſts.
Let none preſume to underſtand a Feaſt,
If not exact and elegant of Taſte.
'Tis not enough to buy the precious Fiſh,
But know what Sauce gives Flavour to the Diſh,
If ſtew'd or roaſted it ſhall reliſh beſt,
And to the Table rouze the languid Gueſt.
But if th' inſipid Fleſh of Boars you hate,
Let the round Diſhes bend beneath the Weight
Of thoſe with Acorns fed; though fat, indeed,
The reſt are vapid from the marſhy Reed. The

30. *Lubrica naſcentes.*] In juſtice to Catius, it muſt be confeſſed, that this Errour is of ancient Date, but contradicted by conſtant and univerſal Experience.

32. *Murice Baiano.*] *Murex* and *peloris* were Shell-fiſh of different Kinds, for which we have not any Names in Engliſh.

3 . *Nec ſatis eſt carâ*, &c.] *Averrere* is of a great Number of Manuſcripts and beſt Editions. By *menſa* the Poet means the Table on which Fiſhmongers expoſed their Fiſh for Sale. TORR.

42. *Nam Laurens malus eſt.*] All People of Taſte have ever

Vinea ſummittit capreas non ſemper edules.
Fecundæ leporis ſapiens ſectabitur armos.
Piſcibus atque avibus quæ natura ac foret ætas,
Ante meum nulli patuit quæſita palatum.
Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantùm cruſtula promit.
Nequaquam ſatis in re unâ conſumere curam :
Ut ſi quis ſolùm hoc, mala ne ſint vina, laboret,
Quali perfundat piſces ſecurus olivo.
Maſſica ſi cœlo ſuppones vina ſereno,
Nocturnâ, ſi quid craſſi eſt, tenuabitur aurâ,
Et decedet odor nervis inimicus ; at illa
Integrum perdunt lino vitiata ſaporem.
Surrentina vafer qui miſcet fæce Falernâ
Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo ;
Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.
Toſtis marcentem ſquillis recreabis & Afrâ
Potorem cochleâ : nam lactuca innatat acri
Poſt vinum ſtomacho : pernâ magis, ac magis hillis
Flagitat immorſus refici : quin omnia mavult,
Quæcunque immundis fervent allata popinis.

Eſt

eſteemed Boars fed in marſhy Ground, as of higher Flavour, although Catius is of another Opinion. DAC.

44. *Fecundæ leporis,*] Is a Reading of two Manuſcripts. We find *elephantus gravida* in Plautus, and *mus una, mus reperta* in Pliny, where *fœmina* muſt be underſtood. Our Philoſopher is here of a ſingular Taſte, when he prefers the Shoulders to any other Part of an Hare. Some of our Commentators, not entering into the Spirit of the Satire, would have *armos* ſignify the Back.

51. *Maſſica ſi cœlo.*] Pliny adviſes, that all the beſt Campanian Wines ſhould be expoſed Night and Day to the Sun, Moon, Rain, and Winds.

57. *Vitellus.*] Catius recommends the Yolks of Eggs, and our Vintners fine down their Wines with the White.

61. *Flagitat immorſus refici.*] Seven Manuſcripts and nine learned Editors give us this Reading. *Immorſus* for *vellicatus, excitatus, punctus, pervulſus. In morſus* is incapable of any reaſonable Senſe, as

The Vine-fed Goat's not always luſcious Fare;
Wiſe Palates chuſe the Wings of pregnant Hare.
None before me ſo ſapient to engage
To tell the various Nature or the Age
Of Fiſh and Fowl; that Secret was my own,
'Till my judicious Palate quite unknown.
In ſome new Paſtry that Man's Genius lies,
Yet in one Art 'tis Meaneſs to be wiſe.
For ſhould we not be careful leſt our Oil,
Though excellent our Wine, the Fiſh ſhould ſpoil?
The Sky ſerene, put out your Maſſic Wine;
In the Night-Air its Foulneſs ſhall refine,
And loſe the Scent, unfriendly to the Nerves,
But philtrated no Flavour it preſerves.
He, who with Art would pour a ſtronger Wine
On ſmooth Falernian Lees, ſhould well refine
Th' incorporated Maſs with Pigeon's Eggs;
The falling Yolk will carry down the Dregs.
Stew'd Shrimps and Afric Cockles ſhall excite
A jaded Drinker's languid Appetite;
For Lettuce after Wine is cold and crude,
But Ham or Sauſage is provoking Food;
Perhaps he may prefer with higher Zeſt,
Whatever is in filthy Taverns dreſt.

Two

as Dr. Bentley hath well proved. Catius, to rouſe a jaded Drinker, recommends whatever is moſt capable of provoking his Appetite, and would rather ſend to a Tavern for ſome high-ſeaſoned Ragout, than ſuffer him to eat Lettuce, which, being naturally cooling, might diſpel the Fumes of his Wine, and temper its exceſſive Heat.

Eſt operæ pretium duplicis pernoſcere juris
Naturam. Simplex è dulci conſtat olivo:
At pingui miſcere mero muriâque decebit,
Non aliâ, quàm quâ Byzantia putuit orca.
Hoc ubi confuſum ſectis inferbuit herbis,
Corycioque croco ſparſum ſtetit, inſuper addes
Preſſa Venafranæ quod bacca remiſit olivæ.
Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia ſucco:
Nam facie præſtant. Venucula convenit ollis.
Rectiùs Albanam fumo duraveris uvam;
Hanc ego cum malis, ego fæcem primus & allec,
Primus & invenior piper album, cum ſale nigro
Incretum puris circumpoſuiſſe catillis.
Immane eſt vitium, dare millia terna macello,
Anguſtoque vagos piſces urgere catino.
Magna movet ſtomacho faſtidia, ſeu puer unctis
Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta liguit:
Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæſit.

Vilibus

65. *At pingui miſcere mero.*] *At* inſtead of *quod* is authoriſed by an ancient M nuſcript, and is ſo neceſſary, that the Paſſage is inexplicable without it. *Miſcere* muſt be underſtood abſolutely for *miſcere jus, jus miſtum facere.* Juvenal uſes *miſcere* for *miſcere pocula.* Bent. Cun. San.

66. *Quâ Byzantia putuit orca.*] The common Editors read *putruit*, and give a very ſtrange Meaning to the Words. They underſtand *orca* for a Fiſh not leſs than a Whale, of greater Strength, and rarely ſeen, except in the main Ocean. The Brine of ſuch a Fiſh muſt be very extraordinary; but we ſtill want to know why the Fiſh ſhould rot, *putruit*, in a Pickle intended to preſerve it. Catius hath Abſurdities enough of his own, nor need we load him with more. *Putuit* is of almoſt all the Manuſcripts. *Orca* is an earthen Pot. The Poet ſays, *muria quâ orca putuit*, becauſe the Pickle gives a Veſſel a diſagreeable Scent, and he adds *Byzantia*, becauſe Byzantium was famous for a great Quantity of Brine of different Fiſh.

68. *Corycioque croco ſtetit.*] Corycus was a Mountain of Cilicia famous for its Saffron. *Stetit, ſtood to cool.*

70. *Picenis*

Two Sorts of Sauce are worthy to be known;
Simple the firſt, of ſweeteſt Oil alone:
The other mix'd with full and generous Wine,
With the true Pickle of Byzantian Brine;
Let it with ſhreded Herbs and Saffron boil,
And when it cools pour in Venafran Oil.
Picenian Fruits with juicy Flavour grow,
But Tibur's with ſuperior Beauty glow.
Some Grapes have with Succeſs in Pots been tried:
Albanian better in the Smoke are dried;
With them and Apples and the Lees of Wine,
White Pepper, common Salt, and Herring-Brine,
I firſt invented a delicious Treat,
And gave to every Gueſt a ſeparate Plate.
Monſtrous, to ſpend a Fortune on a Diſh,
Or croud the Table with a Load of Fiſh.
It ſtrongly turns the Stomach, when a Slave
Shall on your Cup the greaſy Tokens leave
Of what rich Sauce the luſcious Caitiff ſtole;
Or when vile Mould incruſts your antique Bowl.
Brooms,

70. *Picenis cedunt pomis.*] He now paſſes to the ſecond Courſe, or Table, as the Romans called it. *Poma* is a general Name for all Sorts of Fruit, ſuch as Apples, Pears, &c. TORR.

73. *Fæcem primus & allec.*] Mr. Sanadon thinks, that Horace does not mean two different Things, but uſes *fæx* and *allec* for *fæx cum allece*, Brine on its Lees; Brine not clarified. Pliny calls *allec*, *imperfecta nec colata fæx*. All antient Manuſcripts write *allec*; not *alec* or *halec*.

75. *Incretum.*] *Permiſtum, incerniculo purgatum.* LAMB.

77. *Anguſtoque vagos.*] Catius calls it a monſtrous Folly, not to know how to make an Entertainment without an immenſe Expence in Meat, or almoſt crouding a Fiſhmonger's whole Shop in a ſingle Diſh. Perhaps, the Poet means to play upon the Words, *vagos* and *anguſto*; that Creatures of their wandering Sort ſhould be confined in a narrow Diſh.

Vilibus in ſcopis, in mattis, in ſcobe, quantus
Conſiſtet ſumtus? neglectis, flagitium ingens.
Ten' lapides varios lutulentâ radere palmâ,
Et Tyrias dare circùm illota toralia veſtes;
Oblitum, quantò curam ſumtumque minorem
Hæc habeant, tantò reprendi juſtiùs illis,
Quæ niſi divitibus nequeant conting re menſis?

Horatius.

Docte Cati, per amicitiam Divoſque rogatus,
Ducere me auditum, perges cumcunque, memento.
Nam quamvis memori referas mihi pectore cuncta,
Non tamen interpres tantumdem juveris. Adde
Vultum habitumque hominis: quem tu vidiſſe beatus
Non magni pendis, quia contigit: at mihi cura
Non mediocris ineſt, fontes ut adire remotos,
Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ.

Sat.

81. *In mattis,*] Is a Conjecture of Mr. Le Fevre. *Mappa* ſignifies a Napkin, but cannot be deſigned here, where the Poet ſpeaks only of the Cleanlineſs of a Floor. When they had not Mats, they threw Saw duſt on the Floor to ſoak the Wine.

85. *Oblitum, quantò*] It is worth remarking, that Horace does not make this Philoſopher ſo ridiculous, but that he ſays ſome excellent Things. The Poet would not only divert, but inſtruct us. Dac.

88. *Docte Cati*] Our Author ends the Satire with an Irony of the laſt Malignity. He diſplays his Gratitude in the moſt lively Expreſſions;

Brooms, Mats and Saw-duſt are ſo cheaply bought,
That not to have them is a ſhameleſs Fault.
What! ſweep with dirty Broom a Floor inlaid,
Or on foul Couches Tyrian Carpets ſpread?

HORACE.

Catius, by Friendſhip, by the Powers divine,
Take me to hear this learned Sage of thine:
For though his Rules you faithfully expreſs,
This meer repeating makes the Pleaſure leſs.
Beſides, what Joy to view his Air and Mien!
Trifles to you, becauſe full often ſeen.
Nor mean that Ardour, which my Breaſt enflames,
To viſit Wiſdom's even remoter Streams,
And by your learned, friendly Guidance led,
Quaff the pure Precept at the Fountain-Head.

SAT.

preſſions; he admires the uncommon Wiſdom of Catius; he dies to be perſonally known to the Author of this enchanting Morality, that he may ſtudy his Principles, which he calls the Springs and Fountains of Happineſs. SAN.

89 *Cumcunque.*] *Quandocunque, quotieſcunque, as often as.* Mr. Cuningham propoſed this natural, eaſy Correction, and it is received by Mr Sanadon.

92. *Adde vultum habitumque hominis.*] Catius had declared, that he would not name the Author of this ſingular Morality; and Horace, perceiving that it was Catius himſelf, maliciouſly preſſes to be introduced to him. SAN.

SAT. V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

HOC quoque, Tireſia, præter narrata, petenti
Reſponde: quibus amiſſas reparare queam res
Artibus atque modis? Quid rides?

TIRESIAS.

Jamne, doloſe,
Non ſatis eſt Ithacam revehi, patrioſque penates
Aſpicere?

ULYSSES.

O nulli quidquam mentite, vides ut
Nudus inopſque domum redeo, te vate: neque illic
Aut apotheca procis intacta eſt, aut pecus. Atqui
Et genus & virtus, niſi cum re, vilior algâ eſt.

TIRE-

Tranſlated by Dr. DUNKIN.

We have here a Dialogue in the delicate and lively Taſte of Lucian. It is true the Poet recommends to Ulyſſes ſome Practices not extremely agreeable to the Spirit of a General, and a King; but, beſides that the Knowledge we have of the Characters of the two Perſons ought to make us perceive the Pleaſantry concealed in the Satire, the Poet hath taken Care not to violate the Rules of Probability. Ulyſſes preſerves his Honour unblemiſhed by rejecting thoſe infamous Methods of making his Fortune; and although he hath Patience to hear the Prophet, yet he does not condeſcend to anſwer him, or inform him, whether he would follow his Advice.

We may conclude, by the ſixty-ſecond Verſe, that the Satire was not written before the Year 734, when Auguſtus recovered the Roman Eagles from Phraates, King of Parthia. SAN.

Verſ. 1. *Hoc quoque, Tireſia.*] Homer made Ulyſſes deſcend into Hell to conſult Tireſias concerning the Succeſs of his Voyage. Our Poet ſuppoſes, that when he had landed at Ithaca, and ſeen the melancholy State of his Affairs, he raiſes the Spirit of the Prophet

SAT. V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

BESIDES the Precepts which you gave before,
Reſolve this Queſtion, and I aſk no more:
Say by what Arts and Methods I may ſtraight
Repair the Ruins of a loſt Eſtate.
How now, Tireſias? whence thoſe leering Smiles?

TIRESIAS.

Already vers'd in double-dealing Wiles,
Are you not ſatisfied to reach again
Your native Land, and view your dear Demaine?

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring Prophet, as you firſt foretold.
The wooing Tribe, in Revellings employ'd,
My Stores have laviſh'd, and my Herds deſtroy'd;
But high Deſcent and meritorious Deeds,
Unbleſt with Wealth, are viler than Sea-Weeds.

TIRE-

phet to direct him how to put them into better Order. This Converſation is not a Continuance of the firſt, but only ſuppoſes it, *præter narrata.* SAN.

7. *Neque illic aut apotheca.*] Ulyſſes muſt have been in Ithaca, by his knowing the Condition of his Houſe and Family. This Remark is neceſſary, becauſe many of our Commentators imagine this Satire is a Continuation of the Dialogue between Ulyſſes and Tireſias in Homer.

TIRESIAS.

Quando pauperiem, miſſis ambagibus, horres:
Accipe, quâ ratione queas diteſcere. Turdus,
Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi: devolet illuc,
Res ubi magna nitet, domino ſene: dulcia poma,
Et quoſcunque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,
Ante Larem guſtet venerabilior Lare dives.
Qui quamvis perjurus erit, ſine gente, cruentus
Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus; ne tamen illi
Tu comes exterior, ſi poſtulet, ire recuſes.

ULYSSES.

Utne tegam ſpurco Damæ latus? Haud ita Trojæ
Me geſſi, certans ſemper melioribus.

TIRESIAS.

Ergo
Pauper eris.

ULYSSES.

Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo:
Et quondam majora tuli. Tu protinus, unde
Divitias æriſque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.

TIRE-

9. *Miſſis ambagibus.*] Tireſias pleaſantly means that oratorial Circumlocution of Ulyſſes, *Et genus & virtus*, when he might more ſimply have expreſſed his Fears of being poor. Nor is this Apprehenſion of Poverty quite out of Character, but ſeems to be taken from a Speech of Ulyſſes to the Phæacians in the Odyſſey. DAC.

11. *Privum.*] Horace puts *privus* in Oppoſition to *communis*. Thruſhes, and all Kinds of wild Birds, were of common Property, *communis & publici juris*, but tame Fowl belonged to particular Perſons, *ſunt aliquid domeſticum, proprium, privum*. The Beauty of *devolet* is happily preſerved in the Tranſlation.

17. *Comes exterior.*] In walking with a Companion, the Side, which is moſt expoſed, as in walking near a River, or a Precipice, was called the outward Side. This, in general, is the left Side, becauſe the Perſon, with whom we walk, has his right Hand at Liberty for his Defence in any unlucky Accidents. When three People walk together, the middle is, for the ſame Reaſon, the moſt honourable Place, and is therefore always given to the Perſon of moſt Diſtinction, *interior comes*.

20. *Fortem*

TIRESIAS.

Since, to be brief, you ſhudder at the Thought
Of Want, attend, how Riches may be caught.
Suppoſe a Thruſh, or any dainty Thing
Be ſent to you, diſpatch it on the Wing
To ſome rich Dotard. What your Garden yields,
The choiceſt Honours of your cultur'd Fields,
To him be ſacrific'd, and let him taſte,
Before your Gods, the vegetable Feaſt.
Though he be perjur'd, and ignobly born,
Stain'd with fraternal Blood, the public Scorn,
A Runagate; yet if requir'd, abide
The Teſt, and dance Attendance by his Side
With low Submiſſion.

ULYSSES.

What! obey the Call
Of ſuch a Wretch, and give a ſlave the Wall?
Not thus at Troy I prov'd my lofty Mind,
Contending ever with the nobler Kind.

TIRESIAS.

Then Poverty ſhall be your Fate.

ULYSSES.

If ſo,
Let me with Soul undaunted undergo
This loathſom Evil, ſince my valiant Heart
In greater Perils bore a manly Part.
But inſtant tell me, Prophet, how to ſcrape
Returning Wealth, and pile the ſplendid Heap.

TIRE-

20. *Fortem hoc animum.*] Ulyſſes cannot deſcend to Meanneſſes unworthy of his Rank, nor would it have been in Character. He had a Fund of Art and Diſſimulation, and pretended to hear the ſage Advice Tireſias gave him, as if he approved of it, but takes Care, at parting, not to tell whether he was determined to follow it. DAC. SAN.

21. *Protinus.*] Tireſias laughed even before he ſpoke: but Ulyſſes,

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Suppoſe a Thruſh, or any dainty Thing
Be ſent to you, diſpatch it on the Wing
To ſome rich Dotard. What your Garden yields,
The choiceſt Honours of your cultur'd Fields,
To him be ſacrific'd, and let him taſte,
Before your Gods, the vegetable Feaſt.
Though he be perjur'd, and ignobly born,
Stain'd with fraternal Blood, the public Scorn,
A Runagate; yet if requir'd, abide
The Teſt, and dance Attendance by his Side
With low Submiſſion.

ULYSSES.

What! obey the Call
Of ſuch a Wretch, and give a Slave the Wall?
Not thus at Troy I prov'd my lofty Mind,
Contending ever with the nobler Kind.

TIRESIAS.

Then Poverty ſhall be your Fate.

ULYSSES.

If ſo,
Let me with Soul undaunted undergo
This loathſom Evil, ſince my valiant Heart
In greater Perils bore a manly Part.
But inſtant tell me, Prophet, how to ſcrape
Returning Wealth, and pile the ſplendid Heap.

TIRE-

20. *Fortem hoc animum.*] Ulyſſes cannot deſcend to Meanneſſes unworthy of his Rank, nor would it have been in Character. He had a Fund of Art and Diſſimulation, and pretended to hear the ſage Advice Tireſias gave him, as if he approved of it, but takes Care, at parting, not to tell whether he was determined to follow it. DAC. SAN.

21. *Protinus.*] Tireſias laughed even before he ſpoke: but Ulyſſes,

Tiresias.

Dixi equidem, & dico. Captes aſtutus ubique
Teſtamenta ſenum: neu, ſi vaſer unus & alter
Inſidiatorem præroſo fugerit hamo,
Aut ſpem deponas, aut artem illuſus omittas.
Magna minorve foro ſi res certabitur olim;
Vivet uter locuples ſine natis, improbus, ultro
Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus, illius eſto
Defenſor: famâ civem causâque priorem
Sperne, domi ſi natus erit, fecundave conjux.
Quinte, puta, aut Publi (gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ) tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum:
Jus anceps novi: cauſas defendere poſſum:
Eripiet quivis oculos citiùs mihi, quàm te
Contemtum caſsâ nuce pauperet: hæc mea cura eſt,
Ne quid tu perdas, neu ſis jocus. Ire domum atque
Pelliculam curare jube: ſi cognitor ipſe:
Perſta, atque obdura: ſeu rubra canicula findet
Infantes ſtatuas; ſeu pingui tentus omaſo

Furius

growing impatient, and imagining that the Prophet ſtill continued to treat him with too much Pleaſantry, deſires him to tell him, *at once*, *protinus*, whether there might not be ſome other Manner of making his Fortune. Tireſias is firm to the Advice he had given, *dixi equidem & dico*, as if he were ſeriouſly convinced, that this was the beſt Method, by which the Monarch could repair his broken Fortune.

32. *Quinte, puta, aut Publi.*] A Slave was no ſooner made free, than he qualified himſelf with a Surname, ſuch as Marcus, Quintus, Publius, which carried a Sort of Dignity with it. The Romans ſaluted each other by their Surnames.

38. *Fi cognitor.*] *Fi*, which is of all the Manuſcripts, hath been changed into *ſi* and *ſis* in different Editions. It is an Imparative Mood of the Verb *fio*, and is often uſed by Plautus.

39. *Seu rubra canicula findet.*] Horace here laughs at a Couple of Poets; one of whom had called Statues, *infantine*, or *young*, to ſhew, they were newly made; an Expreſſion affected, abſurd and ridiculous. The other repreſented Jupiter ſpitting Snow upon the Alpes; an Idea low, harſh and extravagant. The laſt of theſe

Bards

TIRESIAS.

I told, and tell you: you may ſafely catch
The Wills of Dotards, if you wiſely watch;
And though one Hunks or two perceive the Cheat,
Avoid the Hook, or nibble off the Bait,
Lay not aſide your golden Hope of Prey,
Or drop your Art, though baffled in your Play.
Should either great, or leſs important Suit
In Court become the Matter of Diſpute,
Eſpouſe the Man of proſperous Affairs,
Pregnant with Wealth, if indigent in Heirs;
Though he ſhould hamper with a wicked Cauſe
The juſter Party, and inſult the Laws.
Deſpiſe the Citizen of better Life,
If clog'd with Children, or a fruitful Wife.
Accoſt him thus (for he with Rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender Ears)
Quintus, or Publius, on my Faith depend,
Your own Deſerts have render'd me your Friend:
I know the mazy Doubles of the Laws,
Unty their Knots, and plead with vaſt Applauſe.
Had you a Nut, the Villain might as well
Pluck out my Eyes, as rob you of the Shell.
This is the Buſineſs of my Life profeſt,
That you loſe nothing, or become a Jeſt.
Bid him go home, of his ſweet Self take Care;
Conduct his Cauſe, proceed, and perſevere,
Should the red Dog-ſtar infant Statues ſplit,
Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic Fit

Bom-

Bards was Furius Bibaculus, the Name of the other is unknown. Some of our Commentators underſtand *infantes ſtatuas*, dumb, ſilent Statues. JUNIUS. SAN.

Furius hybernas canâ nive conſpuet Alpes.
Nonne vides (aliquis cubito ſtantem prope tangens
Inquiet) ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer?
Plures adnabunt thynni, & cetaria creſcent.
Si cui præterea validus malè filius in re
Præclarâ ſublatus aletur; ne manifeſtum
Cælibis obſequium nudet te, leniter in ſpem
Arrepe officioſus, ut & ſcribare ſecundus
Heres, & ſi quis caſus puerum egerit Orco,
In vacuum venias. Perrarò hæc alea fallit.
Qui teſtamentum tradet tibi cunque legendum,
Abnuere, & tabulas à te removere memento:
Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima ſecundo
Cera velit verſu; ſolus multiſne coheres,
Veloci percurre oculo. Plerumque recoctus
Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem;
Captatorque dabit riſus Naſica Corano.

ULYSSES.

Num furis? an prudens ludis me, obſcura canendo?

TIRE-

41. *Furius hybernas.*] *Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conſpuet Alpes* is the Line, which our Author has parodied. He pleaſantly puts Furius himſelf in the place of Jupiter ſpitting forth Snow, and the Term *conſpuere* ſeems better to agree with the fat Paunch of Furius, than with a God. In the Lines before, he compares him to the Dog-ſtar, as if his Poetry was cold as that Conſtellation in Winter. Servius tells us, in his Notes on *Æraque diſſiliunt vulgo* in Virgil, That Statues of Braſs frequently cracked with exceſſive Cold. DAC.

46. *Sublatus.*] A Word taken from a Roman Cuſtom of laying their new-born Infants on the Ground, and educating only thoſe the Father took up.

53. *Quid prima ſecundo cera velit verſu.*] *Prima cera* ſignifies the firſt Page of the Will, in which the Teſtator's Name was written. *Secundo verſu* was the ſecond Line, which contained the Names of the Heirs and Coheirs

55. *Recoctus ſcriba ex quinqueviro.*] The *Quinqueviri* were a Kind of Tip-Staff or Bailiff in the Colonies and municipal Towns.

A

Bombaſtic howl, and, while the Tempeſt blows,
Beſoam the Winter Alpes with hoary Snows.
Some Perſon then, who chances to be nigh,
Shall pull your Client by the Sleeve, and cry,
" See with what Patience he purſues your Ends!
" Was ever Man ſo active for his Friends?"
Thus Gudgeons daily ſhall ſwim in a-pace,
And ſtock your Fiſh-ponds with a freſh Increaſe.
This Leſſon alſo well deſerves your Care,
If any Man ſhould have a ſickly Heir,
And large Eſtate, leſt you yourſelf betray
By making none but Batchelors your Prey,
With weening Eaſe the pleaſing Bane inſtil,
In hopes to ſtand the ſecond in his Will;
And if the Boy by ſome Diſaſter hurl'd,
Should take his Journey to the nether World,
Your Name in full Reverſion may ſupply
The Void; for ſeldom fails this lucky Die.
Should any Miſer bid you to peruſe
His Will, be ſure you modeſtly refuſe,
And puſh it from you; but obliquely read
The ſecond Clauſe, and quick run o'er the Deed,
Collecting, whether, to reward your Toil,
You claim the whole, or muſt divide the Spoil.
A ſeaſon'd Scrivener, bred in Office low,
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping Crow.
Thus foil'd Naſica ſhall become the Sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his Court.

ULYSSES.

What! are you mad, or purpos'd to propoſe
Obſcure Predictions, to deride my Woes?

TIRE-

A Man, who had paſſed through theſe little Offices, may well be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently knowing in what we call the Practice, and

Tiresias.

O Laërtiade, quidquid dicam, aut erit, aut non:
Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.

Ulysses.

Quid tamen iſta velit ſibi fabula, ſi licet, ede.

Tiresias.

Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus ab alto
Demiſſum genus Æneâ, tellure marique
Magnus erit; forti nubet procera Corano
Filia Naſicæ, metuentis reddere ſoldum.
Tum gener hoc faciet: tabulas ſocero dabit, atque
Ut legat orabit: multùm Naſica negatas
Accipiet tandem; tacitus leget, invenietque
Nîl ſibi legatum, præter plorare, ſuiſque.
Illud ad hæc jubeo: mulier ſi fortè doloſa,
Libertuſve ſenem delirum temperet; illis
Accedas ſocius: laudes, lauderis ut abſens.
Adjuvat hoc quoque: ſed vincit longè prius ipſum
Expugnare caput. Scribet mala carmina vecors?

Laudato.

and from this Body public Notaries and Regiſters were choſen. Horace therefore means by *ſcriba recoctus* a Notary, ſufficiently refined in Tricks and Cunning of the Law. *Recoctus* is properly *double-dyed*, who hath fully taken his Colour.

59. *Quidquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.*] It is well diſputed, whether theſe Words be ſpoken in Jeſt by Tireſias to railly the Monarch, who conſults him, or whether he too careleſsly diſcovers his real Opinion of his Art. There is an acknowledged double Meaning in his Expreſſion, under which, perhaps, the Poet diſguiſes his own Sentiments of the Skill of theſe Diviners, and the frequent Ambiguity of their Anſwers.

62. *Juvenis.*] In 734 Auguſtus was about four and forty Years of Age, when the Word *Juvenis* might be applied to him, as the Reader may find in the Notes on the ſecond Ode.

64. *Nubet.*] As the Verb *nubere* does not always ſignify Marriage, Mr. Dacier underſtands it here of a criminal Commerce. The Words *gener*, and *ſocer* are therefore Terms of Gallantry, as *Villius in Fauſta Syllæ gener.*

79. *Venit*

TIRESIAS.

O Son of great Laertes, every Thing
Shall come to paſs, or never, as I ſing;
For Phœbus, Monarch of the tuneful Nine,
Informs my Soul, and gives me to divine.

ULYSSES.

But, good Tireſias, if you pleaſe, reveal
What means the Sequel of that myſtic Tale.

TIRESIAS.

What Time a Youth, who ſhall ſublimely trace
From fam'd Æneas his heroic Race,
The Parthian's Dread, triumphant ſhall maintain
His boundleſs Empire over Land and Main:
Naſica, loth to re-imbuſe his Coin,
His blooming Daughter ſhall diſcreetly join
To brave Coranus, who ſhall ſlily ſmoke
The Harpy's Aim, and turn it to a Joke.
The Son-in-Law ſhall gravely give the Sire
His witneſs'd Will, and preſently deſire
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And ſilent cons it with attentive Eyes,
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No Legacy bequeath'd——except to mourn.
Add to theſe Precepts, if a crafty Laſs,
Or Free-man manage a delirious Aſs,
Be their Ally; their Faith applaud, that you,
When abſent, may receive as much in lieu;
'Tis good to take theſe Out-works to his Self,
But beſt to ſtorm the Citadel itſelf.
Writes he vile Verſes in a frantic Vein?
Augment his Madneſs, and approve the Strain:

Prevent

Laudato. Scortator erit? cave te roget: ultro
Penelopen facilis potiori trade.

Ulysses.

Putasne,
Perduci poterit tam frugi tamque pudica,
Quam nequiere proci recto depellere cursu?

Tiresias.

Venit enim magnum donandi parca juventus,
Nec tantùm Veneris, quantùm studiosa culinæ.
Sic tibi Penelope frugi est: quæ si semel uno
De sene gustarit, tecum partita lucellum,
Ut canis, à corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto.
Me sene, quod dicam, factum est. Anus improba Thebis
Ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver
Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tulit heres:
Scilicet elabi si posset mortua; credo
Quòd nimiùm institerat viventi. Cautus adito:
Neu desis operæ, neve immoderatus abundes.
Difficilem & morosum offendes garrulus; ultro;
Non etiam sileas. Davus sis comicus, atque
Stes capite obstipo, multùm similis metuenti.

Obsequio

79. *Venit enim magnum*, &c.] Although Tiresias gives Ulysses no better Reason for his Wife's Virtue, than the Avarice of her Lovers, yet the Monarch hears him patiently, since even this Reason proves her sufficiently virtuous. Our Poet probably took the Hint of this Passage from Homer, who makes Penelope reproach her Wooers with their Want of Generosity and never having made her any Presents. The next Line is almost a Translation from the Odyssey. Dac.

85. *Elata.*] Carried out to the funeral Pyle. *Effertur, Imus.* Terent.

90. *Offendes.*] The Verbs *adito*, *desis*, *abundes*, *sileas* and *sis*, require *offendes*, which was found by Cruquius in a Manuscript of the Scholiast. Mr. Sanadon thinks *silere ultro* for *silere intempestivè*, *inopportunè*, *obstinatè*, is well worth remarking.

92. *Obstipo capite,*] Hath been explained in the Note on the eighty-ninth Line of the third Satire, first Book. 95. *Au-*

Prevent his aſking, if he loves a Wench,
And let your Wife his nobler Paſſion quench.

ULYSSES.

Can you ſuppoſe, a Dame ſo chaſte, ſo pure,
Cou'd e'er be tempted to the guilty Lure,
Whom all the Suitors amorouſly ſtrove
In vain to ſtagger in her plighted Love?

TIRESIAS.

The Youth too ſparing of their Preſents came;
They lov'd the Banquet, rather than the Dame;
And thus your prudent honourable Spouſe,
It ſeems, was faithful to her nuptial Vows.
But had ſhe touch'd a wealthy Dotard's Fee,
Her Cully ſmack'd, and ſhar'd the Gains with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious Beagle, from the reeking Hide.
I'll tell a Tale, well worthy to be told,
A Fact that happen'd, and I then was old:
An Hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,
Was thus, according to her Will, lugg'd out,
Stiff to the Pile. Upon his naked Back
Her heir ſuſtain'd the well-anointed Pack.
She likely took this Crotchet in her Head,
That ſhe might ſlip, if poſſible, when dead,
From him, who trudging through a filthy Road,
Had ſtuck too cloſely to the living Load.
Be cautious therefore, and advance with Art,
Nor ſink beneath, nor over-act your Part.
A noiſy Fellow muſt of courſe offend
The ſurly Temper of a ſullen Friend:
Yet be not mute——like Davus in the Play
With Head inclin'd, his awful Nod obey,

Creep

Obſequio graſſare: mone, ſi increbuit aura,
Cautus uti velet carum caput: extrahe turbâ
Oppoſitis humeris: aurem ſubſtringe loquaci.
Importunus amat laudari? donec, ohe jam!
Ad cœlum manibus ſublatis dixerit, urge, &
Creſcentem tumidis infla ſermonibus utrem.
Quum te ſervitio longo curâque levarit;
Et certum vigilans, quartæ eſto partis Ulyſſes
Audieris heres: Ergo nunc Dama ſodalis
Nuſquam eſt? Unde mihi tam fortem tamque fidelem?
Sparge ſubinde: &, ſi paulùm potes, illacrymare. Eſt
Gaudia prodentem vultum celare. Sepulcrum,
Permiſſum arbitrio, ſine ſordibus extrue: funus
Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. Si quis
Fortè coheredum ſenior malè tuſſiet; huic tu
Dic, ex parte tuâ, ſeu fundi, ſive domûs ſit
Emtor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. Sed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

Sat.

95. *Aurem ſubſtringe loquaci.*] A familiar Expreſſion for putting his Hair behind his Ears, that he might hear better.

100. *Quartæ eſto partis Ulyſſes.*] This Reading is preſerved in ſeveral Manuſcripts. *Eſto* was the Term uſed in Wills. Bent.

103. *Sparge ſubinde.*] Throw out, by Breaks and Starts, ſuch Expreſſions as theſe, *unde mihi tam fortem?* &c Such were the cuſtomary Lamentations at Funerals. Cruq.

109. *Nummo addicere.*] When a Counterfeit-Sale was made of any thing left by Will, the Forms of Law were to be obſerved. The Buyer and Seller went to a public Officer called *Libripens*, or Keeper of the Scales, and the Purchaſer in the Preſence of Witneſſes put a Piece of Money into the Scales, which the Seller took out, and the Sale was afterwards deemed legal. *Nummo addicere* means here *to ſell for nothing.* Dac.

110. *Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina.*] Had the Dialogue continued any longer, Ulyſſes muſt either have refuſed to follow the Prophet's Advice, which would have been cold, and unworthy of the Spirit of Satire, or he muſt have complied with it in Violation of his own Character. Horace probably borrowed the very happy Manner of breaking off the Converſation from a Paſſage in the Odyſſey, where Proſerpine bids the Ghoſts advance in Order before Ulyſſes, and then commands them to retire. Dac.

Creep into Favour: if a ruder Gale
Aſſault his Face, admoniſh him to veil
His precious Pate. Oppoſe your Shoulders, proud
To diſengage him from the buſtling Croud.
If he loved Prating, hang an Ear: ſhould Luſt
Of empty Glory be the Blockhead's Guſt,
Indulge his eager Appetite, and puff
The growing Bladder with inſpiring Stuff,
Till he with Hands uplifted to the Skies,
Enough! enough! in glutted Rapture cries.
When he ſhall free you from your ſervile Fear,
And tedious Toil; when broad awake, you hear:
"To good Ulyſſes, my right truſty Slave,
"A fourth Diviſion of my Lands I leave."
Is then (as void of Conſolation roar)
My deareſt Friend, my Dama now no more?
Where ſhall I find another Man ſo juſt,
Firm in his Love, and faithful to his Truſt?
Squeeze out ſome Tears: 'tis fit in ſuch a Caſe
To cloak your Joys beneath a mournful Face.
Though left to your diſcretionary Care,
Erect a Tomb magnificently fair,
And let your Neighbours, to proclaim abroad
Your Fame, the pompous Funeral applaud.
If any Vaſſal of the Will-Compeers,
With Aſthma gaſping, and advanc'd in Years,
Should be diſpos'd to purchaſe Houſe or Land,
Tell him, that he may readily command
Whatever may to your Proportion come,
And for the Value, let him name the Sum——
But I am ſummon'd by the Queen of Hell
Back to the Shades. Live artful, and farewell.

SAT.

Sat. VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulùm ſylvæ ſuper his foret. Auctiùs atque
Dî meliùs fecere. Bene eſt: nihil ampliùs oro,
Maiâ nate, niſi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione malâ rem;
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpâve minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum: O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti ſors qua mihi monſtret! ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: ſi quod adeſt, gratum juvat, hac prece te oro,
Pingue

Tranſlated by Dr. Dunkin.

A moderate Fortune can give us all the rational Pleaſures of Life, and our Paſſions only make us unſatisfied. This is a Subject plain and ſimple in itſelf; nor could we reaſonably expect, after all he hath ſaid upon it in his Odes, that our Poet could here make it appear ſtill pleaſing and new. In the preſent Satire he ſets the calm, tranquil Amuſements of the Country in Oppoſition to the tumultuous buſineſs, and irregular Pleaſures of Rome.

We ſhall find by the fortieth and forty-fifth Line, that the Satire was written in 723. San.

Verſ. 5. *Maiâ nate*.] He addreſſes his Prayer to Mercury, not only becauſe this God was a Patron of Poets in general, and that our Poet, as we find in his Odes, was particularly obliged to his Protection, but becauſe he preſided over Induſtry and Merchandiſe, as Hercules did over any ſudden, accidental Increaſe of Riches. Beſides, he was a rural Deity, from whence, as Mr Dacier obſerves, the Poet recommends the Preſervation of his Cattle to him, in the fourteenth Verſe.

9. *Denormat*.] We do not find this Word in any other Author.

14. *Et*

SAT. VI.

I OFTEN wiſh'd, I had a Farm,
A decent Dwelling, ſnug and warm,
A Garden, and a Spring as pure
As Cryſtal, running by my Door,
Beſides a little ancient Grove,
Where at my Leiſure I might rove.
The gracious Gods, to crown my Bliſs,
Have granted this, and more than this,
I have enough in my poſſeſſing,
'Tis well: I aſk no greater Bleſſing,
O Hermes! than remote from Strife
To have and hold them for my Life.
If I was never known to raiſe
My Fortune by diſhoneſt Ways,
Nor, like the Spend-thrifts of the Times,
Shall ever ſink it by my Crimes:
If thus I neither pray, nor ponder——
Oh! might I have that Angle yonder,
Which diſproportions now my Field,
What Satisfaction it would yield?
Oh! that ſome lucky Chance but threw
A Pot of Silver in my View,
As lately to the Man, who bought
The very Land, in which he wrought!
If I am pleas'd with my Condition,
O! hear, and grant this laſt Petition:

Indulgent

Pingue pecus domino facias, & cætera, præter
Ingenium; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid priùs illuſtrem ſatiris Musâque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinæ queſtus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentiùs audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Inſtituunt (ſic Dîs placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium. Romæ ſponſorem me rapis: eia,
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urge;
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clarè certumque locuto,
Luctandum

14. *Et cætera, præter ingenium.*] The Latins in ſpeaking of Style have Expreſſions not unlike this, *pingue & adipatum dicendi genus*; *poetæ pingue quiddam ſonantes*. Ovid ſays of Midas, *pingue ſed ingenium manſit*. This playing on the double Meaning of the Word is much in our Author's Manner. Beſides, Mercury was a good-humoured God, who underſtood Raillery, *de Dîs non triſtibus*. Yet for fear the Deity ſhould underſtand the Word *cætera* in its full Extent, and without any Exception, the Petitioner pleaſantly guards againſt the Fatneſs of his Underſtanding. San.

16. *In arcem.*] He conſiders his Country-Houſe as a Citadel inacceſſible to the Cares, that beſieged him at Rome. San.

17. *Musâque pedeſtri.*] The Muſe of Satire, if ſuch an Expreſſion may be allowed, is a Muſe on Foot. She borrows nothing from Poetry but the Meaſure of her Verſes, the only Particular in which ſhe differs from Proſe. San.

18. *Plumbeus.*] This Epithet very well expreſſes the Weight of Air in Autumn, when the South Wind was uſually attended at Rome with peſtilential Diſorders. Our Poet's Country-Houſe was covered by Mountains, in ſuch a manner, as that he had nothing to fear from its bad Effects. San.

20. *Matutine pater.*] The Satire properly begins here, and all before this Line is a Kind of Preface. Janus preſided over Time, and therefore Horace calls him God of the Morning, as if Time ſeemed to be renewed every Morning. Dac San.

The Superſtition of calling the Gods by all their Names, for fear of diſobliging them by forgetting any of their Titles, hath been already remarked.

23. *Eia,*

Indulgent let my Cattle batten,
Let all Things, but my Fancy, fatten,
And thou continue ſtill to guard,
As thou art wont, thy ſuppliant Bard.
Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine Seat,
By Mountains fenc'd on either Side,
And in my Caſtle fortify'd,
What ſhould I write with greater Pleaſure,
Than Satires in familiar Meaſure?
Nor mad Ambition there deſtroys,
Nor ſickly Wind my Health annoys;
Nor noxious Autumn gives me Pain,
The ruthleſs Undertaker's Gain.
Whatever Title pleaſe thine Ear,
Father of Morning, Janus hear,
Since mortal Men, by Heaven's Decree,
Commence their Toils, imploring thee,
Director of the buſy Throng,
Be thou the Prelude of my Song.
At Rome, you preſs me: "Without fail
"A Friend expects you for his Bail,
"Be nimble to perform your Part,
"Leſt any Rival get the Start.
"Though rapid Boreas ſweep the Ground,
"Or Winter in a narrower Round
"Contracts the Day, through Storm and Snow,
"At all Adventures, you muſt go?"
When bound beyond Equivocation,
Or any mental Reſervation, By

23. *Eia, ne prior officio*, &c.] To ſhew, that all his Diſtreſſes begin with the Morning, the Poet introduces Janus, the God of the Morning, preſſing them upon him, *Urge*; *ſive Aquilo*, &c. DAC.

26. *Interiore diem.*] The northern Part of the Circle, which the Sun

Luctandum in turbâ, facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, quas res agis, insane? improbus urget
Iratis precibus: Tu pulses omne quod obstet,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar. At simul atras
Ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum
Per caput & circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribæ magnâ atque novâ te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his, cura, Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, experiar; si vis, potes, addit, & instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet,

Sun describes in Summer is more distant from our Earth, than the southern Part, which he describes in Winter. From hence our Days are shorter in Winter than in Summer, and the Sun may therefore be poetically said to drive the Day in a smaller Course. Horace calls this Circle *interiorem gyrum*, by a Figure taken from Chariot-Races, in which the Driver, who turned neareſt the Goal, marked a narrower Circle, and was therefore called *interior quadriga*, with regard to those, who were obliged to take a larger Compass, *exteriores*. TORR.

29. *Quas res agis, insane?* Our Editors give us many various Readings of this Verse. That, which the present Edition hath chosen, is authorised, as Torrentius assures us, by three excellent Manuscripts.

32. *Atras Esquilias,* Hath been explained in the Notes on the fifth Epode, and the tenth Satire of the first Book.

35. *ad Puteal*] He describes a Part of the Forum by a Monument erected there to shew, that the Place had been struck with Thunder. Some of the Prætors held a Kind of Sessions there to decide private Causes. TORR.

36. *De re communi scribæ.*] Horace had purchased an Employment of Register or Secretary to the Treasury, and is desired to return early from Mæcenas, to consult about some important Affair, that concerned the whole Body. TORR. DAC.

By all the Tyes of legal Traps,
And to my Ruin too, perhaps,
I ſtill muſt buſtle through the Croud,
And preſs the tardy; when aloud
Some wicked Fellow reimburſes
This Uſage with a Peal of Curſes.
" What Madneſs hath poſſeſs'd thy Pate
" To juſtle People at this Rate,
" When puffing through the Streets you ſcour
" To meet Mæcenas at an Hour?"
This pleaſes me, to tell the Truth,
And is as Honey to my Tooth.
But when I breathe Eſquilian Air,
I find as little Quiet there;
An hundred Men's Affairs confound
My Senſes, and beſiege me round.
" Roſcius entreated you too meet
" At Court To-morrow before eight ———
" The Secretaries have implor'd
" Your Preſence at their Council-board ———
" Pray, take this Patent, and prevail
" Upon your Friend to fix the Seal— "
Sir, I ſhall try—Replies the Man,
And urges: " If you pleaſe, you can —"
'Tis more than ſeven Years complete,
It hardly wants a Month of eight,
Since good Mæcenas, fond of Sport,
Receiv'd me firſt in friendly Sort,

Whom

38. *Imprimat his, cura.*] Dion informs us, that Mæcenas was intruſted with the great Seal of the Roman Empire, and was a Kind of Lord High Chancellor to Auguſtus.

42. *Dumtaxat ad hoc.*] Our Poet did not abuſe that Confidence with which Mæcenas honoured him, and it had been happy for this great Miniſter if he had found all his Friends equally diſcreet.

Vellet, iter faciens; & cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par?
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent;
Et quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus ſubjectior in diem & horam
Invidiæ. Noſter ludos ſpectaverit unâ,
Luſerit in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.
Frigidus à roſtris manet per compita rumor;
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit: O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propiùs contingis, oportet)
Numquid de Dacis audiſti? Nîl equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quidquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetrâ
Prædia Cæſar, an eſt Italâ tellure daturus?

Jurantem

Auguſtus would not have had Reaſon to complain, that he had not Diſcretion enough to keep a Secret. Dac.

48. *Noſter ludos ſpectaverit.*] The Conſtruction is a little difficult by the Poet's neglecting to mark the regular Tranſitions, that he might better preſerve the Freedom and Vivacity of the Converſation. *Si urâ cum Mæcenate ſpectaverim ludos, vel in campo luſerim, omnes continuo exclamant; Fortunæ filius eſt.* San.

49. *Luſerit in campo.*] They played at Ball, of which both Mæcenas and Horace were extremely fond.

53. *De Dacis.*] The Dacians had engaged in Antony's Army at the Battle of Actium in 723, and Octavius had diſobliged them by refuſing ſome Favours, which they demanded by their Ambaſſadors. He was obliged to ſend Marcus Craſſus againſt them the Year following. San.

55. *Militibus promiſſa Triquetrâ*] Octavius promiſed the Soldiers, who had ſerved under him in reducing Sicily, to divide ſome of the conquered Lands amongſt them. But the War, in which he was engaged againſt Antony, obliged him to defer this Diviſion, and immediately after the Battle of Actium, the Troops, which he had ſent to Brunduſium, mutinied on this Occaſion. He went himſelf to ſtop the Beginning of a Revolt, which might have been attended with moſt dangerous Conſequences. This Affair was all the News at Rome, when our Poet wrote the preſent Satire.

Sicily

Whom he might carry in his Chair,
A Mile or two, to take the Air,
And might entruſt with idle Chat,
Diſcourſing upon this or that,
As in a free familiar Way,
" How, tell me, Horace, goes the Day?
" And can that Thracian Wight engage
" The Syrian Hector of the Stage?
" The Morning Air is very bad
" For them, who go but thinly clad"——
Our Converſation chiefly dwells
On theſe, and ſuch like Bagatelles,
As might, without incurring Fears,
Be well repos'd in leaky Ears.
But ſince this Freedom firſt began,
And I was thought a lucky Man,
The more each Day, the more each Hour
I find myſelf in Envy's Power.
" Our Son of Fortune (with a Pox)
" Sate with Mæcenas in the Box,
" Juſt by the Stage: You might remark,
" They play'd together in the Park."
Should any Rumour, without Head
Or Tail, about the Streets be ſpread,
Whoever meets me gravely nods,
And ſays, " As you approach the Gods,
" It is no Myſtery to you,
" What do the Dacians mean to do?"
Indeed I know not——" How you joke,
" And love to ſneer at ſimple Folk!"
But Vengeance ſeize this Head of mine,
If I have heard or can divine——
" Then, prithee, where are Cæſar's Bands
" Allotted their Debenture-Lands?"

Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilentî.
Perditur hæc inter miſero lux, non ſine votis:
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes, cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipſe, meique
Ante Larem proprium veſcor; vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis; ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit lætiùs. Ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibuſve alienis;
Nec malè necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet,

Sicily was called Triquetra from its triangular Shape, and in ſome ancient Coins it is repreſented under the Figure of a Woman with three Legs. Dac. San.

63. *Faba Pythagoræ cognata.*] This Expreſſion is pleaſant and ſatirical, in Alluſion to the Metempſycoſis of Pythagoras. Never did Kindred and Conſanguinity extend ſo far as that of this Philoſopher. Every living Creature was of his Family, and as he found in a Bean a certain whimſical Likeneſs of ſome Parts of an human Body, he fancied it contained a Soul ſubjected to the Viciſſitudes of a Tranſmigration, and therefore forbad his Diſciples to eat Beans, leſt they might eat ſome of their Relations. Heinsius. San.

67. *Libatis dapibus*] It is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe, that Horace admitted his Domeſtics to his own Table, but when he had a mind to entertain them with better Cheer, he gave them Diſhes of Meat, of which he only paid the firſt Offerings to the Gods, *libatis dapibus*. The firſt Portion of the Supper, thus offered to the *Lares*, was thrown into the Fire. Others underſtand *libatis*, which the Poet himſelf had only taſted.

68. *Solutus legibus inſanis.*] The Greeks had more good Manners in their Cups than the Romans, for they never compelled their Gueſts to drink. Their Maxim was, *aut bibe, aut abi*, either drink or leave the Company.

72. *Malè necne Lepos ſaltet.*] Such is uſually our polite Converſation.

Although I ſwear, I know no more
Of that, than what was aſk'd before,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me then
The moſt reſerv'd of mortal Men.
Bewilder'd thus amidſt a Maze,
I loſe the Sun-ſhine of my Days.
And often wiſh: "Oh! when again
"Shall I behold the rural Plain?
"And when with Books of Sages deep,
"Sequeſter'd Eaſe, and gentle Sleep,
"In ſweet Oblivion, bliſsful Balm!
"The buſy Cares of Life becalm;
"Oh! when ſhall Pythagoric Beans,
"With wholeſome Juice enrich my Veins?
"And Bacon-Ham and ſavoury Pottage
"Be ſerv'd beneath my ſimple Cottage?
"O Nights, that furniſh ſuch a Feaſt
"As even Gods themſelves might taſte!"
Thus fare my Friends, thus feed my Slaves,
Alert, on what their Maſter leaves.
Each Perſon there may drink, and fill
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the Bedlam-Rules
Of roaring Prodigals and Fools:
Whether, in merry Mood or Whim
He takes a Bumper to the Brim,
Or, better pleas'd to let it paſs,
Grows mellow with a ſcanty Glaſs.
Nor this Man's Houſe, nor that's Eſtate
Becomes the Subject of Debate;
Nor whether Lepos, the Buffoon,
Can dance, or not, a Riggadoon;

Pertinet, ac neſcire malum eſt, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati;
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos;
Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius, hæc inter, vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. Si quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, & attentus quæſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. Quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum & ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens variâ faſtidia cœnâ
Vincere tangentis malè ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Quum pater ipſe domûs paleâ porrectus in hornâ
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem

ſation. Take away Plays, Operas, Faſhions, and two Thirds of the World would have nothing to ſay. We may, with Mr. Sanadon, lament the People, whoſe Education has not made them capable of talking of any thing elſe, nor are they leſs to be pitied, who are obliged to liſten to ſuch Companions.

75. *Uſus rectumne.*] Friendſhip is an Inclination of the Heart, and the great Mover of the Heart is Pleaſure. Thus our Self-Love finds its Account in Friendſhip. When Zeno ſays, that it can ariſe only from Virtue, he does not contradict Epicurus, who places it among the Virtues, and even gives it the Preference to all others. They had only different Ideas of the ſame Virtue. SAN.

77. *Aniles fabellas.*] *Traditionary Stories, ab avorum memoriâ repetitas.*

82. *Ut tamen arctum.*] *Ita tamen ut.* This contracted Spirit, *arctus*, which enlarges itſelf, *ſolvitur*, at Sight of a Friend, is a metaphorical Expreſſion of much Beauty and Energy. SAN.

83. *Neque ille ſepoſiti*, &c.] *Ille* is of more than twelve Manuſcripts. It has more Elegance, and that Elegance has more of the Manner of Horace than *illi*. *Sepoſitum cicer & longa avena* is for *avena & cicer in longum tempus ſepoſita*. The firſt Epithet agrees equally with both Subſtantives. BENT. SAN.

92. *Vis*

But what concerns us more, I trow,
And were a Scandal not to know;
If Happineſs conſiſt in Store
Of Riches, or in Virtue more:
Whether Eſteem, or private Ends
Direct us in the Choice of Friends:
What's real Good without Diſguiſe,
And where its great Perfection lies.
While thus we ſpend the ſocial Night,
Still mixing Profit with Delight,
My Neighbour Cervius never fails
To club his Part in pithy Tales:
Suppoſe, Arellius, one ſhould praiſe
Your anxious Opulence: he ſays—
A Country-Mouſe, as Authors tell,
Of old invited to her Cell
A City Mouſe, and with her beſt
Would entertain the courtly Gueſt.
Thrifty ſhe was, and full of Cares
To make the moſt of her Affairs,
Yet in the midſt of her Frugality
Would give a Looſe to Hoſpitality.
In ſhort, ſhe goes, and freely fetches
Whole Ears of hoarded Oats, and Vetches,
Dry Grapes and Raiſins croſs her Chaps,
And dainty Bacon, but in Scraps,
If Delicacies could invite
My ſqueamiſh Lady's Appetite,
Who turn'd her Noſe at every Diſh,
And ſaucy piddled, with a — Piſh!
The Matron of the Houſe, reclin'd
On downy Chaff, diſcreetly din'd
On Wheat, and Darnel from a Manger,
And left the Dainties for the Stranger.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc: Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt
Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga. Quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor, quàm ſis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni ſubrepere. Jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli ſpatium; quum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magnâ ſupereſſent fercula cœnâ,
Quæ procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem;

92. *Vis tu.*] The City-Mouſe does not aſk the Country-Mouſe whether he be willing to follow him, but, by a common Manner of Expreſſion, exhorts, and almoſt commands him. They, who read *vin' tu* miſtake the Senſe of the Paſſage, and contradict the greater Number of Manuſcripts. Bent.

100. *Jamque tenebat*, &c.] The Time in which our Travellers performed their Journey was a Matter of great Importance, and the Poet has therefore marked it with much Pomp of Cadence and Expreſſion. Dac.

The Cit, diſpleas'd at this Repaſt,
Attacks our ſimple Hoſt at laſt.
" What Pleaſure can you find, alack!
" To live behind a Mountain's Back?
" Would you prefer the Town, and Men,
" To this unſocial dreary Den,
" No longer, moaping, loiter here,
" But come with me to better Chear.
" Since Animals but draw their Breath,
" And have no Being after Death;
" Nor yet the Little, nor the Great,
" Can ſhun the Rigour of their Fate;
" At leaſt be merry while you may,
" The Life of Mice is but a Day;
" Reflect on this, maturely live,
" And all that Day to Pleaſure give."
Encourag'd thus, the nimble Mouſe,
Tranſported, ſallies from her Houſe:
They both ſet out, in hopes to crawl
At Night beneath the City-Wall;
And now the Night, elaps'd Eleven,
Poſſeſs'd the middle Space of Heaven,
When, haraſs'd with a Length of Road,
They came beneath a grand Abode,
Where Ivory Couches, overſpread
With Tyrian Carpets, glowing, fed
The dazled Eye. To lure the Taſte,
The Trophies of a coſtly Feaſt,
Remaining, freſh but Yeſterday,
In Baſkets, pil'd on Baſkets, lay.
When Madam on a purple Seat
Had plac'd her ruſtic Friend in State,

Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod adfert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: quum ſubitò ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. Tum ruſticus: Haud mihi vitâ
Eſt opus hac, ait, & valeas: me ſylva cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

108. *Nec non verniliter.*] Our City Mouſe would treat his Gueſt with all the Politeneſs of a Courtier, *verniliter*, and therefore performs all the Ceremonials due to a Prince, *fungitur officiis*. SAN.

109. *Prælibans,*] Is of an excellent Manuſcript and received by our beſt Editors. They, who read *prælambens* miſtake the Meaning of the Word, which is uſed only for *radere*, *mordere*, when ſpeaking of a River, that waſhes away its Banks. Beſides, the Scholiaſt explains the Word by *præguſtans*. Or if we ſhould underſtand *prælambens* in the Senſe here given to it, yet it preſents to us an Idea of a Slave, not of a Maſter of the Feaſt; whereas *præguſtans* naturally ſignifies the Formalities obſerved at the Tables of Kings, who had proper Officers, called by Suetonius *præguſtatores*, appointed to taſte their Meat and their Wines. BENT.

SAT. VII.

DAVUS. HORATIUS.

DAVUS.

JAMDUDUM auſculto, & cupiens tibi dicere ſervus
Pauca reformido, HORA-

The particular Deſign of the Saturnalia was to repreſent that Equality, with which Mankind lived, under the Reign of Saturn, according to the Law of Nature. Horace here introduces a Slave, aſſerting that a wiſe Man alone is free, and that real Liberty conſiſts

She buſtles, like a buſy Hoſt,
Supplying Diſhes boil'd and roaſt,
Nor yet omits the Courtier's Duty
Of taſting, ere ſhe brings the Booty.
The Country-Mouſe, with Rapture ſtrange,
Rejoices in her fair Exchange,
And lolling like an eaſy Gueſt,
Enjoys the Chear, and cracks her Jeſt.
When, on a ſudden, opening Gates,
Loud jarring, ſhook them from their Seats.
They ran, affrighted, through the Room,
And, apprehenſive of their Doom,
Now trembled more and more; when, hark!
The Maſtiff-Dogs began to bark,
The Dome, to raiſe the Tumult more,
Reſounded to the ſurly Roar.
The Bumpkin then concludes, Adieu!
This Life, perhaps, agrees with you:
My Grove, and Cave, ſecure from Snares,
Shall comfort me with Chaff and Tares.

SAT. VII.

DAVUS. HORACE.

DAVUS.

I'LL hear no more, and with Impatience burn,
Slave as I am, to anſwer in my Turn;
And yet I fear —— HORACE.

ſiſts in not obeying our Paſſions, or being enſlaved to Vice. He boldly reproaches his Maſter with his Faults and Follies. His Reaſoning is ſo natural, ſenſible, and preſſing, that Horace not being able to anſwer him, at laſt loſes his Temper, and is obliged to make uſe of Menaces to ſilence him. DAC. SAN.

Horatius.

Davuſne?

Davus.

Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod ſit ſatis; hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes.

Horatius.

Age, libertate Decembri
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere; narra.

Davus.

Pars hominum vitiis gaudet conſtanter, & urget
Propoſitum; pars multa natat, modò recta capeſſens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priſcus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:
Ædibus ex magnis ſubitò ſe conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeſtè:
Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere; Vertumnis, quotquot ſunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius poſtquam illi juſta chiragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro ſe tolleret atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ

Con-

Verſ. 1. *Jamdudum auſculto.*] Tired of the fantaſtic Humours of a whimſical Poet, our Slave is determined to enjoy the Liberty of ſpeaking his Mind, and ſaying a few Words, as he calls them. Few indeed in compariſon of all he had heard in the Courſe of a Year, although his Maſter thinks him very ſufficiently tedious. San.

3. *Frugi, quod ſit ſatis; hoc eſt.*] The common People have always imagined, that Perſons of eminent Merit do not live ſo long as others. From thence the Proverb, *too witty to live long.* Torr.

9. *Lævâ Priſcus inani.*] Before the Time of Horace it was infamous to wear more than one Ring, and when they began to wear more, they carried them only on the left Hand, which was leſs expoſed to public View, as if they would ſeem aſhamed of ſuch Marks of Effeminacy. Bond.

13. *Doctus Athenis.*] If Davus, as Mr. Sanadon imagines, was a Grecian, we ſhould not be ſurpriſed to find him preferring Athens to

HORACE.

What! Davus, is it you?

DAVUS.

Yes. Davus, Sir, the faithful and the true.
With Wit enough no ſudden Death to fear——

HORACE.

Well. Since this jovial Seaſon of the Year
Permits it, and our Anceſtors ordain,
No more the dear Impertinence reſtrain.

DAVUS.

Among Mankind, while ſome with ſteady View
One conſtant Courſe of darling Vice purſue,
Moſt others float along the changing Tide,
And now to Virtue, now to Vice they glide.
Lo! from three Rings how Priſcus plays the Light;
Now ſhews his naked Hand——The various Wight
With every Hour a different Habit wears:
Now in a Palace haughtily appears,
Then hides him in ſome vile and filthy Place,
Where a clean Slave would bluſh to ſhew his Face.
Now rakes at Rome, and now to Athens flies;
Intenſely ſtudies with the Learn'd and Wiſe.
Sure all the Gods, who rule this varying Earth,
In deep Deſpite preſided at his Birth.
Old Volanerius, once that Man of Joke,
When the juſt Gout his crippled Fingers broke,
Main-

to Rome. The Conjecture, which is confirmed by his counting by Drachmas in the forty-third Line, gives a Spirit and Poignancy to the Paſſage, as it is an additional Inſult to Horace, that his Slave ſhould deſcribe Rome by its Vices, and Athens by its Learning.

14. *Vertumnis, -natus iniquis.*] Vertumnus preſided over the regular Seaſons of the Year, eſtabliſhed by the Laws of Nature. Priſcus was therefore born in deſpite of the God, becauſe all his Changes were an Effect of Oddneſs and Whim. Horace multiplies this God, *Vertumni*, from the different Forms under which he was repreſented. BOND. SAN.

Conductum pavit: quantò conſtantior idem
In vitiis, tantò leviùs miſer, ac prior ille,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

Horatius.

Non dices hodie, quorſum hæc tam putida tendant, Furcifer?

Davus.

Ad te, inquam.

Horatius.

Quo pacto, peſſime?

Davus.

Laudas Fortunam ac mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus ſubitò te agat, uſque recuſes:
Aut quia non ſentis, quod clamas, rectius eſſe;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas; abſentem ruſticus urbem
Tollis ad aſtra levis. Si nuſquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas ſecurum olus; ac, velut uſquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem ducis amaſque,
Quòd nuſquam tibi ſit potandum. Juſſerit ad ſe
Mæcenas ſerum ſub lumina prima venire

Con-

19. *Tantò leviùs miſer*, &c.] Davus does not abſolutely mean, that a Man in one conſtant Courſe of Vice is leſs miſerable, than he who continually changes from Vice to Virtue, from Virtue to Vice, but that he is leſs ſenſible of his Miſery; becauſe the other is perpetually ſtruggling with himſelf, and labouring between two Extremes.

Ac prior ille.] *Ac* in our Author is frequently uſed for *quam*, and *prior* muſt be referred to Priſcus. San.

20. *Qui jam contento.*] A Man enſlaved to his Paſſions, and ſtruggling to get free, is like a Beaſt chained, which is always equally miſerable, *laborat*, whether it endeavours to break its Chain, or lies quietly under it. Horace takes his Compariſon from an Image of Miſery, which cannot agree with the Sports of Children, by which Mr. Dacier would explain it. San.

30. *Lau-*

Maintain'd a Slave to gather up the Dice,
So conſtant was he to his darling Vice.
Yet leſs a Wretch than he, who now maintains
A ſteady Courſe, now drives with looſer Reins.

HORACE.

Tell me, thou tedious Varlet, whither tends
This wretched Stuff?

DAVUS.

At you direct it bends.

HORACE.

At me, you Scoundrel?

DAVUS.

When with laviſh Praiſe
You vaunt the Happineſs of ancient Days,
Suppoſe ſome God ſhould take you at your Word,
Would you not ſcorn the Bleſſing you implor'd?
Whether not yet convinc'd, as you pretend,
Or weak the Cauſe of Virtue to defend;
And, ſinking in the Mire, you ſtrive in vain,
Too deeply plung'd, to free your Foot again.
While you're at Rome, the Country has your Sighs;
A Ruſtic grown, you vaunt into the Skies
The abſent Town. Perchance, if uninvited
To ſup abroad, Oh! then you're ſo delighted
With your own homely Meal, that one would think,
That he, who next engages you to drink,
Muſt tie you Neck and Heels; you ſeem ſo bleſt,
When with no Bumper-Invitation preſt.
But ſhould Mæcenas bid his Poet wait
(Great Folks, like him, can never ſup, 'till late)
Sput-

30. *Laudas ſecurum olus.*] Our Poet is perfectly ſincere in acknowledging the Faults of his own Character, as particularly where he ſays of himſelf, *tutus parvula laudo, quum res deficiunt.* SAN.

33. *Sub lumina prima.*] What the Latins called *ſupremo ſole*, the

Convivam? Nemon' oleum fert ociùs? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, fugiſque.
Mulvius & ſcurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
Diſcedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem: naſum nidore ſupinor:
Imbecillus, iners, ſi quid vis, adde, popino.
Tu, quum ſis quod ego, & fortaſſis nequior, ultro
Inſectere, velut melior, verbiſque decoris
Obvolvas vitium? Quid, ſi me ſtultior ipſe
Quingentis emto drachmis deprenderis? Aufer
Me vultu terrere; manum ſtomachumque teneto,
Dum, quæ Criſpini docuit me janitor, edo.
Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum:
Peccat uter noſtrûm cruce dignius? Acris ubi me
Natura incendit; ſub clarâ nuda lacernâ
Dimittit neque famoſum, neque ſolicitum, ne
Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu, quum projectis inſignibus, annulo equeſtri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obſcurante lacernâ;
Non es quod ſimulas? metuens induceris, atque
Altercante libidinibus tremis oſſa pavore.

Quid

the ſetting Sun: *ad facem primam*, at Candle-Light. The Romans generally ſupped at three or four in the Evening, but Mæcenas could not ſup ſo early, as he was engaged in Buſineſs.

36. *Mulvius*] Was a Buffoon, who intending to ſup with Horace, loads him with Imprecations for diſappointing him. *Mulvius* is of ſufficient Authority, and is found in the beſt Manuſcripts of ſeveral Authors, collated by Dr. Bentley.

45. *Quæ Criſpini docuit me janitor.*] This is meer Malice in Davus, to inſinuate that his Maſter's Vices muſt be publicly known, when the Porter of a Family, where he was very little acquainted, could be ſo well informed of them. But the Poet with equal Addreſs diſappoints the Accuſation by ſhewing, that it may be juſtly ſuſpected, ſince it is formed againſt him by a domeſtic of a Philoſopher, who was his open Enemy, and whom he always treated with Contempt.

52. *Prodis*

Sputtering with idle Rage the Houſe you rend,
" Where is my Eſſence? Rogues, what, none attend?"
While the Buffoons, you promis'd to have treated,
Sneak off with Curſes—not to be repeated.
I own to ſome a Belly-ſlave I ſeem;
I throw my Noſe up to a ſavoury Steam:
Or Folks may call me, careleſs, idle Sot,
Or ſay I pledge too oft the other Pot:
But ſhall the Man of deeper Vice like you,
With Malice unprovok'd my Faults purſue,
Becauſe with ſpecious Phraſe, and Terms of Art,
You clothe, forſooth, the Vices of your Heart?
What if a greater Fool your Worſhip's found,
Than the poor Slave you bought for twenty Pound?
Think not to fright me with that threatening Air,
Nay keep your Temper, Sir, your Fingers ſpare,
While I the Maxims, ſage and wiſe, repeat,
Taught me by Criſpin's Porter at his Gate.
You tempt your Neighbour's Wife; an humble Harlot
Contents poor Davus—Who's the greater Varlet?
When Nature fires my Veins, I quench the Flame,
And leave the Wanton with uninjur'd Fame,
Nor ſhall one jealous Care diſturb my Breaſt,
By whom the Fair-one ſhall be next poſſeſt.
When you throw off thoſe Enſigns of your Pride,
Your Ring, your Judge's Robe, and baſely hide,
Beneath a Slave's vile Cap, your eſſenc'd Hair,
Say, are you not the Wretch, whoſe Clothes you wear?
And

52. *Prodis ex judiçe Dama.*] Davus calls his Maſter a Judge, becauſe Auguſtus had granted him the Privilege of wearing a Ring, and a Robe, called Anguſticlavium. Thus he was in ſome meaſure incorporated into the Body of Roman Knights, whom Auguſtus appointed to determine civil Cauſes. DAC.

56. *Uri*

Quid refert, uri virgis ferroque necari
Auctoratus eas; an turpi clauſus in arcâ,
Quo te demiſit peccati conſcia herilis,
Contractum, genibus tangas caput? Eſtne marito
Matronæ peccantis in ambos juſta poteſtas?
In corruptorem vel juſtior. Illa tamen ſe
Non habitu, mutatve loco, peccatve ſupernè;
Quum te formidet mulier, neque credat amanti.
Ibis ſub furcam prudens, dominoque furenti
Committes rem omnem & vitam & cum corpore famam.
Evâſti? metues, credo doctuſque cavebis:
Quæres, quando iterum paveas, iterumque perire
Poſſis. O toties ſervus! quæ bellua ruptis,
Quum ſemel effugit, reddit ſe prava catenis;
Non ſum mœchus, ais. Neque ego, Hercule, fur, ubi vaſa
Prætereo ſapiens argentea. Tolle periclum,
Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.
Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
Tot tantiſque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
Impoſita haud umquam miſerâ formidine privet?
Adde ſuper dictis quod non leviùs valeat: nam
Sive vicarius eſt, qui ſervo paret, uti mos Veſter

56. *Uri virgis.*] The People, who ſold themſelves to a Maſter of Gladiators, engaged in a Form or Bond, called *auctoramentum*, to ſuffer every thing, Sword, Fire, Whips, Chains and Death. They were then received into the Profeſſion, and ſtyled *auctorati*. From thence the Terms came to be uſed for all Kinds of infamous Engagements. Torr.

59. *Contractum, genibus tangas caput?*] Falſtaffe, in the Merry Wives of Windſor, very humourouſly deſcribes this aukward Situation. *Next, to be compaſſed, like a good Bilboe, in the Circumference of a Peck; Hilt to Point; Heel to Head.* It might, perhaps, be worthy of the Sagacity of our Critics upon Shakeſpeare, to inquire, whether he had not this Paſſage of Horace in his View; *turpi clauſus in arcâ——contractum, genibus tangas caput.*

70. *Non ſum mœchus.*] Our Poet really looked upon Adultery with Horrour, but Davus imagines his Maſter's Virtue, like his own Honeſty, was an Effect of Fear. 74. *Vin-*

And where's the Difference, whether you engage
Through Scourges, Wounds and Death, to mount the Stage,
Or by the conſcious Chamber-Maid are preſt
Quite double, Neck and Heels, into a Cheſt?
Does not the Huſband's Power o'er both extend?
Yet ſhall his juſter Wrath on you deſcend;
For ſhe ne'er ſtroles abroad in vile Diſguiſe,
And when her lewder Wiſhes higheſt riſe,
She dares but half indulge the Sin; afraid,
Even by the Man ſhe loves, to be betray'd.
You take the Yoke, and to the Huſband's Rage
Your Fortune, Perſon, Life and Fame engage.
Have you eſcap'd? Methinks, your future Care
Might wiſely teach You to avoid the Snare.
No, you with Ardour to the Danger run,
And dare a ſecond Time to be undone.
Repeated Slave! What Beaſt, that breaks his Chain,
In love with Bondage would return again?
But you, it ſeems, ne'er touch the wedded Dame—
Then, by the Son of Jove, I here diſclaim
The Name of Thief, when, though with backward Eye
I wiſely paſs the ſilver Goblet by.
But take the Danger, and the Shame away,
And vagrant Nature bounds upon her Prey,
Spurning the Reins. But ſay, ſhall you pretend
O'er me to lord it, who thus tamely bend
To each proud Maſter; to each changing Hour
A very Slave? Not even the Prætor's Power,
With thrice-repeated Rites, thy Fears controul,
Or vindicate the Freedom of thy Soul. But

74. *Vindicta.*] Was a Rod, which the Lictor laid on the Head of a Perſon, whom the Prætor made free. Plautus calls it *Feſtuca.*

76. *Nam ſive vicarius.*] The Romans generally had a Maſter-Slave

Veſter ait, ſeu conſervus: tibi quid ſum ego? Nempe
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis ſervis miſer, atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile ſignum.

Horatius.

Quiſnam igitur liber?

Davus.

Sapiens; ſibi qui imperioſus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terrent:
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus; teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari;
In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna. Poteſne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noſcere? Quinque talenta
Poſcit te mulier, vexat, foribuſque repulſum
Perfundit gelidâ: rurſus vocat. Eripe turpi
Colla jugo: liber, liber ſum, dic age. Non quis,
Urget enim mentem dominus non lenis, & acres
Subjectat laſſo ſtimulos, verſatque negantem.
Vel quum Pauſiacâ torpes, inſane, tabellâ,
Quî peccas minùs atque ego? quum Fulvî, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone, velut ſi Re

Slave in every Family, *ſervus atrienſis*, and all their other Slaves were called by one common Name, *vicarii*. The firſt, who commands, is not leſs a Slave, than thoſe who obey. To hear Men talk, they ſeem to aſſert that Liberty for which they were born; to look into their Conduct, they willingly multiply their Dependances even to Slavery. In this general Servitude, the Great, properly ſpeaking, are only Maſter-Slaves; and in Proportion to their Fortunes and Honours, pay a larger Tribute to their own Ambition and Vanity, as well as to the Pride and Inſolence of their Superiours. They are only different from the reſt of Mankind, as their Servitude is of larger Extent, and diſguiſed under more ſpecious Names. San.

80. *Nervis alienis mobile ſignum.*] *Lignum* of the common Editions does not determine the Meaning of the Poet; beſides theſe Automatons, *neuroſpaſta*, *ſigilla automata*, were often made of Metal or Ivory. That Men are acted by their Paſſions, as Puppets are by Wires, is a Sentiment in Plato.

84. *Teres atque rotundus.*] The Metaphor is taken from a Globe, and

But as the Slave, who lords it o'er the reſt,
Is but a Slave, a Maſter-Slave at beſt,
So art thou, inſolent, by me obey'd;
Thou Thing of Wood and Wires, by others play'd.

HORACE.

Who then is free?

DAVUS.

The Wiſe, who well maintains
An Empire o'er himſelf: whom neither Chains,
Nor Want, nor Death, with ſlaviſh Fear inſpire,
Who boldly anſwers to his warm Deſire,
Who can Ambition's vaineſt Gifts deſpiſe,
Firm in himſelf who on himſelf relies,
Poliſh'd and round who runs his proper Courſe,
And breaks Misfortune with ſuperior Force.
What is there here, that you can juſtly claim,
Or call your own? When an imperious Dame
Demands her Price, with Inſults vile purſues thee;
Driven out of Doors with Water well bedews thee,
Then calls you back; for ſhame, ſhake off her Chain,
And boldly tell her you are free—In vain;
A Tyrant-Lord thy better Will reſtrains,
And ſpurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his Reins.
If ſome fam'd Piece the Painter's Art diſplays,
Transfix'd you ſtand, with Admiration gaze;
But is your Worſhip's Folly leſs than mine,
When I with Wonder view ſome rude Deſign
In Crayons or in Charcoal, to invite
The Croud, to ſee the Gladiators fight? Me-

and our Vices, are thoſe Inequalities, which ſtop us in our Courſe of Virtue. Our ableſt Critics Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon have corrected the Punctuation; for they, who read *in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus*, confound two Qualities of the wiſe Man, which the Poet juſtly diſtinguiſhes. *Rotundus in ſeipſo* does not form any reaſonable Senſe.

93. *Pauſiacâ.*] Pauſias was a famous Flower-Painter. Lucullus gave a thouſand Crowns for a Picture in which he drew his Miſtreſs

Re verâ pugnent, feriant vitentque moventes
Arma viri. Nequam, & ceſſator Davus: at ipſe
Subtilis veterum judex, & callidus audis.
Nîl ego, ſi ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus, atque animus cœnis reſponſat opimis.
Obſequium ventris mihi perniciosius eſt cur?
Tergo plector enim: quî tu impunitior illa,
Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, obſonia captas?
Nempe inamareſcunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ,
Illuſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
Corpus. An hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uvam
Furtivâ mutat ſtrigili? qui prædia vendit,
Nîl ſervile gulæ parens habet? Adde, quòd idem
Non horam tecum eſſe potes, non otia rectè
Ponere; teque ipſum vitas fugitivus & erro;
Jam vino quærens, jam ſomno fallere curam:
Fruſtra: nam comes atra premit, ſequiturque fugacem.

Horatius.

Unde mihi lapidem?

Davus.

Quorſum eſt opus?

Horatius.

Unde ſagittas?

Davus.

Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit.

Hora-

ſtreſs Glycera ſitting, and making a Wreath of Flowers. He was a Cotemporary of Apelles.

96. *Prælia, rubricâ picta.*] Maſters of Gladiators hung the Pictures of their beſt Champions, ſuch as Fulvius, Rutuba, or Placideianus, at the Door of the Houſe where they fought.

102. *Mihi perniciosius eſt cur?*] Horace had no better Excuſe for indulging his Appetites than his not being afraid of the Laſh, like a Slave. Davus prevents this Objection by ſhewing, he is ſufficiently chaſtiſed by the Diſtempers, which his Luxury produces. Surely then the Terrours, which they feel, are at leaſt equal.

107. *Uvam furtivâ mutat ſtrigili.*] For *ſtrigilem uvâ mutat*, as in the Art of Poetry, *ſilvæ foliis mutantur*, for *folia mutantur in ſilvis*.

Methinks, in very Deed they mount the Stage,
And ſeem in real Combat to engage;
Now in ſtrong Attitude they dreadful bend;
Wounded they wound; they parry and defend:
Yet Davus is with Rogue and Raſcal grac'd,
But you're a Critic, and a Man of Taſte.

I am, forſooth, a good-for-nothing Knave,
When by a ſmoking Paſty made a Slave:
In you it ſhews a Soul erect and great,
If you refuſe even one luxurious Treat.
Why may not I, like you, my Guts obey?——
My Shoulders for the dear Indulgence pay.
But ſhould not you with heavier Stripes be taught,
Who ſearch for Luxuries, how dearly bought?
For ſoon this endleſs, this repeated Feaſt,
Its Reliſh loſt, ſhall pall upon the Taſte;
Then ſhall your trembling Limbs refuſe the Weight
Of a vile Carcaſs with Diſeaſe replete.

How ſeldom from the Laſh a Slave eſcapes,
Who trucks ſome Trifle, that he ſtole, for Grapes?
And ſhall we not the ſervile Glutton rate,
To pleaſe his Throat who ſells a good Eſtate?
You cannot ſpend one vacant Hour alone;
You cannot make that vacant Hour your own.
A Self-Deſerter from yourſelf you ſtray,
And now with Wine, and now with Sleep allay
Your Cares; in vain; Companions black as Night,
Thy preſſing Cares, arreſt thee in thy Flight.

HORACE.

Is there no Stone?

DAVUS.

At whom, good Sir, to throw it?

HORACE.

Have I no Dart?

DAVUS.

What Miſchief ails our Poet?

He's

Horatius.

Ociùs hinc te
Nì rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

116. *Accedes opera.*] *Opera* for *ſervus.* Slaves, who were employed in tilling their Lands, were generally chained, ſo that the Threat was great enough to alarm Davus, and end the Converſation. Dac.

Sat. VIII.

Horatius. Fundanius.

Horatius.

Ut Naſidieni juvit te cœna beati?
Nam mihi convivam quærenti, dictus here illic
De medio potare die.

Fundanius.

Sic, ut mihi nunquam
In vitâ fuerit meliùs.

Horatius.

Dic (ſi grave non eſt)
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit eſca.

Fundanius.

In primis Lucanus aper; leni fuit Auſtro
Captus, ut aiebat cœnæ pater; acria circùm
Rapula,

Naſidienus having determined to give Mæcenas an elegant Entertainment, invited three Perſons of firſt Diſtinction, in the Court of Auguſtus, to entertain his illuſtrious Gueſt. Mæcenas carries with him two others of the ſame Character, and Naſidienus compleated the Set with a Couple of Paraſites and Buffoons. The Feaſt is ſuch as we generally call a Miſer's Feaſt; an ill-judged Expence and Profuſion; every Elegance of the Seaſon, but either tainted by being kept too long, or ſpoiled by a Cook, who might well have forgotten his Trade in a Miſer's Kitchen. Yet their Hoſt commends every Diſh with ſuch an impertinent, ridiculous Affectation of Taſte, that at laſt he talks his Gueſts out of his Houſe.

Verſ. 1. *Naſidieni.*] The Proſody of this Verſe has much perplexed our Commentators. The ſecond Foot is a Spondee, by uniting

He's mad or making Verſes.

HORACE.

Hence, you Knave,
Or to my Farm I'll ſend thee, the ninth Slave.

SAT. VIII.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

HORACE.

THEY told me, that you ſpent the jovial Night
With Naſidienus, that ſame happy Wight,
From early Day, or you had been my Gueſt;
But, prithee, tell me how you lik'd the Feaſt.

FUNDANIUS.

Sure never better.

HORACE.

Tell me, if you pleaſe,
How did you firſt your Appetite appeaſe.

FUNDANIUS.

Firſt a Lucanian Boar, of tender Kind,
Caught, ſays our Hoſt, in a ſoft ſouthern Wind.

Around

the third and fourth Syllables; a Licence which our Author has uſed in *conſilium*, *principium*, *vindemiator*, &c. SAN.

3. *De medio potare die.*] Naſidienus, to give himſelf an Air of a Man of Taſte, dines three or four Hours before the uſual Time; or perhaps Fundanius would inſinuate, that this was too ſolemn a Feaſt for vulgar Hours.

6. *Leni fuit Auſtro captus.*] Either by buying it cheap, or keeping it too long, the Boar was tainted; but our Hoſt would inſinuate, that it had a particular Flavour by being taken when the Wind was South, which made it delicate and tender.

8. *Rapula.*] The Roots and Pickles were ſuch as might beſt, by their Sharpneſs, overcome the tainted Flavour of the Boar, as well as excite the Gueſts to eat.

Rapula, lactucæ, radices, qualia laſſum
Pervellunt ſtomachum, ſiſer, allec, fæcula Coa.
His ubi ſublatis, puer altè cinctus acernam
Gauſape purpureo menſam perterſit, & alter
Sublegit quodcunque jaceret inutile, quodque
Poſſet cœnantes offendere: ut Attica virgo
Cum ſacris Cereris, procedit fuſcus Hydaſpes
Cæcuba vina ferens; Alcon, Chium maris expers.
Hìc herus: Albanum, Mæcenas, ſive Falernum
Te magis appoſitis delectat; habemus utrumque:
Divitias miſeras.

Horatius.

Sed queis cœnantibus unà,
Fundani, pulchrè fuerit tibi, noſſe laboro.

Fundanius.

Summus ego, & prope me Viſcus Thurinus, & infra
(Si memini) Varius; cum Servilio Balatrone
Vibidius, quos Mæcenas adduxerat umbras:

Nomen-

11. *Gauſape purpureo.*] The Table was made of Maple, a cheap and common Wood, but Naſidienus, in an Air of polite Extravagance, makes the Slaves wipe it with a purple Napkin. Dac.

12. *Quodque poſſet cœnantes offendere.*] This was the Pretence, that nothing might offend his Gueſts, but his Deſign was that nothing might be loſt. Dac.

15. *Chium maris expers.*] It was cuſtomary to mix Sea-Water with the ſtrong Wines of Greece, but Fundanius, when he tells them, that the Wine Alcon carried had not a Drop of Water in it, would have us underſtand, that this Wine had never croſſed the Seas, and that it was an Italian Wine, which Naſidienus recommended for Chian. Lamb.

18. *Divitias miſeras.*] Albanian and Falernian Wines were the beſt of Italy; but Naſidienus calls them wretched, contemptible Riches, that he may better recommend his pretended Chian Wine. Dac. San.

20. *Summus ego*, &c.] If we ſhould examine the Manner, in which the Romans ſat, or lay at Table when they ſupped, by the Prints, which are ſaid to be taken from ſome ancient Monuments, we ſhall find it impoſſible to explain the preſent Entertainment. Each Courſe

Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent Force, the jaded Appetite,
Rapes, Lettuce, Radiſhes, Anchovy-Brine,
With Skerrets, and the Lees of Coan Wine.
This Diſh remov'd, a Slave expert and able
With purple Napkin wip'd a maple Table.
Another ſweeps the Fragments of the Feaſt,
That nothing uſeleſs might offend the Gueſt.
At Ceres' Feaſt as Attic Virgin walks
Solemn and ſlow, ſo black Hydaſpes ſtalks
With right Cæcubian and the Wines of Greece —
Of foreign Growth, that never croſs'd the Seas.
If Alban or Falernian pleaſe you more,
So ſays our Hoſt, you may have both good Store;
Poor Wealth indeed ———

HORACE.

But tell me, who were there,
Thus happy to enjoy ſuch luſcious Fare?

FUNDANIUS.

On the firſt Bed Thurinus lay between
Varius and me, if haply right I ween;
Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
Brought by Mæcenas, and with him they ſhare
The

Courſe, as repreſented in thoſe Monuments, conſiſted of only a ſingle Diſh, and this Uſage was ſo general, that Catius boaſts he was the firſt, who divided a certain Sauce into different Plates. But it is impoſſible to conceive how every Gueſt, according to the common Repreſentations, could reach to the ſame Diſh. Secondly, Nomentanus pointed with his Finger to the Delicacies of each Service, but while he lies at a Corner of the Table (according to the Prints) how could he diſtinguiſh the delicious Parts of a Diſh, that certainly was in the Middle of the Table, or how could he ſhew them to thoſe, who lay on the other Beds?

As our underſtanding the Satire will in a great Meaſure depend upon our knowing in what Manner the Gueſts were placed, a Plate has been engraved after a Deſign of Mr. Sanadon, which perfectly

Nomentanus erat ſupra ipſum; Porcius infra,
Ridiculus totas ſemel abſorbere placentas.
Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, ſi quid fortè lateret,
Indice monſtraret digito. Nam cætera turba,
Nos, inquam, cœnamus aves, conchylia, piſces,
Longè diſſimilem noto celantia ſuccum:
Ut vel continuò patuit, quum paſſeris aſſi, atque
Inguſtata mihi porrexerit ilia rhombi.
Poſt hoc me docuit melimela rubere, minorem
Ad lunam delecta. Quid hoc interſit, ab ipſo
Audieris meliùs. Tum Vibidius Balatroni:
Nos, niſi damnoſè bibimus, moriemur inulti;
Et calices poſcit majores. Vertere pallor
Tum parochi faciem, nîl ſic metuentis ut acres
Potores: vel quòd maledicunt liberiùs; vel
Fervida quòd ſubtile exſurdant vina palatum.
Invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota
Vibidius Balatroque; ſecutis omnibus: imi
Convivæ lecti nihilum nocuere lagenis.
Adfertur ſquillas inter muræna natantes
In patinâ porrecta. Sub hoc herus: Hæc gravida, inquit,
Capta

agrees with our preſent Entertainment, nor have the common Figures any other Authority, than what depends on their Agreement with ancient Authors.

24. *Ridiculus totas.*] Our Paraſites are well employed. One of them commends the moſt delicious Morſels; the other thinks he cannot better ſhew how excellent the Pies and Cuſtards are, than by ſwallowing them whole. Dac.

28. *Longè diſſimilem noto.*] There is much Malice in the Ambiguity of this Expreſſion. The Meats, being not over excellent in their Kinds, were diſguiſed and concealed by Sauces and Seaſoning. Nomentanus declares their Taſte is very ſingular, and Fundanius confeſſes, he had never eaten any thing like them. Dac. San.

31. *Poſt me docuit melimela.*] The Diſh was garniſhed with theſe Apples. Seneca ſays expreſsly, that it was cuſtomary. San.

38. *Exſurdant vina palatum.*] This Figure, applying to one Senſe what belongs to another, has a particular Boldneſs and Beauty. Virgil ſays *tardus ſapor*, and Pliny *color ſurdus*. San.

39. *Invertunt Allifanis.*] *Allifana* were large Cups made at *Al-*

The middle Bed. Our Maſter of the Feaſt
On the third Couch, in Seat of Honour plac'd,
Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies;
Porcius, who archly ſwallows Cuſtard-pies.
Whate'er of curious Reliſh lay unknown
Is by Nomentane with his Finger ſhown,
For we, poor Folk, unknowing of our Feaſt,
Eat Fiſh and Wild-Fowl—of no common Taſte.
But he, to prove how luſcious was the Treat,
With a broil'd Flounder's Entrails crouds my Plate,
Then told me, Apples are more ruddy bright,
If gather'd by fair Luna's waning Light.
He beſt can tell you where the Difference lies——
But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,
" Sure to be poiſon'd, unreveng'd we die,
" Unleſs we drink the wretched Miſer dry.
" Slave, give us larger Glaſſes."—Struck with Dread,
A fearful Pale our Landlord's Face o'erſpread;
Great were his Terrours of ſuch drinking Folk,
Becauſe with too much Bitterneſs they joke,
Or that hot Wines, diſhonouring his Feaſt,
Deafen the ſubtle Judgement of the Taſte.
When our two Champions had their Facers crown'd,
We did them Juſtice, and the Glaſs went round;
His Paraſites alone his Anger fear'd,
And the full Flaſk unwillingly they ſpar'd.
In a large Diſh an outſtretch'd Lamprey lies,
With Shrimps all floating round: The Maſter cries,
This

Ilfæ, a Samnite Town. *Vaſa* muſt be underſtood to agree with *vinaria*, and *poculis* with *Allifanis*. The Tranſlator has made uſe of a Word, perhaps, never printed before, but well known amongſt the Friends of the Bottle. A Facer is a Kind of technical Term for a Glaſs ſo full, as not to be raiſed off the Table; the Perſon, who drinks it, muſt ſtoop, and lay his Face to it.

43. *Hæc gravida.*] Lampreys were a favourite Diſh among the

Capta eſt; deterior poſt partum carne futura.
His miſtum jus eſt oleo, quod prima Venafri
Preſſit cella; garo de ſuccis piſcis Iberi:
Vino quinquenni, verùm citra mare nato,
Dum coquitur: cocto Chium ſic convenit, ut non
Hoc magis ullum aliud; pipere albo, non ſine aceto,
Quod Methymneam vitio mutaverit uvam.
Erucas virides, inulas ego primus amaras
Monſtravi incoquere; illotos Curtillus echinos,
Ut meliùs muriâ, quam teſta marina remittit.
Interea ſuſpenſa graves aulæa ruinas
In patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atri
Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
Nos majus veriti, poſtquam nihil eſſe pericli
Senſimus, erigimur. Rufus poſito capite, ut ſi
Filius immaturus obiſſet, flere. Quis eſſet
Finis? nî ſapiens ſic Nomentanus amicum
Tolleret: Heu! Fortuna, quis eſt crudelior in nos
Te Deus? ut ſemper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis! Varius mappâ compeſcere riſum
Vix poterat. Balatro, ſuſpendens omnia naſo,
Hæc eſt conditio vivendi, aiebat; eoque
Reſponſura tuo nunquam eſt par fama labori.
Tene, ut ego accipiar lautè, torquerier omni
Solicitudine diſtrictum? ne panis aduſtus,
Ne malè conditum jus apponatur; ut omnes
Præcincti rectè pueri comtique miniſtrent?

Adde

Romans, but when pregnant, or when they had juſt ſpawned, were little eſteemed. Perhaps, they were even thought dangerous, from an Apprehenſion, that they copulated with Serpents. Dac.

48. *Dum coquitur.*] Naſidienus, being reſolved not to be too prodigal of his Chian Wine, only poured a little of it into the Sauce when it was boiled. But he would willingly perſuade his Gueſts, that his Frugality was Matter of Taſte and Refinement.

54. *Interea ſuſpenſa graves.*] Theſe Lines are of ſuch heroic Pomp, as to alarm a Reader, and are therefore tranſlated in a Pomp of Burleſque.

This Fiſh, Mæcenas, big with Spawn was caught,
For after ſpawning-time its Fleſh is naught.
The Sauce is mix'd with Olive-Oil; the beſt,
And pureſt from the Vats Venafran preſt,
And, as it boil'd, we pour'd in Spaniſh Brine,
Nor leſs than five-year-old Italian Wine.
A little Chian's better when 'tis boil'd,
By any other it is often ſpoil'd.
Then was white Pepper o'er it gently pour'd,
And Vinegar, of Leſbian Vintage ſour'd.
I firſt among the Men of Sapience knew
Roquets and Herbs in Cockle-Brine to ſtew,
Though in the ſame rich Pickle, 'tis confeſt,
His unwaſh'd Cray-fiſh ſage Curtillus dreſt.
But lo! the Canopy, that o'er us ſpreads,
Tumbled, in hideous Ruin, on our Heads,
With Duſt, how black! not ſuch the Clouds ariſe
When o'er the Plain a Northern Tempeſt flies.
Some Horrours, yet more horrible, we dread,
But raiſe us, when we found the Danger fled.
Poor Rufus droop'd his Head, and ſadly cried,
As if his only Son untimely died.
Sure he had wept, till weeping ne'er had End,
But wiſe Nomentane thus up-rais'd his Friend;
"Fortune, thou crueleſt of Powers divine,
"To joke poor Mortals is a Joke of thine."
While Varius with a Napkin ſcarce ſuppreſt
His Laughter, Balatro, who loves a Jeſt,
Cries, ſuch the Lot of Life, nor muſt you claim,
For all your Toils, a fair Return of Fame.
While you are tortur'd thus, and torn with Pain,
A Gueſt like me, polite to entertain
With Bread well bak'd, with Sauces ſeaſon'd right,
With Slaves in waiting elegantly tight,

Down

Adde hos præterea caſus; aulæa ruant ſi,
Ut modò; ſi patinam pede lapſus frangat agaſo.
Sed convivatoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
Adverſæ nudare ſolent, celare ſecundæ.
Naſidienus ad hæc: Tibi Dî, quæcunque preceris,
Commoda dent; ita vir bonus es, convivaque comis;
Et ſoleas poſcit, Tum in lecto quoque videres
Stridere ſecretâ diviſos aure ſuſurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos ſpectaſſe.

Horatius.

Sed illa
Redde, age, quæ deinceps riſiſti.

Fundanius.

Vibidius dum
Quærit de pueris, num ſit quoque fracta lagena,
Quòd ſibi poſcenti non dentur pocula; dumque
Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone ſecundo;
Naſidiene, redis mutatæ frontis, ut arte
Emendaturus fortunam. Deinde ſecuti
Mazonomo pueri magno diſcerpta ferentes
Membra gruis ſparſi ſale multo, non ſine farre,
Pinguibus & ficis paſtum jecur anſeris albi,

Et

72. *Pede lapſus agaſo.*] All this comfortable Speech is meer Irony. The Bread was burned; the Sauce ill made; the Servants aukwardly dreſt, and brought from the Stable to wait at Supper, *agaſo*; yet poor Naſidienus takes it all in good Part, and thanks his Gueſts for their Good-nature.

77. *Soleas poſcit.*] That he might riſe from Table. The Gueſts laid their Slippers at the End of the Bed, when they went to Supper. Torr.

81. *Num ſit quoque fracta lagena.*] Vibidius aſks whether the Groom had broken the bottle, at the ſame time that he broke the Diſh, for *quoque* certainly refers to *patinam pede lapſus frangat agaſo.* He ſeems to inſinuate, that Naſidienus had given Orders to his Slaves, not to be in too much haſte to ſupply the Gueſts with Wine, but to let them call for it more than once. Cruq. Dac.

84. *Naſi-*

Down ruſh the Canopies, a Trick of Fate,
Or a Groom-Footman ſtumbling breaks a Plate.
Good Fortune hides, Adverſity calls forth,
A Landlord's Genius, and a Leader's Worth.
To this mine Hoſt; "Thou ever-gentle Gueſt,
"May all thy Wiſhes by the Gods be bleſt,
"Thou beſt good Man"——But when we ſaw him riſe,
From Bed to Bed the ſpreading Whiſper flies.
No Play was half ſo fine.

HORACE.

But, prithee, ſay,
How afterwards you laugh'd the Time away.

FUNDANIUS.

Slaves, cries Vibidius, have you broke the Caſk?
How often muſt I call for t'other Flaſk?
With ſome pretended Joke our Laugh was dreſt,
Servilius ever ſeconding the Jeſt,
When you, great Hoſt, return'd with alter'd Face,
As if to mend with Art your late Diſgrace.
The Slaves behind in mighty Charger bore
A Crane in Pieces torn, and powder'd o'er
With Salt and Flower; and a white Gander's Liver,
Stuff'd fat with Figs, beſpoke the curious Giver;

Be-

84. *Naſidiene, redis.*] The Spirit, with which Fundanius leaves the Narration, and ſpeaks to Naſidienus, is an Apoſtrophe truly heroic. This Figure is frequently uſed by Homer and Virgil, to awake an Attention in their Readers.

Mutatæ frontis] As Mr. Sanadon remarks, is an Expreſſion like *homo excellentis ingenii*, nor is it neceſſary to apply to the Greek Language to explain the Myſtery.

88. *Pinguibus & ficis.*] It appears by this Line, ſays Mr. Dacier, that the Romans were fond of the Liver of a Gooſe, fattened with green Figs. But as this muſt have been an expenſive Diſh, our frugal Hoſt choſe rather to give his Gueſts the Liver of a Gooſe, fed in the common manner; but to make it appear fat and plump, he ſtuffed it with Figs. *Anſeris*

Et leporum avulſos, ut multò ſuavius, armos,
Quàm ſi cum lumbis quis edit. Tum pectore aduſto
Vidimus & merulas poni, & ſine clune palumbes;
Suaves res, ſi non cauſas narraret earum, &
Naturas dominus: quem nos ſic fugimus ulti,
Ut nihil omnino guſtaremus, velut illis
Canidia afflaſſet, pejor ſerpentibus Afris.

Anſeris albi.] Our late Editions read *albæ*, but there ſeems a more whimſical Ridicule in the maſculine Gender. People of Taſte among the Romans were particularly fond of white Geeſe, as among us all white-legged Fowl are of politer Luxury.

89. *Et leporum avulſos.*] Naſidienus here improves upon the Maxims of Catius. Since the Wings of Hares are ſweeter than the Back, he would have them dreſſed alone, *ut multo ſuavius quam ſi cum lumbis.*

91. *Sine clune palumbes.*] Our Hoſt had probably bought theſe Ring-doves a cheap Penny-worth, ſince the Rumps, which are the moſt delicious Part of the Bird, were ſo tainted as not to be brought to Table.

10 DE 62

The Dining-Room of NASIDIENUS.

p. 274.

Grignion Sculp.

1. Fundanius.
2. Viscus.
3. Varius.
4. Servilius.
5. Mæcenas.
6. Vibidius.
7. Nomentanus.
8. Nasidienus.
9. Porcius.

Et leporum avulſos, ut multò ſuavius, armos,
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10 DEC 62

Grignion Sculp.

1. Fundanius. 4. Servilius. 7. Nomentanus.
2. Viscus. 5. Mæcenas. 8. Nasidienus.
3. Varius. 6. Vibidius. 9. Porcius.

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MUSEUM

Beſides the Wings of Hares, for, ſo it ſeems,
No Man of Luxury the Back eſteems.
Then ſaw we Black-birds with o'er-roaſted Breaſt,
And lo! without the Rumps the Ring-Doves dreſt,
Delicious Fare! did not our Hoſt explain
Their various Qualities in endleſs Strain,
Their various Natures; but we fled the Feaſt,
Reſolv'd in Vengeance nothing more to taſte,
As if Canidia, with empoiſon'd Breath,
Worſe than a Serpent's, blaſted it with Death.

92. *Suaves res.*] Theſe were delicious Rarities, to be ſure; but their Hoſt was even more inſupportable than his Entertainment. Therefore while he was impertinently philoſophiſing on the various Nature and Qualities of every Diſh, his Gueſts left him to enjoy his Wiſdom, his Feaſt and his Paraſites.

End of the SATIRES.

10 DE 62